

Feb. 5, 1972

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AIN'T SUPPOSED TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH—A great shout by Melvin Van Peebles, mingling social protest with the usual difficulties of people falling in and out of love. A musical with an all-black, all-wonderful cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BASIC TRAINING OF PAVLO HUMMEL—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed, and it is matched by Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE BLACK TERROR—The hero of this very interesting play by Richard Wesley about a group of black revolutionaries is their chosen assassin, who argues in favor of strategy over zeal, and of life over death and martyrdom. A wonderful young actor named Kain makes his debut in the role. Nathan George directed the lively production. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

ETC COMPANY/LA MAMA NEW YORK—**GERTRUDE** and **DEMON**, two plays by Wilford Leach, the first devoted to Gertrude Stein and the second derived from a Japanese *no* play: Thursday, Feb. 3, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 11-12 at 7:30. . . . **CARMILLA**, a play adapted by Mr. Leach from a novel by J. V. LeFann: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 4-5, at 7:30. . . . **THE ONLY JEALOUSY OF EMER AND RENARD**, adapted by Mr. Leach and John Braswell, the first from a William Butler Yeats play, the latter from a "grotesque" by Igor Stravinsky: Sunday, Feb. 6, and Thursday, Feb. 10, at 7:30. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

GOODSPEL—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

INNER CITY—More of a minstrel show than its talented and energetic cast appears to have noticed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR—A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

JAMES JOYCE MEMORIAL LIQUID THEATRE—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 80th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 11.)

LENNY—Cliff Gorman as the late night-club comedian Lenny Bruce, surrounded by extraordinary visual and auditory metaphors of the society he reviled and longed to make over, and whose legal representatives helped to destroy him. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LOVE ME, LOVE MY CHILDREN—This musical from Canada has a lively and stylish score by Robert Swerdlow, and it is performed with snap and sparkle by an especially engaging young company. The words, also by Mr. Swerdlow, are unobtrusive. (The theme is tribal youth

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again.) Setting by Jo Mielziner. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE LOVE SUICIDE AT SCHOFIELD BARRACKS—A play by Romulus Linney, with Mercedes McCambridge. John Berry directed. Previews Wednesday evening, Feb. 2, through Tuesday, Feb. 8. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 9. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NIGHTRIDE—A trashy melodrama about a homosexual middle-aged playwright. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 243-8900. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

OLD TIMES—The latest Pinter ghost story, full of scary silences. With Robert Shaw, Mary

Ure, and Rosemary Harris. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ONLY FOOLS ARE SAD—An English-language version of an Israeli musical by Dan Almagor. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE—Peter Falk and Lee Grant in Neil Simon's latest comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 6.)

THE PSYCHIC PRETENDERS—An allegorical work, much of it mysterious and remote but with moments of humor and fun. The dancing of the all-black company is fascinating, as is the soft, compelling jazz that accompanies it. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—An extremely capable production of Edward Bond's

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COVER: Saul Steinberg

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosce, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVII, No. 51, February 5, 1972. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1972 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, \$12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, \$14.00; other foreign, \$16.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH, a thin little parable about good and evil. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 12.)

STICKS AND BONES—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. The acting, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW—Michael Wager and Joan Bassie in Shakespeare's comedy. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7161. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

TO LIVE ANOTHER SUMMER—Surely this was put together by the Chamber of Commerce of Tel Aviv? Enough yet. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TWIGS—Four loosely linked playlets about married life. Sada Thompson plays four women, to surprisingly witty effect, and is surrounded by an exceptionally good cast. The author is George Furth. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA—A musical by John Guare, Galt MacDermot, and Mel Shapiro, directed by Mr. Shapiro, in which the Bard receives an amusing roughing-up at the hands of some remarkably attractive actors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 605-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

VIVAT! VIVAT REGINAL!—Claire Bloom and Eileen Atkins are admirable as Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth I in Robert Bolt's sketchy account of a time when women were women and men were often aghast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WANTED—Al Carmines has written a tuneful, spirited score for this try at a satire, and the cast is good, too, but the facetious, unfunny, preachy book, by David Epstein, spoils the show. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE WEDDING OF IPHIGENIA PLUS IPHIGENIA IN CONCERT—This musical adaptation doesn't do much for the Euripides originals ("Iph. in Aulis" and "Iph. in Tauris"), but there is charm here as well as foolishness, and Peter Link's rock score is a pleasure. The performances are fine, too. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

LONG RUNS—APPLAUSE: Anne Baxter, Janice Lynde, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring musical version of the movie "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE: Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamela Bellwood are now in this little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS: What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

FOLLIES: An ambitious attempt to tell some home truths, marred by a pedestrian book. Several very good songs by Stephen Sondheim and, as usual, a superlative production by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: 1,677 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at



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7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS: 4,895 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: 3,073 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

HAIR: 1,580 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

NO, NO, NANETTE: A revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

OH! CALCUTTA! A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; starting Monday, Feb. 7, curtain time will be 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST: Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE PROPOSITION: An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

1776: A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

SLEUTH: A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Firebird" and "The Goldberg Variations." Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Watermill" (premiere), and "Western Symphony." Friday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Liebeslied Walzer," and "PAMTGG." Saturday, Feb. 5, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Illuminations" and "The Goldberg Variations." Sunday, Feb. 6, at 1: "Scotch Symphony," "Prodigal Son," and "Symphony in C." Sunday, Feb. 6, at 7: "Firebird," "Illuminations," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 8:

"The Goldberg Variations" and "Western Symphony." Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Chopiniana," "Pas de Deux," and "PAMTGG." Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Jewels." Friday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Swan Lake" and "The Goldberg Variations." Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2: "La Source," "Watermill," and "Symphony in C." Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "Liebeslied Walzer," and "PAMTGG." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

BALLET FOLKLORICO OF MEXICO—A company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians in a two-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Feb. 13.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM AND DANCE COMPANY—A two-week engagement. Wednesday evening, Feb. 2: "RainForest," "TV Rerun" (premiere), and "Tread." Thursday evening, Feb. 3: "Walkaround Time" and "Second Hand." Friday evening, Feb. 4: "Event #26." Saturday evening, Feb. 5: "TV Rerun," "Signals," and "Second Hand." Sunday matinee, Feb. 6: "TV Rerun," "Objects," and "Treads." Tuesday evening, Feb. 8: "RainForest," "Borst Park" (premiere), and "Tread." Wednesday evening, Feb. 9: "Canfield." Friday evening, Feb. 11: "Landrover" and "Borst Park." Saturday evening, Feb. 12: "Landrover," "Signals," and "Borst Park." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2. Through Sunday, Feb. 13.)

GEORGE FAISON UNIVERSAL DANCE EXPERIENCE—Saturday, Feb. 5, and Monday, Feb. 7, both at 7:30: "Suite Otis" and "Slaves." Sunday, Feb. 6, at 5: "Angelitos Negros," "The Coloureds," and "Poppy." (Clark Auditorium, West Side Y.W.C.A., Eighth Ave. at 51st St. 246-4818.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Through Monday, Feb. 7, singers Sandy Denny and Jackson Browne will be on hand. On Wednesday, Feb. 9, Merry Clayton, a velvet-soul singer who does contemporary stuff (Carole King songs and so forth) will turn up. Also turning up will be Bobby Gosh, who has a shaved scalp and a vibrant, oatmeal voice. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 3-6, guitarist Joe Beck will lead a trio. Music from nine-thirty to three. A jam session is held each Monday from eight to twelve.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-paneled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Through Saturday, Feb. 5, Ted Saunders will be on piano and Calvin Hill (the other Calvin Hill) on bass. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player substitute for the regulars. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A polished, comfortable restaurant whose only anomaly is the acoustics: loud and clear in the bar but faint and obscure in the dining area. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a quartet in some inventive if standard jazz. Sundays, guitarist Gene Bertoncini and a bass violist perform. Mondays, pianist Larry Willis leads a duo. Music from ten to four.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Teddy Wilson, one of the rocks upon which the contemporary jazz piano was built, plays in his flawless way six nights a week, in company with bassist Al Bruno. Eight until one. Sundays, from seven to midnight,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

pianist-guitarist Ralph Towner collaborates with bassist Glen Moore.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Brick walls, wooden benches, coffee, tea and cider. The Flying Burrito Brothers are here in their homey, country rocking chairs, but—oh, my—they seldom leave the ground. A perplexing person named Sweet Pie is here, too. After Monday, Feb. 7, all these dudes will be gone. Music nightly, but Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Home (and a sweet one) for the six-stringed instrument. Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 2-6, Sam Brown will be on guitar and Bill Salter on bass. Guitarist Carl Thompson and bassist Bill Crow start Wednesday, Feb. 9. Music Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty until two-thirty. Soul food.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Tenor man Zoot Sims leads a quartet, with nimble-handed Roy Haynes on drums, through Sunday, Feb. 6. On Tuesday, Feb. 8, the J.P.J. quartet arrives. Its personnel: Budd Johnson, tenor; Dill Jones, piano, Bill Pemberton, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums. On Fridays and Saturdays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Mondays, Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band has the stage to itself. Light Italian dishes are served.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianist Eddie Thompson and bassist Lyn Christie are collaborating in this bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. They play Fridays and Saturdays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays. On Mondays, another competent pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. Nine until closing.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Eddie Locke. Closed Sundays.

PEEWEE'S, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A dim, funky bar that is run by, for, and because of the people, who frequently respond by filling the house. The house isn't much to look at, but the jazz is potent and often technically complex. Thursdays, from eight until two-thirty, Nina Sheldon plays like a demon and sings like a living doll. Fridays through Sundays, Feb. 4-6, and Feb. 11-13, from nine until closing, Sandi Hewitt sings with a trio. Sunday afternoons, from four to eight, the scene switches to folk. Soul-food dinners. N.B.: Not for beginners.

RAFIKI, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Musically provocative and gastronomically soulful. On Wednesday, Feb. 2, pianist Cedar Walton will team with bassist Sam Jones. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 3-6, a quartet named Music, Inc., will perform. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 10-13, the place will be turned over to a group called Catalyst. Music from nine-thirty until two.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

SLUGS, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Art Blakey formed the Jazz Messengers in 1948. Times have changed, and so have the Messengers, but they are still strong, sure, and searching. Here through Sunday, Feb. 6. The room is a bit tired around the edges, and so is the neighborhood, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Ahmad Jamal, who is apt to get fancy, heads his trio every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. On Tuesdays, a trio led by Daphne Hellman, whose harp sings, takes turns with the regulars. Limited dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Leon Thomas, whose ululations are most unusual, sings with a backup septet through Sunday, Feb. 6. On Tuesday, Feb. 8, pianist Herbie Hancock will bring in his high-horsepower six: Eddie Henderson, trumpet; Julian Priester, trombone; Benny Maupin, tenor; Buster Williams, bass; Billy Hart, drums. Mondays are reserved for the mighty seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel

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Lewis band. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herbie Lewis play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some lively Dixieland every Sunday from six-thirty to eleven. On Sunday, Feb. 6, Wild Bill Davison will sit in on cornet. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers a banjo band and some trumped-up nostalgia.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood: glass, metal, and carpeting help create it. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from nine-thirty to one.

HIPPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only couscous is served. Reservations are required for dining.

NICO'S, in the Hotel Delmonico, Park Ave. at 59th St. (355-2500)—Randy Crawford, a striking young girl vocalist, sings with the George Benson quartet in this hip-elegant new dance-o-mat. When they aren't on the stand, records spin. Supper. Music from nine to two every night but Sunday. Earlier (five-thirty to eight-thirty), Carlo Fiesta, with guitar, sings in Spanish and English.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. People dance in this sphinx-filled restaurant to an assortment of records, some fast, some slow. Three times a night, the Gentlemen and Their Lady do pop songs. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Round-the-clock action is the idea, but this insomnia principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu.

TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—By gum and oh wow, the good old times are often used as backdrops for the good new times, which may explain why hot pants can be seen shaking beneath Tiffany-type lamps. Upstairs is for fancy hamburgers

and such. Downstairs is for dancing to records from eight until three.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dinner, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue and cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers, a polemicist of renown, goes into temporary seclusion on Thursday, Feb. 3. On Friday, Feb. 4, Stiller & Meara, or life on the Grand Concourse, will move in. Not before ten, usually. Closed Sundays.

IMPROVISATION, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

PLAZA 9, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th. (PL 9-3933)—Thirteen new young people are in a sort of revue whose music is carry-me-back-to-the-nineteen-twenties; this is done at eight and eleven every night but Monday.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—At nine and eleven-thirty, Wednesdays through Saturdays, composer Al Carmine sings songs from his own repertory, plus some blues numbers.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*schuh-plattler* dancers and a sort of brass band), and the two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHATEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Spanish cats with nine lives and the ability always to land on their feet. The current troupe is Marcelo and his Spanish Ballet. The rest of the evening is Cuban singer Luisa Maria. Dancing every night, and on Sunday afternoons from four to eight. Closed Mondays. ¶ In the **FLAMENCO ROOM**, there is activity, well along in the evening, by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, Feb. 6, will be the final night for Dick Jensen and his entourage. The Wilson Pickett Revue will arrive the following evening. No silent nights. ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music, just voice and piano, begins at ten. No quiet nights here, either.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**LA FORÊT**, where every prospect pleases, remains serene even when a set of Peter Duchin undergraduates suddenly go Dixie on the bandstand, for no harm can come within this magic circle—a French magic circle, all the way from chef to sommelier. Eight-thirty until two-thirty, but, alas, only on a five-day week—Tuesday through Saturday. ¶ Phil Wayne, who carried off the prize for the best dance music of the past season, spends Sundays and Mondays in the **CAFÉ** with a smaller crew (just three), seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad is on duty all the other nights.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Saturday, Feb. 5, is the end of the road for Della Reese in the **PERSIAN ROOM**. On Monday, Feb. 7, Ed Ames will start singing. At ten Mondays through Thursdays, at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, Burt Farber and Mark Monte are on the bandstand, heading up their crews. Closed Sundays. ¶ In the **GREEN TULIP**, a brace of new characters, Sig and Gary, who are strolling musicians, disport themselves from dinner through supper, but only for dinner on Sundays. ¶ In the **PALM COURT** at night (except Sundays), a pair of old family retainers (Ernest Schoen and Jules Kutli) commune on fiddle and piano; Sandu Marcu, a violin man of long standing, is still



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"Thank God it's Thursday!"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

on hand from four-thirty until seven-thirty.
RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Morgana King, a girl often given to shadowy, ethereal songs, is being properly displayed during dinner and supper in this well-appointed mountain fastness. Dance tunes, too, some of them from memory cells and some of them live, happen the rest of the time. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Saturday, Feb. 5, is the closing date for an Italian Fortnight, which features Italian singers and musicians and chefs. The action runs from five to eleven.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Buddy Greco's world begins and ends in show business, which is why he knows what it takes to bring a tune to life, liberty, and happiness. He does dinner and supper sets in the **MAISONETTE**, and they are surrounded, from seven-thirty until two, by the music of George Cort's orchestra. Closed Sundays.
 ... **LA BOITE**, the prepossessing little chamber across the way, is exactly the setting for the chamber music that issues from the violin plied by that midtown landmark Gunnar Hansen. A better man for the job would be hard to find. Closed Sundays.
 ... And what a fine idea to pair guitarists as puissant as George Barnes and Buckley Pizzarelli, then to station them, at half past nine every evening but Sunday and Monday, in the minute **ST. REGIS ROOM**! No dining, no dancing, but who needs it here?

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A change of pace for this club—five Spanish singers and instrumentalists known as Los Valldemosa are making their metropolitan bow. Music from ten until three. Closed Sundays and Mondays.
 ... **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right in this spot. Eat, dance (sometimes to rock), and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays.
 ... **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday.
 ... **AL MOUNIA**, in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): One of the seven wonders of the Moroccan world, and something to be seen by everyone at least once—thus, a great place to start restaging the Arabian Nights. There's piano in one corner from six until whenever (after nine-thirty, it's by Jacques Kayal, a French-singing, non-Bogart Casablanca). Closed Sundays.
 ... **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant*, what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays.
 ... **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays.
 ... **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1500): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian trio. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday.
 ... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings, or talks-sings, during dinner and supper, in a manner distinctly not women's lib. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays.
 ... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Anyone—be he waiter, busboy, or barkeep—who can carry a tray is required to carry a tune in this not especially disguised or especially sedate school of the opera. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Dino

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Palermo, a genuine exponent of *la dolce vita*) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays.
 ... Belowstairs, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from a dulcet threesome, seven-thirty to one-thirty, though not on Sundays.
 ... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious.
 ... **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a townhouse can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. No sound on Sundays and Mondays.
 ... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night except Sunday, Ronny Whyte plays piano from eight-thirty to one-thirty.
 ... **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano (seven-thirty to eleven) is the work of Ray Onley, and it is such a quiet searching out of the possibilities in today's American music that one is tempted to stay on and on in this pleasurable and polite refectory. Closed Sundays.
 ... **MONSIEUR**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Invasions of privacy are not unheard of, for a troupe of serenaders can pop up beside one's butter plate on short notice, or none at all, and until fairly late at night. Well, when in Rome... Closed Sundays.
 ... **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (680-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays.
 ... **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE**, 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): It's run by the same librarians, and it looks more outdoors than bookworm. It sounds that way, too, when Jerry Scott applies easy voice and piano to songs that don't often come our way. His work week: from nine until two through the week, ten to three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.
 ... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six until one, though not on Mondays.
 ... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the instrument to other hands on Sundays.
 ... **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the cocktail session in the King's Inn from seven to nine, and in the Gold Room from nine to eleven. Monday through Friday is the extent of this pleasant

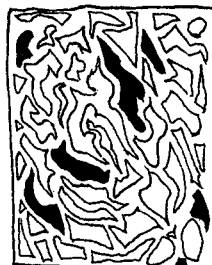
idea... **JOHNNY ANGEL'S**, 232 E. 58th St. (758-5665): In remembrance of Goldie's New York, one of the city's best playgrounds, Wayne Sanders (long a part of that enterprise) does piano, nine to two, in a spot rather reminiscent of the original. Closed Sundays.
 ... **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Like Johnny Angel's (*vide supra*), a recollection of the disused supper clubs whose piano men set a mood that kept one ear alert for conversation and the other alert for the music. The practitioners in the extremely matter-of-fact Village grill are Charles De Forest (Monday and Tuesday) and Murray Grand (the rest of the nights). Eight to two.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CARL ANDRE—Floor pieces in metal; starting Saturday, Feb. 5. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)
HORST ANTES—Paintings featuring magnified profiles; starting Tuesday, Feb. 8. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)
WALDO BALART—Brightly colored modular sculptures in fired enamel on steel; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)
WALTER DARBY BANNARD—Color-area paintings; starting Saturday, Feb. 5. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
JACK BEAL—Figurative paintings that stress patches of light and color; starting Saturday, Feb. 5. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)
ROBERT BEAUCHAMP—Freely handled paintings of fantasy, incorporating nudes, horses, monkeys, and fruits; through Feb. 17. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)
 ... Also drawings; through Feb. 29. (Dain, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)
ARNOLD BELKIN—A series of sixteen paintings, each seventy-seven inches by fifty-five, on the theme of "The Death of Marat" by Jacques-Louis David; through Feb. 26. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)
OSCAR BLUEMNER (1867-1938)—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by an artist who was an early member of the Stieglitz gallery group; starting Tuesday, Feb. 8. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)
 ... Small watercolors and crayon and charcoal drawings; starting Saturday, Feb. 5. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)
JACK BOSSON AND ANNE DUNN—Lyrical abstractions by the former, and paintings and collages of landscapes with figures by the latter; through Feb. 17. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
FERNANDO BOTERO—Twenty-five recent paintings, drawings, and pastels of this Latin-American artist's balloonlike figures of generals, church officials, and ladies, plus still-lives; starting Saturday, Feb. 5. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
ROSEMARIE CASTORO—Free-standing constructions, and wall pieces of masonite or wood cut into the shape of brush strokes; starting Saturday, Feb. 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
BRUCE DORFMAN—Abstract paintings that disclose female figures; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)
ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—Twenty-one paintings covering the entire range of this pioneer American abstractionist's career from 1917 to his death; through Feb. 26. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)
JIMMY ERNST—Complex abstractions; through Feb. 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)
JOHN FERREN (1906-70)—Paintings from 1937 to 1969, covering several styles of this abstract colorist; through Thursday, Feb. 10. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
MOSHE GAT—Paintings and drawings of Spanish bullfighters and old Israelis by an Israeli artist; through Feb. 19. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)
LEE GATCH (1902-68)—Compositions of colored



A. Davidson



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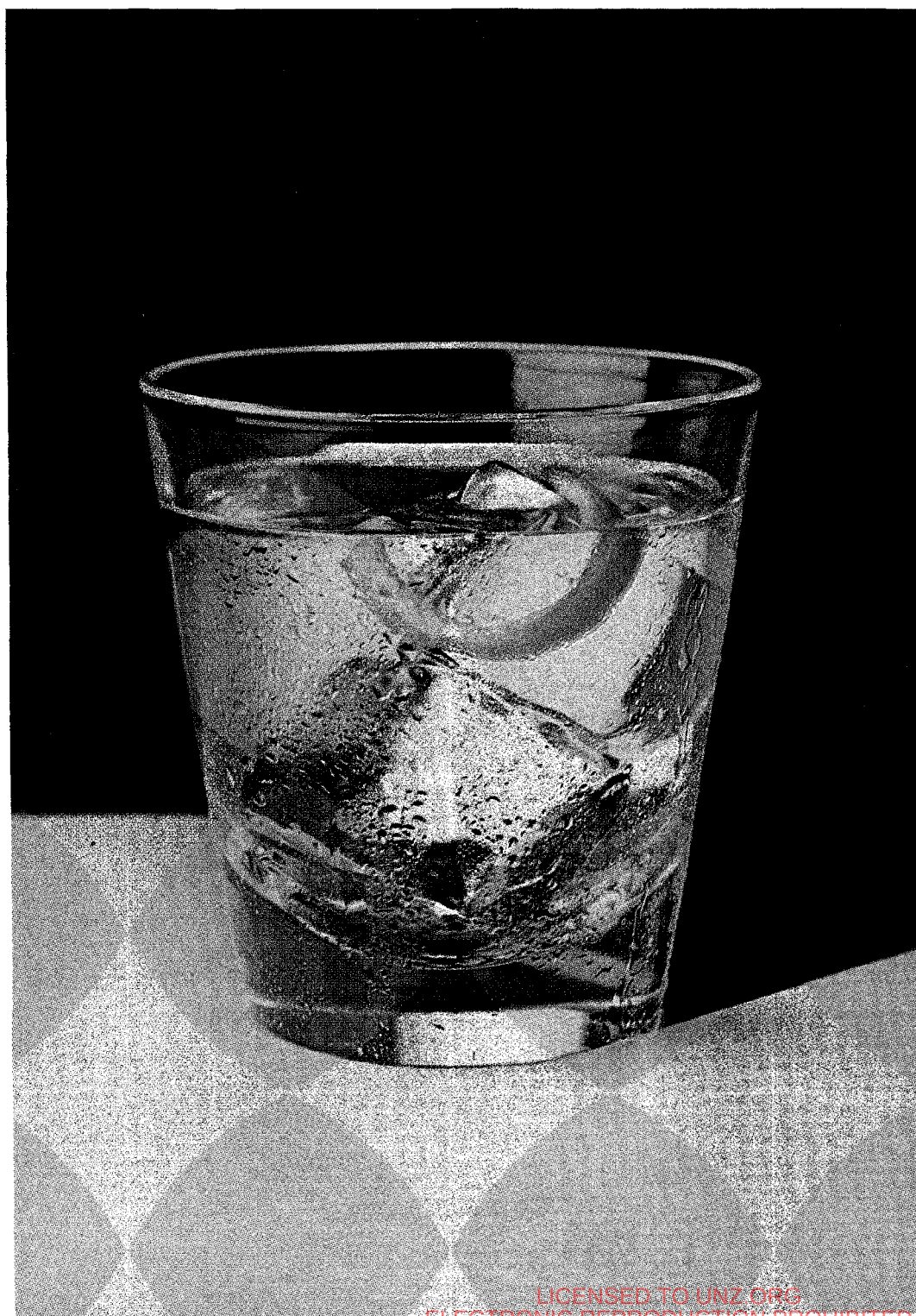


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stones set into painted canvas; starting Tuesday, Feb. 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

HERBERT GEORGE—Sculptures of polished, machined metal and sections of shaped soft leather, enclosed in six-foot Plexiglas tubes; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Danenberg Contemporaries, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI—Eight sculptures, two paintings, twenty drawings, plus graphics; through Feb. 29. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHRISTOS GIANAKOS—Cast sculptures in colored polyester; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Patterned rectangles by this veteran experimentalist; through Feb. 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARTIN JOHNSON HEADE (1810-1904)—Luminist landscapes and flowers by a nineteenth-century itinerant American; through Feb. 26. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEROME HILL—Interiors and still-lives; starting Saturday, Feb. 5. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HULTBERG AND ERIC H. OLSON—Abstract Expressionist landscapes containing suggestions of cities and industrial plants by the first, a veteran New York artist, and strips of film between sheets of glass that respond to changing lights by the second; through Feb. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULES KIRSCHENBAUM—Paintings based on children's toys; through Friday, Feb. 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

KARL KNATHS (1891-1971)—Fifty years of painting by this American abstractionist; through Feb. 19. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARRY KRAMER—White geometrical paintings; starting Saturday, Feb. 5. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.)

LE CORBUSIER (1887-1965)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings, predominantly in the Constructivist mode, by the celebrated architect; through Feb. 26. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

LÉGER—Late oils, gouaches, and drawings, also lithographs; starting Saturday, Feb. 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Drawings of architectural motifs; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUISA MATTHIASDOTTIR—Landscapes with figures; through Feb. 17. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

WILLIAM MEYEROWITZ—Paintings of musicians, landscapes, and horses, plus still-lives, by a member of the National Academy; starting Tuesday, Feb. 8. (Chase, 31 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDGAR NEGRET—Metal constructions, some of them large, by a Latin American; through Feb. 19. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EMIL NOLDE (1897-1956)—Watercolors by a leading German Expressionist; through March 18. (Sabarsky, 687 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERBERT PERR—Six large abstractions; through Feb. 17. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Four oils, one sculpture, and twenty-six drawings; starting Saturday, Feb. 5. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH RAFFAEL—"Portraits" of exotic birds and beasts; starting Saturday, Feb. 5. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

EARL REIBACK—Projections of moving light in intense colors; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MURRAY REICH AND GARRY RICH—Large color paintings by the former, and dynamic abstractions by the latter; starting Saturday, Feb. 5. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

MARIANNE SCHNELL AND ESTHER GENTLE—Abstract Expressionist paintings by the former, and wire sculptures on a philosophical theme by the latter; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JASON SCHOENER—Semi-abstract landscapes of

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Latin America; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM SCHWEDLER—Paintings and drawings of philosophically suggested images; through Feb. 17. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHAEL SECTER—Constructions, some motorized, in Plexiglas of various hues; through Feb. 17. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL STRAND—Forty photographs, most of them recent, plus twenty photogravures of a Mexican portfolio done in 1933 by this dean of art photographers; through Feb. 10. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ANNE TABACHNICK—Paintings and drawings by a younger New York figurative Expressionist; starting Saturday, Feb. 5. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

RICHARD TUTTLE—Octagons made of stretched wire; through Feb. 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEVE URRY—Bright-surfaced welded-aluminum sculptures in twisted and curved forms; starting Tuesday, Feb. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

VICTOR VASARELY—Flat geometrical wall pieces in colored plastic; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

PAUL VÁZQUEZ—Large figurative oils in vibrant colors; through Feb. 23. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

RAYMOND A. WHYTE—Exactly painted figures and still-lives; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The 1972 annual exhibition of paintings, graphics, and sculptures by members of this organization of professional artists, numbering over seven hundred; through Feb. 13. (Lever House, 300 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BENEDEK**, 380 West Broadway: Young artists, ranging from "New Realists" to Minimalists, in a new gallery; through Feb. 26. (Closed Mondays.)

... **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An exhibit of posters done in the period from the eighteen-nineties through the First World War in the United States, England, and Europe; through Feb. 26. (Closed Mondays.)

... **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures and paintings of mythological and fabulous creatures, from sixth-century Etruscan to the present; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Closed Mondays.)

... **DANENBERG**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: American artists, among them Benton, Archipenko, Marsh, Max Weber, and Zorach; through Saturday, Feb. 5.

... **GREEN MOUNTAIN**, 17 Perry St.: An assembly of works by Alex Katz, gallery painters, and others, considered by the gallery to be "metaphysical"; through Feb. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: American paintings of the late nineteenth century and the early twentieth by Prendergast, Luks, Bellows, Chase, Bluemner, and others; through Feb. 23. (Closed Mondays.)

... **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by Goncharova, Larionov, Lissitzky, Malevich, Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, Kandinsky, and the like; through Feb. 29. (Closed Mondays.)

... **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Recent developments in realistic painting and sculpture by Richard Estes, Ralph Goings, Robert Graham, and Duane Hanson, to name several; through Saturday, Feb. 5.

... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: American

naïve and folk art consisting of paintings, watercolors, chalkware, pen-and-ink drawings, and needlework from the eighteenth and early nineteenth century to half a dozen works from this one; through Feb. 26. (Closed Mondays.)

... **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Old Masters—Carpaccio, Guardi, Hals, del Piombo, Velázquez, and Veronese, for example—and Impressionists, such as Cassatt, Cézanne, Degas, Manet, Monet, and Renoir; through Friday, Feb. 4.

... **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings by faculty members of New York University's School of Continuing Education; through Feb. 25. (Weekdays, 9 to 11.)

... **MENDOLA**, 341 Madison Ave., at 44th St.: Works by illustrators, past and present, among them Steven Dohanos, Bernie Fuchs, Rockwell Kent, Howard Pyle, Norman Rockwell, Andrew Wyeth, and N.C. Wyeth; through Feb. 29.

... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Realistic sculptures by Duane Hanson; small abstract welded-metal pieces by Marilyn Gelfman-Pereira; and paintings of domestic objects, such as pencils, umbrellas, and matches, by Nakagawa. Through Saturday, Feb. 5.

... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Sixty-five paintings, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings executed abroad by American artists of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth centuries; through March 25. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

... **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: Four women painters and sculptors; starting Saturday, Feb. 5. (Closed Mondays.)

... **WOMEN'S INTERART CENTER**, 549 W. 52nd St.: An exhibition, growing into the hundreds, of work by women, many of them militants of liberation; through Feb. 19. (Daily, 2 to 10.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—About thirty portraits and self-portraits of artists, in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints, along with photos of artists in their studios by Arnold Newman; through March 7. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Works by Picasso in all mediums and spanning every phase of his career, assembled from the Museum's collection and promised gifts; starting Thursday, Feb. 3.

... **¶** New acquisitions, consisting of a construction and a painting from the early twentieth century by two Russians, Vladimir Baranoff-Rossine and Ivan Puni, and paintings by Lichtenstein, Christensen, Ryman, and others; through March 5.

... **¶** Naïve art from the Museum's collection; through April 10. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About eighty sculptures and ten paintings by John Chamberlain, best known for constructions made of crushed automobile parts; through Feb. 27.

... **¶** Examples of their own works selected by ten American artists—Bearden, Beauchamp, Frank, Grooms, Johnson, Kriesberg, Kurhaje, Maryan, Westermann, and Schumann; through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 6; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The nationwide biennial survey of current painting by Americans; through March 19.

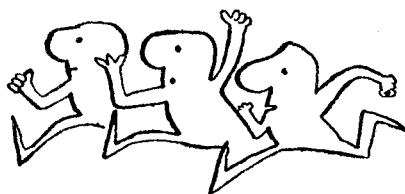
... **¶** Paintings, sketches, and tiles by Jay Van Everen (1875-1947), identified with the Synchronism movement during the twenties; through Feb. 13.

... **¶** Figurative paintings of fantasy by Susan Hall; through Sunday, Feb. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A new addition to the Museum's American period rooms, the Worgelt Study, embodies the Art Deco style in every detail, from furniture to bar decanters.

... **¶** The newly installed Schenck House Gallery focusses on the Jan Martuse Schenck House, a Brooklyn miller's dwelling and one of the most important surviving examples of seventeenth-century architecture.

... **¶** The recently opened Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century Galleries contain furniture and decorations of the principal artists,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

designers, and craftsmen of the period. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W., at 79th St.—Over four hundred and fifty specimens of birds of the New York area are shown in a completely reconstructed exhibit. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Fifty carved-wood reliefs and paintings by Daniel Pressley (1918-71), a black folk artist who dealt with everyday subjects; through Sunday, Feb. 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Thirty-five Japanese "Nanga" paintings on paper and silk of the early eighteenth century to the mid-nineteenth; through Feb. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Closed Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 7-8.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Works constructed at the Museum by six artists, among them D'Arcangelo, Indiana, LeWitt, and Warhol, with the method used by each photographed and documented in the gallery; starting Thursday, Feb. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Suites of prints on Old Testament themes by Chagall, Kokoschka, Picasso, Dali, Dine, and Ben Zion; through Feb. 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Eighteenth-century French flower paintings; through April 1. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show surveying the Museum's collection of wood and stone carvings (including a large flock of decoys), paintings, weathervanes and trade signs, quilts, and other of its specialties; through Feb. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—An international exhibit of fibre sculptures, indicating new directions in weaving; through April 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures constituting a retrospective of the visionary works of de Chirico from 1911 to 1971; through April 2. Wednesdays through Sundays, at 4 and 6, the exhibition is supplemented by the showing of films related to the artist. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Seventy-two new additions to the print collection, ranging from an anonymous Swiss woodcut of 1502 to a Lee Bontecou lithograph; through April 29. (Weekdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Judith Blegen, Lili Chookasian, Adam Klein, Barry McDaniell, Thomas Stewart, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . Thursday, Feb. 3, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Lucine Amara, Mildred Miller, James King, Theo Adam, John Macurdy, Benno Kusche, Loren Driscoll, and William Walker. . . . Friday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Jeannette Pilon, Evelyn Lear, Cesare Siepi, Hermann Prey, and Paul Plishka. . . . Saturday, Feb. 5, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Joann Grillo, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Justino Diaz, and James Morris. . . . Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Renata Scotto, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . Monday, Feb. 7, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Nedda Casei, Franco Corelli, Kostas Paskalis, Cesare Siepi, and Fernando Corena. . . . Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Renata Scotto, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena.

. . . Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Pilar Lorengar, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Theo Adam, John Macurdy, Benno Kusche, Loren Driscoll, and William Walker. . . . Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Judith Blegen, Lili Chookasian, Barry McDaniell, Thomas Stewart, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . Friday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Colette Boky, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Donald Gramm. . . . Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Nedda Casei, Carlo Bergonzi, Kostas Paskalis, Cesare Siepi, and Fernando Corena. . . . Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Jeannette Pilon, Evelyn Lear, Justino Diaz, Hermann Prey, and Paul Plishka.

JUILLIARD AMERICAN OPERA CENTER—Benefit performances of Puccini's "La Bohème." Staged by Michael Cacoyannis, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by James Conlon. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday, Feb. 10, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 12-13, at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 4, at 2; and Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30 (all with Bruce Prince-Joseph, organ, and the Camerata Singers); and Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 11, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 14, at 7:30 (all with Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano). . . . NOTE: Mr. Boulez will also conduct the orchestra in an informal all-Berg program (with Miss Ludwig), as well as discuss, explain, and illustrate Berg and his music (and answer questions) on Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 8:30, at Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—André Previn conducting the last two in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8, with Kyung Wha Chung, violin; and Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano.)

CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA—Daniel Barenboim conducting, with Clifford Curzon, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 9, and Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:30, both with Ralph Gomberg, oboe. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8:30, with Laurence Lesser, cello. . . . Colin Davis conducting, with Stephen Bishop, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA DA CAMERA—Gerhard Samuel conducting, with Jeffrey Solow, cello, and Joanne Bell, contralto. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Arthur Weisberg conducting, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

CLARION CONCERTS ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS—Newell Jenkins directing, with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Robert White and Robert Johnson, tenors; and Justino Diaz, bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

MANNES CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Carl Bamberger conducting, with Antonia Lavanne, soprano, and Jane Gunter, mezzo-soprano. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8:30. No tickets necessary. . . . Same program; Library and Museum of the Performing Arts Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, Feb. 10, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets will be available, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

MUNICH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Hans Stadlmair conducting, with Lukas David, violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

AMOR ARTIS CHORALE AND ORCHESTRA—Johannes Somary directing the third in a series of four all-Haydn programs, this one with Jean Hakes, soprano; Jane Gunter, mezzo; Robert White, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass; and Richard Westenburg, organ. (Grace Church,

Broadway at 10th St. Friday, Feb. 11, at 7:30.
For tickets, call 920-5563.)

RECITALS

JOHN LILL—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—The last in a series of concerts of piano trios. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—Two programs performed by Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Cristina Ortiz, piano; Paula Robison, flute; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8. . . . Alice Tully Hall, Monday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

JANET BAKER—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

JORGE BOLET—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

MISHA DICHTER—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

CLEVELAND QUARTET—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Feb. 6, at 2:15.)

YEHUDI AND HEPHZIBAH MENUHIN—Violin and piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Sunday, Feb. 6, at 3.)

OSCAR SHUMSKY—A program of works for unaccompanied violin and viola. (Alice Tully Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

MANHATTAN BRASS ENSEMBLE—Cecil Collins and Donald Stratton conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Charles Treger, Hiroko Yajima, and Romuald Tecco, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Alvin Brehm, contrabass; Leonard Arner, oboe; and Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall, Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 12, at 9.)

IRMA COSTANZO—Classic guitarist. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:40.)

WILLIAM MASSELOS—Piano, in a two-part program. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 4, Part I, and at 8, Part II.)

SONYA MONOSOFF AND STODDARD LINCOLN—Violin and pianoforte, in an all-Mozart program played, in part, on instruments from the Museum's collection. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

ITZHAK PERLMAN—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

NOTE—Jaime and Ruth Laredo will give a violin-and-piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 20, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Feb. 7, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

MISCELLANY

WNYC AMERICAN MUSIC FESTIVAL—Among the events of interest will be a concert by the New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble, conducted by A. Robert Johnson, with Herman Neuman as guest conductor. (Town Hall, Saturday, Feb. 12, at 3. Free tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York 10007, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

INTERLUDE CONCERTS—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 5:45: Blossom Dearie. . . . Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 5:45: Marian McPartland.

EARL HINES—Carnegie Recital Hall, Friday, Feb. 4, at 8.

CHARLES MINGUS—With a fifteen-piece orchestra, plus Gene Ammons, Roy Eldridge, and

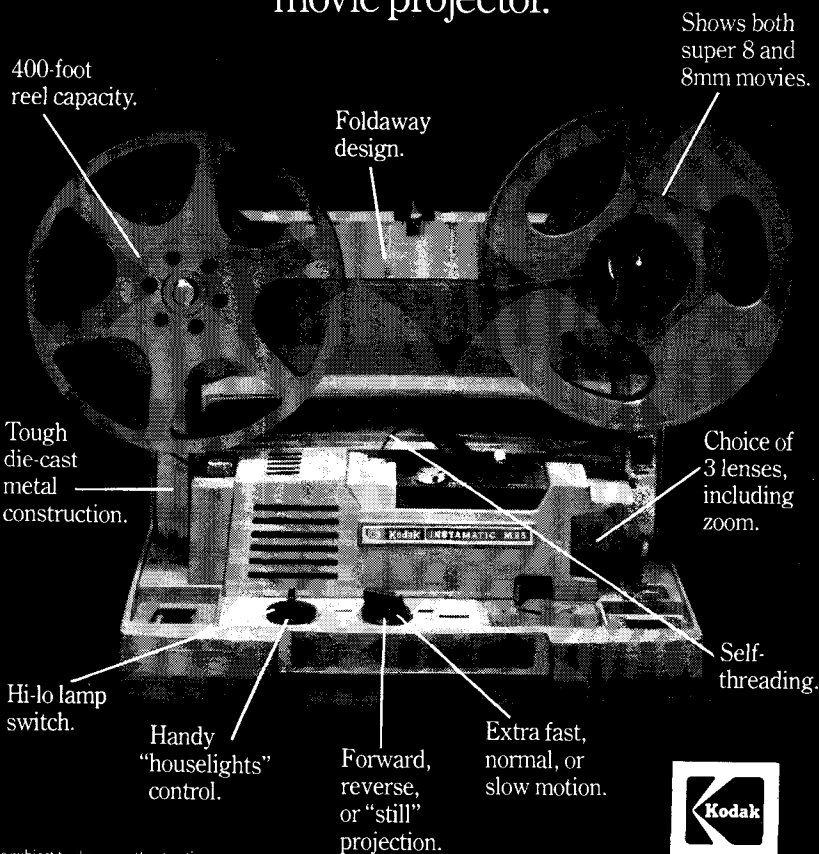
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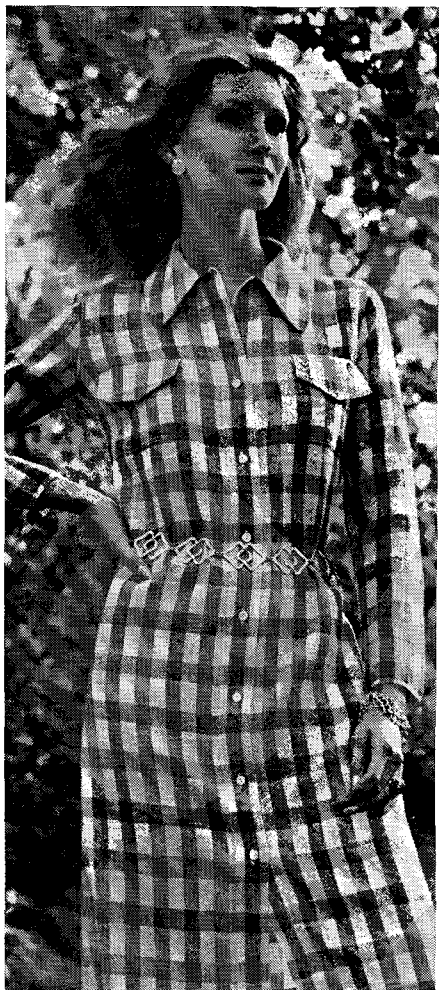


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gerry Mulligan, in a program of Mingus compositions. (Philharmonic Hall, Friday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

LIGHTHOUSE—Carnegie Hall, Sunday, Feb. 6, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8. . . . Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 7:30. . . . Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM, Hempstead: Nets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:15.

BOXING—Floyd Patterson vs. Oscar Bonavena, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Friday, Feb. 11. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10:30.)

DARTMOUTH WINTER CARNIVAL—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 11-12.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . Sunday, Feb. 6, at 2:05: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago.

RACING—At LIBERTY BELL, Philadelphia: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 5. The Quaker Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 5. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 11.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Feb. 29.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERA—The Light Opera of Manhattan presenting "The Mikado." (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 5-6, at 4.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30. . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "Bravo, the Clown," Saturday, Feb. 5, at 2:30. . . . "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, Feb. 6, at 2:30. . . . "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "The Princess and the Pea." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30. . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Hot Feet." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 3. . . . ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE: "Pied Piper." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 1:30. . . . YOUNG WORLD FOUNDATION: "Who Am I?" (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2993. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM STUDIO, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Children's Paintings from Five Continents," a show of forty paintings from such diverse areas as American Indian reservations, Tanzania, Austria, Honduras, and South Vietnam. Through Feb. 20. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Fridays, 10 to 2; Thursdays, 10 to 5; and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show in the Sky Theatre is called "By the Stars of Gitchie Gumee." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted. . . . An hour before the shows, the Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public

lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Barbara Tuchman reading from her own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Feb. 7, at 8:30. . . . John Hollander and Theodore Weiss reading from their own poems. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

CAT SHOW—Empire Cat Club. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Saturday, Feb. 5, from 10 to 9, and Sunday, Feb. 6, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, Feb. 3-4, at 10:15 and 2:15. Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints by such artists as Braque, Picasso, and Matisse; from a number of owners. . . . Saturday, Feb. 5, at 10:15: Pre-Columbian art, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Del Pino and others.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 2 at 2: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1927), a French film with an English narration, directed by Carl Dreyer. . . . Feb. 2 at 5:30: "Day of Wrath" (1948), in Danish, directed by Carl Dreyer. . . . Feb. 3 at 2: "Les Mâles" (1970), in French, directed by Gilles Carle. . . . Feb. 3 at 5:30: "Red" (1970), in French, directed by Gilles Carle. . . . Feb. 3 at 8 and Feb. 4 at 2: "Mon Oncle Antoine" (1971), in French, directed by Claude Jutra. . . . Feb. 4 at 5:30: "The Return of the Immaculate Conception" (1971), in French, directed by André Forcier. . . . Feb. 5 at noon: "Sullivan's Travels" (1942), directed by Preston Sturges, with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea. . . . Feb. 5 at 3: "Red" (1970). . . . Feb. 5 at 5:30: "Those Damned Savages" (1971), in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Lefebvre. . . . Feb. 6 at 12:30: "Mister Robinson Crusoe" (1932), directed by Edward Sutherland, with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . Feb. 6 at 3: "Q-Bec My Love" (1969), in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Lefebvre. . . . Feb. 6 at 5:30: "Les Mâles" (1970). . . . Feb. 7 at noon: "The Return of the Immaculate Conception" (1971). . . . Feb. 7 at 5:30 and Feb. 8 at 2: "Warning Shadows" (1923), directed by A. Robison. . . . Feb. 8 at 5:30: A program of films by Peter Kubelka. . . . Feb. 9 at 2: "Those Damned Savages" (1971). . . . Feb. 9 at 5:30: "Q-Bec My Love" (1969). . . . Feb. 10 at 2: "A Matter of Life" (1970), in French, directed by André Théberg. . . . Feb. 10 at 5:30: "On Est Loin du Soleil" (1970), in French, directed by Jacques Leduc. . . . Feb. 10 at 8: "My Childhood in Montreal" (1970), in French, directed by Jean Chabot. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis. . . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Dreyer, Buñuel, Brakhage, Dovzhenko, Cocteau, Cornell, Flaherty, Eisenstein, and others. Showings at 6, 8 (except Feb. 3 and 9), and 10. No Mondays. . . . WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4700)—A series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Feb. 16, 19, 22, 26, and 29, and March 4, 7, 11, and 14. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM, Hempstead: Feb. 16, 18, 21, 23, and 25, and March 1, 4, 7, 9, 11, and 15.

DOG SHOW—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden, Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 14-15.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square



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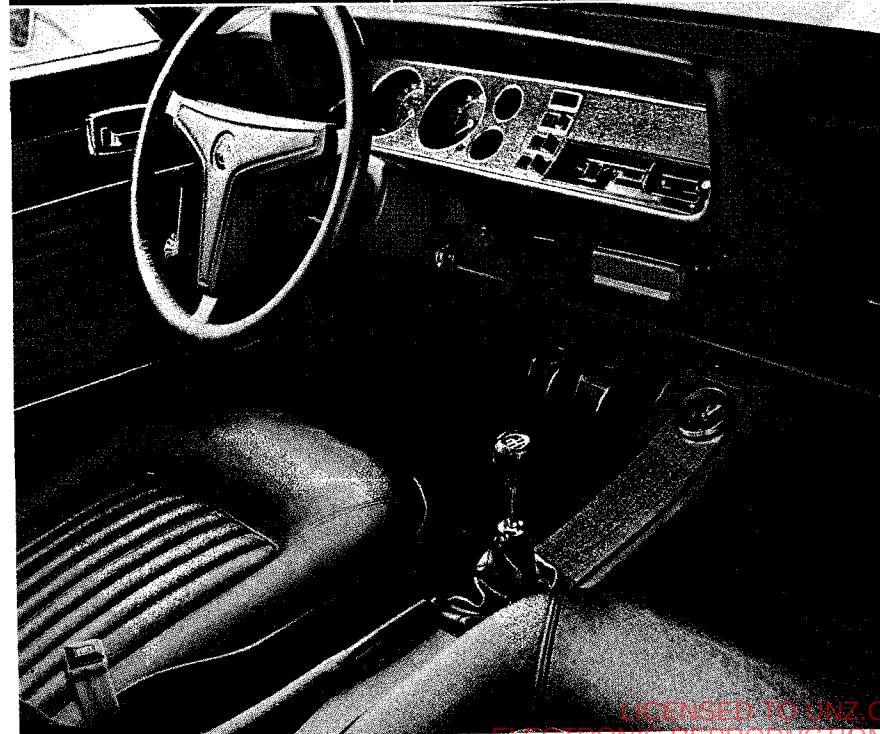
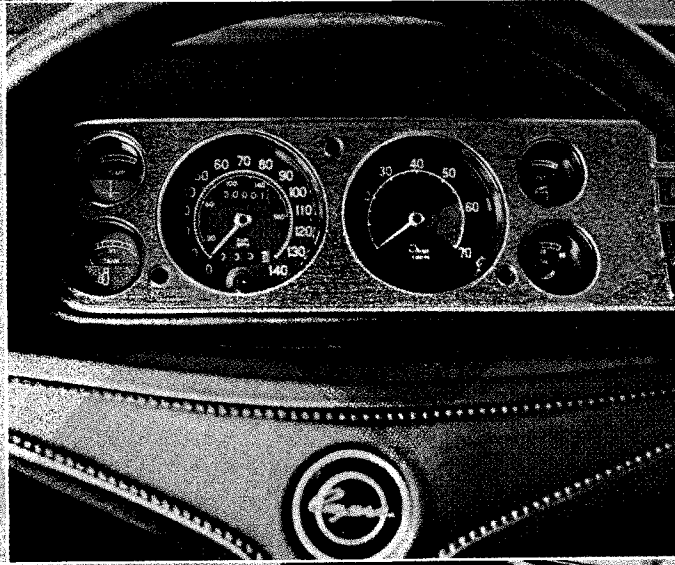
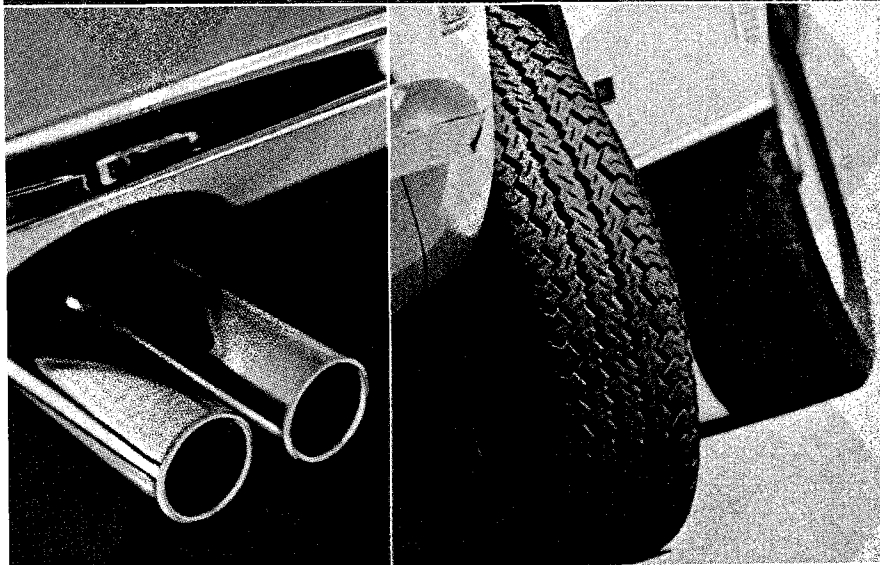
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Garden on Feb. 13, 20, 23, and 27, and March 1, 5, 8, and 12.

RACING—At Aqueduct: March 1-May 13.

TENNIS—Clean Air Tennis Classic. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Feb. 21-27.)

TRACK MEETS—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: United States Olympic Invitational, Feb. 18....
 ♣ National A.A.U. Indoor Championships, Feb. 25....
 102ND ENGINEERS ARMORY, Broadway at 168th St.: Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events, Feb. 23.

TROTting—At Yonkers Raceway: March 1-May 24.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season continues through April 22....
 NEW YORK CITY OPERA, New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727): The spring season will open on Feb. 23, with Donizetti's "Roberto Devereux," and will run through April 30....
 PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 13....
 ♣ St. Olaf Choir, Feb. 13....
 ♣ Renata Scottò, soprano, Feb. 15....
 ♣ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, Feb. 18....
 ♣ National Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 20 and March 5....
 ♣ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and I Solisti Veneti, Feb. 20....
 ♣ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 22....
 ♣ Andres Segovia, classic guitarist, Feb. 23 and March 10....
 ♣ New York Choral Society, Feb. 25....
 ♣ Symphony of the New World, Feb. 27....
 ♣ Garriick Ohlsson, piano, March 1....
 ♣ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and the Orchestre Pailard, March 3....
 ♣ Clifford Curzon, piano, March 5....
 ♣ Wanda Wilkomirski, violin, March 8....
 CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 14, 16-17, and 21....
 ♣ Eastman Philharmonia, Feb. 15....
 ♣ Prague Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 24....
 ♣ Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 25....
 ♣ Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 29....
 ♣ Leontyne Price, soprano, March 5....
 ♣ Handel Society Orchestra and Chorus, March 6....
 ♣ St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, March 8....
 ♣ Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, March 10....
 TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): American Symphony Orchestra da Camera, Feb. 16 and March 1....
 ♣ Evelyn Lear, soprano, Feb. 28....
 ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Bert Lucarelli, oboe, and I Solisti Veneti, Feb. 19....
 ♣ Thomas Stewart, baritone, Feb. 20....
 ♣ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Feb. 25-26 and March 5 and 7....
 ♣ National Arts Centre Orchestra of Canada, Feb. 27....
 ♣ Bach Aria Group, March 8....
 GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (870-5512): Pinchas Zukerman, violin, Feb. 18....
 ♣ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Feb. 26....
 ♣ Janos Starker, cello, and György Sebok, piano, March 2....
 ♣ Martha Argerich, piano, March 3....
 ♣ Julian Bream, lute, March 5....
 ♣ Alexander Schneider, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Shure, piano; and John Barrows, French horn; March 9....
 HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, and Itzhak Perlman, violin, Feb. 20....
 ♣ Agustin Anievas, piano, Feb. 26....
 ♣ Hermann Prey, baritone, and the Paris Chamber Orchestra, March 4....
 ♣ Alfred Brendel, piano, March 5....
 ♣ Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, March 6.

BALLET—At the City Center: National Ballet of Washington, Feb. 15-20....
 ♣ Joffrey Ballet, Feb. 23-April 2.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Moonchildren," a play by Michael Weller, with James Woods, Kevin Conway, Edward Herrmann, and Christopher Guest....
 ♣ A suspense play, "Night Watch," by Lucille Fletcher, in which Joan Hackett, Len Cariou, and Keene Curtis will appear....
 ♣ Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" will be the third in this season's series of four plays by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center....
 ♣ A thriller, "Children! Children!" by Jack Horgan, starring Gwen Verdon.

OTHER DATES—Winter Garden Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., Feb. 16....
 ♣ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 19-27....
 ♣ Washington's Birthday will be observed on Monday, Feb. 21....
 ♣ Antiques Fair with Gardens, at the Coliseum, March 4-12.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 5: "The Philadelphia Story" and "Pat and Mike."
Feb. 6-8: "Mary of Scotland" and "Alice Adams."
From Feb. 9: "Woman of the Year" and "Adam's Rib."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Feb. 5: "Kiss Me Kate" and "High Society."
Feb. 6-8: "The Gay Divorcee" and "The Night Is Young."
From Feb. 9: "Thank Your Lucky Stars."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 8: "All About Eve" and "Sunset Boulevard."
From Feb. 9: "Such Good Friends" and "Loving."

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Feb. 8: "A Day at the Races" and "A Night at the Opera."
From Feb. 9: "Doctor Zhivago."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Feb. 6: "The French Connection."
From Feb. 7: "Ulysses" and "The Balcony."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (688-1717)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (688-1717)
Through Feb. 6: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."
From Feb. 7: Three Russ Meyer films.

WEST SIDE

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)
Through Feb. 6: "The Damned" and "Death in Venice."
Feb. 7-8: "Ulysses" and "The Balcony."
From Feb. 9: "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna."

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 8: "The Wild Child" and "Yellow Submarine."
From Feb. 9: "Murmur of the Heart."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 8: "Carnal Knowledge."
From Feb. 9: "The Hired Hand" and "Drive, He Said."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Feb. 8: "La Guerre Est Finie" and "To Die in Madrid."
From Feb. 9: "The Trojan Women."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 8: "All the Loving Couples" and "Circle of Love."
From Feb. 9: "Sunday Bloody Sunday."

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Feb. 8: "Repulsion," "Dr. Strange-love," and "The Magic Christian."
From Feb. 9: "The Big Sleep," "Key Largo," "The Roaring Twenties," and "The Oklahoma Kid."

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Feb. 8: "The Return of Count Yorga" and "Murders in the Rue Morgue."
From Feb. 9: "Kidnapped" and "Wuthering Heights."

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Feb. 6: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

BIJOU CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through Feb. 6: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Feb. 6: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Feb. 6: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Feb. 6: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 6: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Feb. 6: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Feb. 6: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Feb. 6: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Feb. 6: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Feb. 6: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Feb. 6: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Feb. 6: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 6: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 6: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Feb. 6: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 6: "Nicholas and Alexandra."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

ADAM'S RIB (1949)—George Cukor directed this ingenious, often witty battle-of-the-sexes comedy in which Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy are married lawyers pitted against each other in the trial of Judy Holliday, who is accused of shooting her two-timing husband, Tom Ewell. Hepburn, thin, nervous, and high-strung, keeps pecking away at Tracy, who is solid, imperturbable, and maddeningly sane. The script (by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin) stoops to a few easy laughs, but it's lively, and it provides some sensational supporting roles. David Wayne almost walks off with the picture. Jean Hagen is around, too, and Polly Moran, and Hope Emerson. (Art; starting Feb. 9.)

ALICE ADAMS (1935)—Katharine Hepburn, with her young, beautiful angularity and her faintly absurd Bryn Mawr accent, is superbly cast as Booth Tarkington's eager, desperate, small-town social climber. Her Alice is one of the few authentic American movie heroines. George Stevens directed with such a fine sense of detail and milieu that the small-town nagging-family atmosphere is nerve-

rackingly accurate and funny. Alice is cursed with a pushing mother (Ann Shoemaker), an infantile father (Fred Stone), and a vulgar brother (Frank Albertson). The picture is cursed only by a fake happy ending: Alice gets what the movie companies considered a proper Prince Charming for her—Fred MacMurray, as a wealthy young man. Even with this flaw, it's a classic, and Hepburn gives one of her two or three finest performances—rivalled, perhaps, only by her work in "Little Women" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." With Hattie McDaniel, Evelyn Venable, and Hedda Hopper as a rich bitch. (Art; Feb. 6-8.)

ALL ABOUT EVE (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the business, but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter as her secretary is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessing of a

playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm as his wife. The only person onto the craft afoot is played by Thelma Ritter—who else? (Gramercy; through Feb. 8.)

ALL THE LOVING COUPLES (1969)—A moralistic sex-exploitation movie that proselytizes for wife-swapping as a way of keeping the American home together. The swingers include a heroic Jew who talks as if he were addressing a Reform congregation, and a villainous bush-jacketed Bircher who turns out to be impotent. Soft-core pornography for people who enjoy "The Beverly Hillbillies." (Greenwich; through Feb. 8.)

THE BALCONY (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With Shelley Winters (miscast), Jeff Corey, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Garrick; Feb. 7-8.)

BARTLEBY—With Paul Scofield and John McEnery, directed by Anthony Friedmann. (Paris; starting Feb. 6.)

THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for inde-

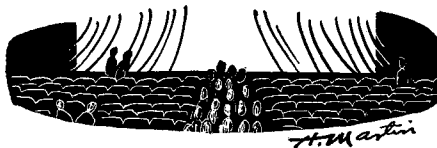


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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pendence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Olympia; Feb. 6-8.)

THE BIG SLEEP (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, which is peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendoes. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot got so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Elgin; starting Feb. 9.)

LE BOUCHER—With Stéphane Audran and Jean Yanne, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

THE BOY FRIEND—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2.)

BURN! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's emotionally charged epic about a slave revolt on a fictitious Caribbean island. Marlon Brando is the cynical representative of the British oppressors who instigates the revolt and then crushes it. Controversial, flawed, passionate. An attempt to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a swashbuckler. (New Yorker; Feb. 2-3.)

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (72nd St. Playhouse and 8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 8.)

CIRCLE OF LOVE (1965)—Roger Vadim's lavish color version of the famous Arthur Schnitzler play. (The 1950 version, directed by Max Ophüls, was called "La Ronde.") It was adapted by Jean Anouilh, but it came to this country dubbed, and in this form it's so silly it seems to be self-parody. With Jane Fonda, Jean-Claude Brial, Anna Karina, Marie Dubois, Maurice Ronet, Jean Sorel, and many others. (Greenwich; through Feb. 8.)

CLAIRE'S KNEE—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brial) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Guild.)

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I.)

THE CONFORMIST—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Thalia; through Feb. 3.)

THE COWBOYS—Blood and homilies on one of the most torpid cattle drives since the invention of motion pictures. Eleven good boys, aged nine to fifteen, are so well trained by their surrogate big daddy, John Wayne, that when he is shot by a rustler they wipe out the whole seventeen-man gang. The point of view of the movie is that this makes them men. Mark Rydell directed this pious muck. As the cook on the drive, Roscoe Lee Browne does his charming urbane number. (Music Hall; Feb. 2.)

THE DAMNED (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. (Garrick; through Feb. 6.)

A DAY AT THE RACES (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Kips Bay; through Feb. 8.)

DEATH IN VENICE—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Garrick; through Feb. 6. . . . ♪ Thalia; Feb. 4-7.)

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER—Tired Bond picture that is often noisy when it means to be exciting. It lacks elegance and visual opulence, but it's got Sean Connery. His Bond is less lecherous now and less foppish—and he's better this way: Bond the mock hero has become the one stable, unalienated fantasy hero of modern movies. (86th Street East. . . . ♪ Cinema Studio; through Feb. 8.)

DIRTY HARRY—Clint Eastwood is the saintly cop who demonstrates the necessity for para-legal police power; Don Siegel directed this skillful, brutal, Fascist thriller. (Murray Hill and U. A. East.)

DOC—Frank Perry directs a screenplay by Pete Hamill, with Stacy Keach as Doc Holliday, Harris Yulin as a Wyatt Earp who looks like Baudelaire, and Faye Dunaway as Doc's whore (she can't exactly seem blowsy, nor can an expensive film bring itself to make her look as grubby as the script wants of her). The film tries to be about everything: the drive of American history, the American need for heroes (as shown in Westerners who are clearly meant to represent politicians), the fraudulence and hope of the frontier spirit. Well acted, but sometimes afflicted by an organ-loft cast of mind. (Symphony; starting Feb. 9.)

DR. STRANGELOVE (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Elgin; through Feb. 8.)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Kips Bay, 72nd St. Playhouse, and Cinema Studio; starting Feb. 9.)

§—Bank heist in Hamburg, masterminded by

Warren Beatty, assisted by Goldie Hawn as a kook hooker. For the first twenty minutes, it's impossible to know what's going on; after that, there are so many camera setups and such noisy, overextended chases that the whole thing becomes hectic and exhausting. Brutality and tension are a poor substitute for pleasurable suspense. Overwritten and overdirected by Richard Brooks. (Loew's Ciné.)

DRIVE, HE SAID—Jack Nicholson's début as a director, so this film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. You can leave your head at home if you go to see this one. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 9.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli, Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinees Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

THE FRENCH CONNECTION—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Juliet 2. . . . ♪ Regency; starting Feb. 4.)

THE GANG THAT COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; molestation Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Plaza.)

THE GAY DIVORCÉE (1934)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" in 1933, but this was their first co-starring film. The plot is trivial French farce, but the dances are among the wittiest and the most lyrical expressions of American romanticism on the screen. It may be accurate to say that no one who saw them do "The Continental" or watched the great, tense, seductive dance they perform to Cole Porter's "Night and Day" has ever quite forgotten "The Gay Divorcée"—even if he thinks he has. With Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore; directed by Mark Sandrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 6-8.)

THE GO-BETWEEN—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courtously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Guild.)

LA GUERRE EST FINIE (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent but compelling study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and

Geneviève Bujold. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Feb. 8.)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE—Rod Steiger as the sexist big-game hunter, in Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s, attempt at a Shavian play of ideas about the end of the bullish dominating male. Steiger's disastrously familiar paranoid rhythms push Vonnegut's florid lines over a cliff, and they splash when they land. Badly misdirected by Mark Robson, who tried for a stylized tone that doesn't work, though the miscast Susannah York comes through as an able farceur and Pamelyn Ferdin has a few funny moments as Wanda June. Most of the time, it's like seeing a bad production of a synthetic, trying-to-be-clever Broadway play. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 8.)

HIGH SOCIETY (1956)—Musical remake of "The Philadelphia Story" with Grace Kelly in the Hepburn role, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, John Lund, Louis Calhern, Sidney Blackmer, and Louis Armstrong, who, at the opening, does a fine scat-patter number explaining the plot. Everything that follows is a letdown. Charles Walters directed; the songs are by Cole Porter. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 5.)

THE HIRED HAND—Peter Fonda's first piece of direction, set in an Old West that is already changing. He and Warren Oates play great friends who turn up at the house of Fonda's ten-years-older wife (Verna Bloom) after he has left her on her own to run a farm and a life for six years. She gives him a guarded welcome, with a feminine skepticism that is truly caught. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 9.)

THE HOSPITAL—George C. Scott is at his most hammy brilliant in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself, it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (Sutton.)

THE HOT ROCK—With Robert Redford, George Segal, and Zero Mostel, directed by Peter Yates. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

HOW I WON THE WAR (1967)—Richard Lester's big try that failed—an anti-war black comedy, from a script by Charles Wood, and with ideas and techniques from the Theatres of Cruelty and the Absurd. Similar to "Catch-22." With Michael Crawford and John Lennon. (Olympia; Feb. 4-5.)

HUSBANDS (1970)—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 8.)

INVESTIGATION OF A CITIZEN ABOVE SUSPICION (1970)—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Thalia; Feb. 8-10.)

THE JERUSALEM FILE—With Bruce Davison and Nicol Williamson, directed by John Flynn. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

KEY LARGO (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, re-wrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for the Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Elgin; starting Feb. 9.)

KIDNAPPED—Jack Pulman has drawn a trim, craftsmanlike screenplay from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped" and its sequel, "David Balfour." The director, Delbert Mann, keeps everything comprehensible, though he doesn't seem to know how to make

the narrative stirring. Fortunately, Michael Caine, who gets better all the time, acts Alan Breck with a mixture of swagger and intelligence that keeps the movie alive. Caine is assisted by Trevor Howard as the Lord Advocate, Lawrence Douglas as David, and Donald Pleasence as old Ebenezer, a Scrooge if ever there was one. Not as exciting as the best swashbuckling adventure movies, but the feeling behind the whole production is so decent and affectionate that viewers may forgive the deficiencies. The exteriors were shot in Scotland. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 9.)

KING LEAR—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, have dead eyes. You may feel dead while you watch. (Paris; through Feb. 5.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Olympia; through Feb. 3.)

KISS ME KATE (1953)—There is Kathryn Grayson's trilling to contend with, and Ann Miller's tick-tock tapping, but once past those hurdles, anyone who loves musical comedy can enjoy the marvellous Cole Porter score, Howard Keel's strong baritone and good humor, and the dancing of Tommy Rall, Bobby Van, and Bob Fosse. Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore also turn up, and Carol Haney, too. George Sidney directed. The Broadway show, based on "The Taming of the Shrew," has been cleaned up and overtamed, but there's still flavor in it. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 5.)

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (34th St. East and Columbia I.)

LAWMAN—With Burt Lancaster and Robert Ryan, directed by Michael Winner. (Symphony; starting Feb. 9.)

THE LIFE OF O-HARU (1952)—This Mizoguchi film—his own favorite—took a grand prize at Venice. Kinuyo Tanaka (the wife in "Ugetsu") stars in the story of a woman's life in feudal society: the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant falls from palace wife to prostitute. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Feb. 5-6.)

LITTLE MURDERS (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Feb. 8.)

LOVING (1970)—An unusually intelligent film, with George Segal as an amiable failed artist who wriggles this way and that because he doesn't like his life. Irvin Kershner directed, and it's beautifully detailed and sustained. (Gramercy; starting Feb. 9.)

MACBETH—The latest version, directed by Roman Polanski. (Playboy.)

MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Renée Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a knocked-out bleached-blond failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. The movie believes that there is a Kingdom of Heaven that you can get to if you help each other be vulnerable and open. It's Frank Capra's updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renée Taylor's performance gives the film a depth and conviction that make it the most satisfying comedy of 1971. Robert B. Bean directed. (Beekman and Paramount.)

THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN (1970)—The Terry Southern novel, in a slovenly version, directed by Joseph McGrath, that never quite seems on target. There are funny moments, but they don't add up to enough. With Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr, Laurence Harvey, Spike Milligan, Raquel Welch, Leonard Frey, and Christopher Lee. (Elgin; through Feb. 8.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 6-7.)

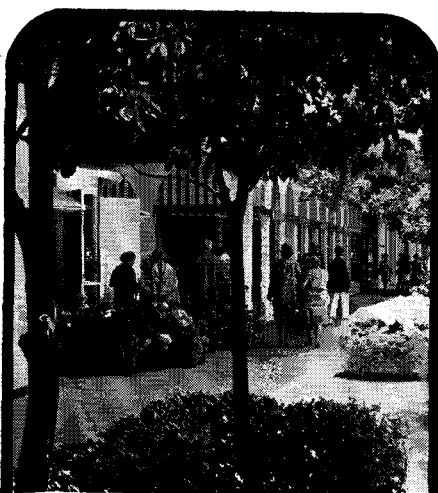
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS (1966)—The moral



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tug-of-war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts.)

MARNIE (1964)—Hitchcock scraping bottom. Marnie (Tippi Hedren) is a frigid kleptomaniac; Sean Connery, looking pale and beleaguered, plays the man scheduled to cure her on both counts. It hardly seems worth the trouble. With Diane Baker, Martin Gabel, Louise Latham, and Bruce Dern. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 6.)

MARY OF SCOTLAND (1936)—Not a vintage year for Katharine Hepburn films; this was one of three flops. John Ford directed and Dudley Nichols adapted the Maxwell Anderson play. And poor Fredric March was enlisted to play the fighting Scotsman Bothwell, who loved Mary and proved to be her undoing. The picture drips prestige. (Art; Feb. 6-8.)

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS—With Vanessa Redgrave and Glenda Jackson, directed by Charles Jarrott. (Music Hall; starting Feb. 3.)

MASCULINE FEMININE (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." With Jean-Pierre Léaud as a young radical in love with Chantal Goya, a *yé-yé* singer. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 7-8.)

MICKEY ONE (1965)—An over-freighted allegory by Arthur Penn, fancily put together and fancily photographed. If "art cinema" means anything, it means something portentous—something that hints at more intellect within the portals than there actually is. "Mickey One" is Arthur Penn's piece of art cinema, though anyone who cares a lot for Penn's work will still find rewarding signals in it of his true talent. The film was mostly over-criticized in its time. Warren Beatty plays a night-club comedian looking for a better way to cope. (Olympia; Feb. 4-5.)

MINNIE AND MOSKOWITZ—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't take root. The picture drifts on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Cinema II.)

MISSISSIPPI MERMAID (1970)—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 4-5.)

MODERN TIMES (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Lincoln Art.)

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE—With Jason Robards and Herbert Lom, directed by Gordon Hessler. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 8.)

MURMUR OF THE HEART—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (Waverly; starting Feb. 9.)

MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 10.)

A NEW LEAF—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter Matthau?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Symphony; through Feb. 8.)

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J.

Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Criterion. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Kips Bay; through Feb. 8.)

THE NIGHT IS YOUNG (1935)—Ramon Novarro and Evelyn Laye qualify as one of the most unlikely starring couples ever; they both sang, but that was all they had in common, and they didn't sing together very well. This musical seems more of an antiquity than others of its period because it didn't quite work out—it never belonged to its own time. Nothing directed by Dudley Murphy ever did. The story is from Vicki Baum, and the cast includes Rosalind Russell, Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel, and Edward Everett Horton. There are some unforgettable (that's not the same as memorable) songs by Oscar Hammerstein II and Sigmund Romberg—the title song, especially, and "When I Grow Too Old to Dream." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 6-8.)

THE OKLAHOMA KID (1939)—Whip McCord, splendidly named, is played by Bogart, and he is a gambler in a black hat. Jim Kincaid is played by James Cagney, in a white hat, and he is the Oklahoma Kid, the most notorious outlaw in the West. There is a terrific scene about taking over a jail. High-class bang-bang. Lloyd Bacon directed. (Elgin; starting Feb. 6.)

THE ORGANIZATION—Sidney Poitier as Virgil Tibbs. Allen Garfield, in a big-studio movie for a change, plays a dope dealer. Directed by Don Medford. (Symphony; through Feb. 8.)

THE PASSION OF ANNA (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Regency; through Feb. 3....)

¶ Garrick; starting Feb. 9.)

PAT AND MIKE (1952)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy play together so expertly that their previous films seem like warm-ups. The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, isn't up to the best of "Adam's Rib," but the stars have achieved such teamwork that their sparring is more beautiful than punch lines. Hepburn plays a phenomenal all-around athlete, and in the course of the picture she takes on Gussie Moran, Babe Didrikson Zaharias, and other professionals, touching off the comic possibilities in various sports with grace and ease. With Aldo Ray as a sulky boxer. George Cukor directed—beautifully. (Art; through Feb. 5.)

PERFORMANCE (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Olympia; starting Feb. 9.)

PERSONA (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. Yet it has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (New Yorker; Feb. 8-9....) ¶ Garrick; starting Feb. 9.)

PETULIA (1968)—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. Deeply alive to modern kinds of distress. (Olympia; starting Feb. 9.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway and on the screen; shiny and commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of the big-studio system of movie-making. As the priggish, wisecracking, patrician Tracy Lord, Hepburn has her choice of Cary Grant and James Stewart, both at their most attractive. Donald Ogden Stewart did the witty adaptation. George Cukor directed. (Art; through Feb. 5.)

REPULSION (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a

murderous, terrified girl (Catherine Deneuve). (Elgin; through Feb. 8.)

THE RETURN OF COUNT YORGA—With Robert Quarry and Mariette Hartley, directed by Bob Kelljan. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 8.)

THE ROARING TWENTIES (1939)—James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart grow up together, come back from the First World War, and get into the rackets. Too mechanical a view of character; the whole thing is a little simple-minded. Raoul Walsh directed. (Elgin; starting Feb. 9.)

SCORPIO RISING (1966)—Kenneth Anger's account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult. An energetic, influential movie with a witty musical track. (New Yorker; Feb. 2.)

SNOW JOB—With Jean-Claude Killy, directed by George Englund. (Juliet 1.)

STRAW DOGS—A picture that will be talked about for many years. Sam Peckinpah, who is an artist, has made the first American film that is a Fascist work of art. Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. *Machismo*, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative. (Tower East.)

SUCH GOOD FRIENDS—Otto Preminger is not a director who bothers much with interior emotional states, and without that, this movie is not about anything. One detects that it is meant to deal with the self-abasement of the mistreated heroine (Dyan Cannon), but Preminger plays for cheap laughs—and fails to get most of them, at that. It's a sour, crude movie, with another atrocious performance by James Coco. (Baronet... Gramercy; starting Feb. 9.)

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Giliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Festival... Greenwich; starting Feb. 9.)

SUNSET BOULEVARD (1950)—With Gloria Swanson and William Holden, directed by Billy Wilder. (Gramercy; through Feb. 8.)

TENCHU—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema. No performances on Sunday, Feb. 6.)

THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS (1943)—Wartime patriotic musical, featuring the Warners stable—somewhat livelier than the others of this ilk. The high point is Bette Davis complaining of the lack of civilian males in the song "They're Either Too Young or Too Old." With Humphrey Bogart, John Garfield, Dinah Shore, Ida Lupino, Ann Sheridan, Dennis Morgan, and Spike Jones and His City Slickers. David Butler directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 9.)

A THOUSAND CLOWNS (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy that, despite its crudeness as a film, was a box-office success. Jason Robards is the rebellious TV writer (whose rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV). With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, sort of. (Olympia; through Feb. 3.)

THRONE OF BLOOD (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The sound track pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, which is one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Feb. 9-10.)

TO DIE IN MADRID (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. Fancy, highly emotional, and not as informative as it might be, but some of the footage is very fine. With an English narration. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Feb. 8.)

TO FIND A MAN—With Pamela Sue Martin and Darren O'Connor, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Columbia II.)

TOGETHER—With Marilyn Briggs and Maureen Cousins, directed by Sean Cunningham. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

TOPAZ (1969)—Hitchcock's fifty-first feature. The spy thriller he made in the thirties has now become larger, slower, and duller. Full of waxwork Cuban rightists who are spying for the U.S., creaking "Late Late Show" romances, an Arrow-collar-shaving-cream-ad hero (Frederick Stafford), and drab versions of spies in earlier Hitchcock films. From a Leon Uris novel. With Roscoe Lee Browne,

who perks things up briefly. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 6.)

EL TOPO—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—as head comics. (Coronet.)

TORN CURTAIN (1966)—Sloppy, clumsy Hitchcock thriller with Paul Newman as an American nuclear scientist who says he's defecting, and Julie Andrews as the girl who tags along—pure heart, piping voice, and all. With Lila Kedrova, Tamara Toumanova, and Ludwig Donath. Brian Moore is credited with the original screenplay, but probably his friends don't mention it. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 6.)

TRISTANA (1970)—Made by a master now at the easy height of his powers. Buñuel's story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian played by Fernando Rey is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (Thalia; Feb. 8-10.)

THE TROJAN WOMEN—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Feb. 9.)

ULYSSES (1967)—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (Garrick; Feb. 7-8.)

THE VIRGIN AND THE GYPSY (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Thalia; Feb. 4-7.)

THE VISITORS—Directed by Elia Kazan. (Little Carnegie.)

WEEKEND (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged and deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Olympia; Feb. 6-8.)

THE WILD CHILD (1970)—François Truffaut's film, set in the late seventeenth-century, about a doctor (played by Truffaut himself) who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative. In French. (Regency; through Feb. 3... Waverly; through Feb. 8.)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR (1942)—The first of the films co-starring Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy—the chemistry is great but the plot and tone are wobbly. He's a sports-writer, and she's a celebrated political journalist (probably modelled on Dorothy Thompson) who doesn't know how to be a woman. The comedy goes sour whenever the movie scores points against her, and the slapstick resolution has an air of desperation. George Stevens directed, from a script by Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin. With Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix. (Art; starting Feb. 9.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS—Who would have guessed it was a story about incest? There's nothing quite like American International Pictures scholarship. With Anna Calder-Marshall as Cathy and Timothy Dalton as Heathcliff. Robert Fuest directed. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 9.)

X Y & ZEE—With Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Caine, and Susanah York; directed by Brian Hutton. (Orpheum.)

YELLOW SUBMARINE (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Waverly; through Feb. 8.)

YOJIMBO (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to Westerners. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Feb. 3-4.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Thalia; through Feb. 3.)

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

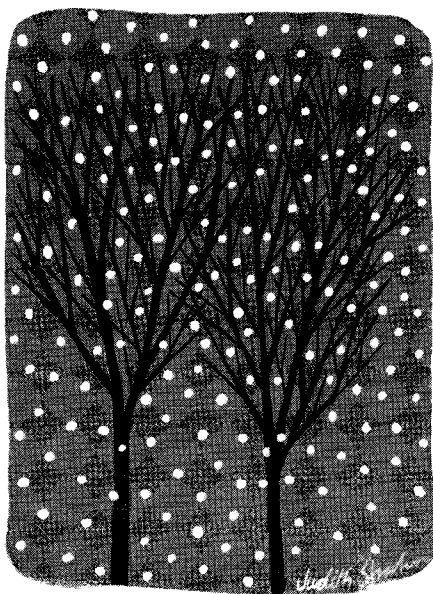
Notes and Comment

LAST week, the President once again summoned the nation around its television sets to receive a surprise message. Once again, he had secrets to share with us—information about secret trips, secret meetings, secret proposals. We've also learned secrets of a different kind recently, by courtesy of Jack Anderson and Daniel Ellsberg, among others. Their secrets tended to show that the President (whoever the President was) had been wrong and his opponents right. But President Nixon's secrets showed that he was right and his opponents were wrong. "Nothing is served by silence when it misleads some Americans into accusing their own government of failing to do what it has already done," he said, and he also said, "We are being asked publicly to set a terminal date for our withdrawal when we already offered one in private." His point immediately won almost universal acceptance. Senator Muskie, while expressing some misgivings, said, "It's reassuring that we are at last proposing, by a date certain, to withdraw all of our forces in Vietnam." Senator McGovern noted that "at the same time Mr. Nixon was bitterly opposed to the McGovern-Hatfield proposal to end the war, he was . . . offering it to the other side." And the next day most columnists seemed to agree with James Reston's remark in the *Times* that the President's disclosure "clearly puts Edmund S. Muskie, Hubert H. Humphrey, George S. McGovern, and John V. Lindsay in the position of attacking the President for refusing to offer what the President now discloses he has offered long ago." Nearly everyone agreed that the President had now done what his opponents had been asking him to do. *But it isn't true.* His opponents' principal proposals for ending the war were very different from the President's plan. It is a matter of the plainest public record. Thousands of words have been

written about these proposals, and they have been embodied in bills before Congress. The McGovern-Hatfield amendment, to mention the most prominent piece of legislation, required the setting of a date for a withdrawal of American forces and an exchange of prisoners six months after the enactment of the legislation. The President's plan calls for a withdrawal of American troops and a prisoner exchange six months after a political settlement with the North Vietnamese. In other words, the McGovern-Hatfield amendment called for a withdrawal with or without a political settlement, whereas the Nixon plan requires a political settlement first, and the settlement he offers is one that all observers—including, no doubt, the President himself—know is unacceptable to the North Vietnamese. These are not superficial or merely technical differences. They are the kind of deep, fundamental differences that have been tearing the country apart over the last decade.

The case of Senator McGovern, whose record on the war has been consistent and straightforward, and who doesn't usually make this kind of slip, is particularly instructive. He wanted to point out that if you believe what the President is now saying, you have to

conclude that he was dissembling last year, when his Administration was attacking McGovern and others for putting forward the McGovern-Hatfield amendment; that he was attacking them, and questioning their patriotism, for merely proposing what he was actually doing; and that now, having himself been a party to the secret of the new plan, he was turning around and accusing them of being dupes of the enemy—of having let themselves be "falsely used by the enemy to stir up divisiveness in this country," as he put it in his speech. But in pointing out this inconsistency McGovern neglected to look at the root of the matter—whether the President's secret proposal really was the same as the McGovern-Hatfield amendment—and thus he seemed, for a moment, to join the rest of the world in forgetting his own fine record on the war. No doubt he and others will soon recover and set the record straight again. But McGovern's aberration, together with almost everyone else's, provided a remarkable display of the extent to which American politics has come to be ruled by propaganda. For a moment, the President had achieved what every leader who tries to rewrite history must dream of: he had wiped out his opposition's memory of its own actions. In a way, his television blitz was as impressive a display of Presidential power as the heaviest B-52 raid. It revealed, at the start of this election year, the stunning range of his political resources: his power to commandeer television; his power to dominate the news with pseudo-events, or with real events undertaken for domestic political purposes; his power to undercut the opposition by first withholding and then revealing state secrets; and his power to obliterate the public record with the sheer prestige of his office.



DURING the closing weeks of 1971, when the Nixon Administration's support of President Yahya

Khan of Pakistan brought relations between the United States and India to a sorry pass, something was happening that, in a modest way, may ultimately help to repair the harm. On December 20th—the same day that a *Times* survey reported that the “moral influence” of the United States in Asia had been “profoundly damaged”—an unusual record album went on sale. Its cover shows a photograph of a Bengali refugee child under the title “The Concert for Bangladesh.” It is a recording, on three discs, of a benefit concert held in Madison Square Garden last August 1st. That concert was organized by George Harrison, a for-

mer member of the Beatles, and his friend and teacher the Bengali sitarist Ravi Shankar. Bob Dylan was among the performers who donated their services. The concert raised a quarter of a million dollars for a fund, administered by UNICEF, for the relief of the Bengali refugees. The price of the record album is twelve dollars and ninety-eight cents, of which five dollars goes to the UNICEF fund. Sales of the record have already added about four and a half million dollars to the fund, and that sum will almost certainly be quadrupled by the end of 1972. A 70-millimetre color film of the concert is now in preparation and may raise as much as thirty

million dollars more. It is therefore certain that a handful of rock-and-roll musicians (and a multitude of their fans) will turn out to have contributed to the relief of the refugees in an amount normally at the disposal only of the richest governments. This is extraordinary. Nothing quite like it has ever happened before. Even so, it may seem strange to suggest that a rock record album could have anything at all to do with matters of high policy. But a large proportion of younger Americans, including many of the most sensible and politically concerned, count rock music as an important part of their lives. George Harrison is someone they trust and admire—more, it hardly seems necessary to say, than they trust and admire President Nixon or Henry Kissinger. To these young men and women, the fact that George Harrison, Bob Dylan, Ringo Starr, Eric Clapton, and others pooled their efforts so impressively on behalf of a particular cause was a signal that that cause deserved to be taken seriously. Mr. Harrison is not a political figure in any conventional sense, but in the matter of Bangladesh he represents a definite point of view. His response to the events in South Asia was, broadly speaking, humanitarian; and because his starting point was a knowledge of and a respect for the music and culture of Bengal and India his humanitarianism was based on something more substantial than generalized pity. By contrast, Mr. Kissinger, acting as Mr. Nixon's surrogate in the councils of state, seemed to be living in an entirely different world: a world of maps with pins in them, of spheres of influence, of geopolitical maneuverings; a world that, for all its hardheaded “realism,” had little to do with the less abstract realities of human suffering in East Bengal. The money that Mr. Harrison and his associates and his fans are raising will relieve the pain of many Bengalis. And—what is perhaps more significant for the future of Indian-American relations—because of the concert, the record, and the film, a vast number of young Americans will henceforth have a special feeling for the



“Let him speak now or forever hold his peace.”

people of Bangladesh and their Indian friends. We don't mean to suggest that the "youth vote" will turn Mr. Nixon out of office because he kept silent when the Pakistan Army tried to destroy the people of East Bengal and because he "tilted" toward the wrong side when war came. But governments can get away with such policy decisions only when no one is listening. And if enough people listen to "The Concert for Bangladesh," the Administration will find itself obliged to listen to them.

FIRST, our President was phoning in plays to football coaches. Now he is writing to horses. No, that's not fair. Our President is not yet writing *to* horses; he is writing *about* horses. The horse in question, called Black Jack, is the horse that walked behind the coffin at President Kennedy's funeral. Black Jack apparently had a birthday the other day. A Virginia lady baked him a cake, which was nice of her. President Nixon wrote a letter to her. "I knew that all Americans would want to join in sending special birthday congratulations to this horse who has served our nation and our people so well," the President wrote. So much for horses. A less romantic, although equally docile, creature in our midst, which also appears to be trying to serve our nation and our people well, is something called Public Broadcasting. Here is a statement to the press by the head of the White House Office of Telecommunications, Clay T. Whitehead:

There is a real question as to whether public television, particularly the national federally funded part of public television, should be carrying public affairs, news commentary, and that kind of thing, for several reasons. One is the fact that the commercial networks, by and large, do quite a good job in that area. Public television is designed to be an alternative, to provide programming that isn't available on commercial television; so you could raise the legitimate question as to should there be as much public affairs, as much news and news commentary, as they apparently plan to do. . . .

What this arrogant statement implies is that Public Broadcasting news—an operation that has been far from perfect, that has been constantly struggling for money and personnel, but that is the best alternative available to the inadequacies and Administration-directed deferences of commercial television—is to be dismissed, at the time we need it most (in an election year), by a wave of a White House hand.

For most of its history in this country, Public Broadcasting has had a hard time of it. Its administrators have often been inept. Its trustees and directors have often been the same bank presidents and lawyers and educators who make true growth, and change, and new departures so difficult to achieve in other areas of this country's life. The public-television stations have seemed to be spending most of their time scrambling for money—money that has rarely been sufficient to do more than buy up old B.B.C. programs or show lessons in flower arranging. Recently, however, there has been a small surge in money from the foundations, and even a small surge in interest from the public—some members of which, at least, have come to feel that a nation that learns its daily history and acquires its daily sense of reality from network news departments is not doing itself any great favor. There is a Corporation for Public Broadcasting. It has spent money (some think too much money) to hire experienced newsmen. Many of the public-television stations are overhauling and expanding their news programs. Still, there is a pressing need for long-term funding from the government—which is, after all, the basis on which the whole thing was set up. And it is this long-term funding that the Nixon people have been playing around with. John Macy, Jr., the head of the Corporation, recently remarked, "The current situation is one of the Corporation awaiting word from the Administration as to what its position actually is. There are exchanges of material and occasional conversations, but nothing definite has come from the Administration."

It seems to us high time there *was* something definite—some money. A few weeks ago, a Republican congressman spoke out on the floor of the House, charging that Public Broadcasting was leftist. Now we have Mr. Whitehead, who says that we don't really need Public Broadcasting's news, because we have such a wonderful supply of it from the networks, and because any more of it, presumably, would turn our heads, or, at any rate, cause confusion, ill feeling, and *mal de siècle* among the citizenry. Mr. Whitehead is profoundly wrong.

Books, Ideas, and Talk

JOHN WILLIAM WARD, the new president of Amherst College, is an animated, handsome, dark-haired,



keen-eyed, unpretentious man of forty-nine, a squash and tennis player, a wide-ranging reader, and a thoughtful essayist in the fields of literature, education, history, and social manners. He was born in Boston, the son of a doctor; his two sisters are doctors; he was *going* to be a doctor but changed his mind during the Second World War, in which, having left Harvard (following Boston Public Latin School) during his sophomore year, he served as a Marine, active in the Normandy and South of France landings. We learned all this the other afternoon, when he was in town for a reception in his honor.

We asked for a mufti reminiscence, and he said, "I grew up in the suburbs of Dorchester and Brighton, in that special odor of corruption that flows over Boston. When I left Harvard, in the fall of 1942, I was a biochemistry major, but when I returned, in 1946, I took up American history and literature. F. O. Matthiessen and Perry Miller, on the faculty, influenced me toward books, ideas, and talk." Next, in 1948, was the University of Minnesota, "where my fiancée, a Boston girl, followed me, married me, and, along with the deferred G.I. Bill of Rights, helped put me through graduate school by working as a secretary," he said. "While I was at Harvard, I worked summers in the shipyards at Quincy—you could make twelve or fifteen hundred dollars that way, which in those days was a lot of money. I went to Minnesota because Henry Nash Smith was teaching there—a really great teacher. He came to my inaugural at Amherst and made a speech."

Mr. Ward has been a teacher most of his life. After Minnesota, he taught first English and then history—"I call it cultural history"—at Princeton until 1964, when he went to Amherst. "I knew a lot of people at Amherst," he said. "There was a tremendous pool of talent there in American history. I thought I'd have a quieter life there, and more time for writing. This wasn't true. I'd thought I was an excellent teacher at Princeton. At Amherst, I found I wasn't a very good teacher. I was not paying enough attention to the development of the young, to the shift that the whole university world has been going through in the last ten years—away from expertise to being a good person. I became more involved with the students. I gave courses in the American revolutionary tradition and in violence in

America. I legally took over as president last July, but I really began in September. We're not big, we're not anonymous, and we're not a university; we've never had any problems of confrontation or occupation of buildings. We have a hundred and one blacks among twelve hundred and fifty students; we want more. Amherst is a very privileged place, relatively, but the serious problem that such privileged institutions are facing is the loss in the range of students from the middle-income group. It costs five thousand dollars a year to maintain a student. Sixty-three per cent of our students come from families with incomes of over twenty thousand dollars a year; about forty per cent come from families with over thirty thousand dollars a year. There's a danger of a privileged group's predominating. We want to reach further into the ten-to-twenty-thousand-dollar group. We have twenty-eight per cent of our students on scholarship aid, and we hope to push this up to forty per cent."

The new president has three sons: David, nineteen; Christopher, seventeen; and Andrew, nine. "I discussed my new job with them," he said. "David is at the University of Rochester, so he wasn't much involved. Christopher was against it. 'You won't be as honest,' he said. 'It'll change your character. You won't be as open.' Andrew, the little one, was concerned that I'd spend less time with him. Well, we take him on trips, and I'm home most evenings. My wife and I are going to Paris this spring, for our first vacation, but, as a rule, if I'm away from my desk for more than ten days I get restless."

At our suggestion, Mr. Ward sent us a sampling of his essays, a few of which have been collected in a book called "Red, White, & Blue: Men, Books, and Ideas in American Culture." Herewith a sampling of the sampling.

From "The Meaning of Lindbergh's Flight":

Lindbergh was so innocent of his future that on his flight he carried letters of introduction. ... The flight was not the heroic lone success of a single daring individual but the climax of the cooperative effort of an elaborately interlocked technology.... The worship of the machine which was embodied in the public's response to Lindbergh exalted those very aspects which were denigrated in the celebration of the flight as the work of a heroic individual.... In Lindbergh, the people celebrated both the self-sufficient individual and the machine. Americans still celebrate both. We cherish the individualism of the American creed at the same time that we worship the machine which increasingly enforces collectivized behavior. Whether we can have both, the freedom of the individual and the power of an organized society, is a question that still haunts our minds.

From "The Intellectual: Cleric or Critic?":

The intellectual becomes not only the conveyor of traditional values but critic of the very values he wishes to convey. So we, as intellectuals in the University, are caught finally in the unsettling posture of being inside and outside our society, passionately committed to it, yet by that very passion inevitably somewhat alienated from it.... Little wonder that the society that supports us should be uneasy about what we are up to and little wonder we cannot easily say whether the main function of the University is the preservation of the old or the discovery of the new.

From "The University: The Trouble with Higher Education":

As Americans move into the end of the twentieth century, there is one institution which can no longer afford the luxury of waiting to see how the story turns out, and that is the institution of education itself.... If higher education accepts the role of acting as witness against society, as well as servant to it, the burden of fostering minds which are free as well as servants, minds which may control power and not simply be victims to it, then we have the university and the ideal of a liberal education.

What troubles American higher education today is the simple fact that it has no choice between these simple alternatives. It must meet both demands. It must serve power and yet make that power humane. Whether it can or not is at the bottom of what troubles American education today.

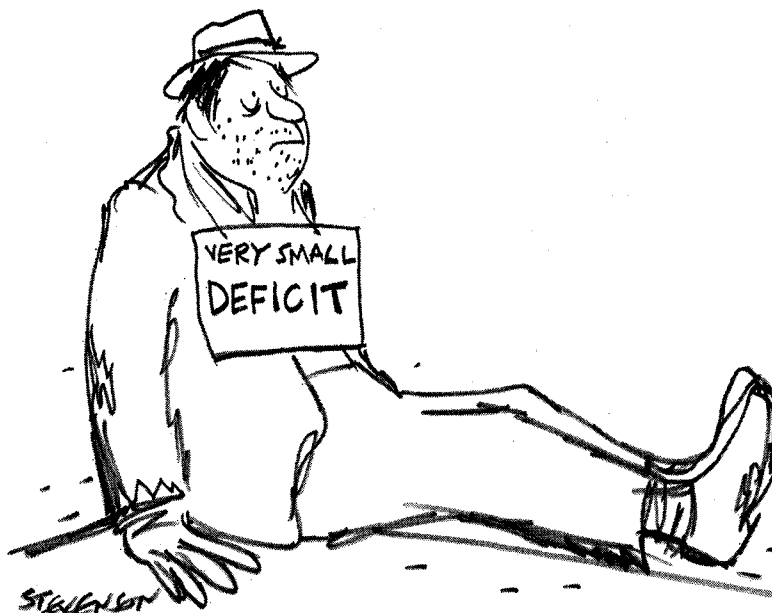
Dance Gala

LAST week, we attended a light-hearted fund-raising gala—for the New York Public Library's Dance Collection. We can report that it was both a cultural landmark—the first cooperative effort by five major dance companies operating in the New York area—and a rousing financial success. (The evening raised \$106,032.90, or enough to keep the Collection open to the public for more than a year.) The audience was a knowledgeable mixture of prominent people and diehard dance buffs, and the performances, all of which were donated, ranged from solos (Lawrence Rhodes, Natalia Makarova, Judith Jamison) through pas de deux (Margot Fonteyn and Attilio Labis, Gelsey Kirkland and Helgi Tomasson, Melissa Hayden and Peter Martins) to three remarkable group efforts: Jerome Robbins' very funny "The Mistake Waltz," Antony Tudor's satiric "Judgment of Paris," and Anton Dolin's romantic "Pas de Quatre."

A few days before the gala, we accepted an invitation to visit the Dance Collection, which is in the Lincoln Center library. After a tour of the premises, we discovered that it contains the largest assemblage of dance-related materials ever to have been gathered under one roof. Our guide was Genevieve Oswald, a vivacious, dark-haired, dark-eyed North Carolinian, who is both curator of the Collection and unofficial den mother for the New York dance establishment. "When I was asked to build a dance library, in 1948, we had seven hundred books and eight hundred programs," Miss Oswald told us.

"Now we have twenty-eight thousand books and seventy thousand programs, but they represent only ten per cent of our total holdings. Dance is a visual and an ephemeral art, and the problem we faced was how to capture it in the form of a permanent record. So we expanded our collection to include films, videotapes, photographs, drawings, scores, taped interviews, and an enormous quantity of memorabilia."

We asked Miss Os-



wald to show us some of the rare items in the Collection, and she led us through banks of bookcases to a gray steel cabinet. Unlocking a door, she produced a set of black portfolios ("The most complete set of original Nijinsky photographs in existence"), some boxes of manuscripts ("Isadora Duncan's letters to Gordon Craig"), and a small vellum-bound volume, which, she informed us, had been donated by the late Walter Toscanini. "This is one of the earliest dance documents known to exist," she said, turning the pages to show us delicate Renaissance script. "It was written, in about 1460, by an Italian dancing master who called himself Giorgio e del Giudeo, and it contains descriptions of several dances that were choreographed by Lorenzo de' Medici."

Our final stops were the print-conservation laboratory—a room where graphics are put on mats and restored—and the film archive and print stacks, an area filled with tiers of film cans, metal photograph files, and shallow cases holding thousands of prints and drawings. Miss Oswald pulled out a famous lithograph of the four ballerinas who had danced the original "Pas de Quatre," in 1845, and explained that it showed the final tableau of the ballet. "From other sources—letters, notebooks, diaries, newspaper accounts of the period—we can put together additional clues about the style and the steps, which we can pass on to a modern choreographer," she went on. "Today, of course, film is the all-important record. In 1967, Jerome Robbins assigned part of his 'Fiddler on the Roof' royalties to the Collection, and we have used some of this money to film fifty-eight major dance works and preserve them for future generations."

On the afternoon of the Gala, we dropped by the City Center to watch the dancers rehearse for the first—and only—time with their orchestra, which consisted of volunteers. As we made our way through the stage door, we spotted Margot Fonteyn, in light-blue tights, and Natalia Makarova, in a



"But enough about us, Alice. Let's talk about Howard Hughes."

white net tutu, warming up in opposite corners with slow leg extensions and *pliés*. An elegant white-haired man, who turned out to be the choreographer and former dancer Anton Dolin, embraced a striking brunette, whom we identified as Maria Tallchief, the recently retired prima ballerina of the New York City ballet.

"I flew in from Lisbon last week to restage 'Pas de Quatre,'" said Mr. Dolin.

"I flew in from Chicago this morning," said Miss Tallchief.

"Everybody's coming tonight," Mr. Dolin said.

Two stagehands stepped up to shake hands with Miss Tallchief, and she asked them how the rehearsal was going.

"Fine, except for the 'Dying Swan,'" said one of the men. "Miss Makarova wants the stage so dark that you need radar to pick her up."

Onstage, Donald Saddler, the producer of the Gala, was chatting with Agnes de Mille, Lucia Chase, and Maria Karnilova, all of whom were dressed in raffish hip-length costumes for their roles in Antony Tudor's "Judgment of Paris"—a ballet whose plot involves three ladies of pleasure in a Paris bistro who put on their acts to impress a rich customer.

"When you've done this ballet as often as we have, you remember the

steps automatically," said Miss Chase, a tiny, green-eyed brunette, who was wearing a wine velvet corselet and carrying a bedraggled pink feather boa. "Marusha, your variation comes first."

Miss Karnilova romped through an abandoned tango, fluttering her fan during a dozen coy poses.

Miss de Mille, who was virtually unrecognizable in black-rimmed glasses, a long blond wig, and a blue satin costume trimmed with an enormous orange bow, tried a few *pliés* and struck a pose holding two hoops behind her back. "My husband's coming, in a state of near unconsciousness, to see if I'm going to make a fool of myself," she told Mr. Saddler.

"You'll bring down the house," said Mr. Saddler.

Miss de Mille bent toward him and leered benevolently, twirling one of her hoops on the end of a finger. "I commissioned this ballet in London in 1938, and I've always been fond of it—it's so tacky and so tragic," she said. "As a matter of fact, my number is rather difficult, because of these bloody hoops. And every single pose I do is *thoroughly* bad dancing."

"Antony's choreography is a miracle of asymmetry," said Miss Chase, rearranging her boa and releasing a snowstorm of feathers. "We found the original Ballet Theatre costumes, and I'm probably going to shed bits of my boa all over the stage."

The orchestra struck up a tune from "The Threepenny Opera," and the three ladies formed a chorus line and made their entrance with a slow shuffle and a series of bent-knee kicks that broke up the backstage crew and convulsed several young dancers who were watching from the wings.

"Please keep your voices *down*, so the dancers can hear the music," said an assistant stage manager severely.

"Oh, let 'em laugh, for God's sake," said Miss de Mille, aiming an expert kick through one of her hoops. "Dance is getting so pious and abstract these days. This kind of theatre is supposed to be fun."

AROUND THE BEND IN EIGHTY DAYS

IV—DIP IN HOT WATER AND FRY TILL ACERBIC

UNDER a midday sun crueller than an obsidian knife, the British Mideast liner S.S. *Cholera* crawled slowly down the Persian Gulf from Bahrain, bearing twelve hundred deck passengers of mixed Indian nationality, an American traveller easily distinguishable from Phileas Fogg and accompanied by a female attendant, and a cargo of Basrah dates, apricot kernels, dried fish, and old bicycle frames. Far away to the south, in the shimmering heat, lay the hazy shoreline of the seven Trucial States—Abu Dhabi, Dubai, Sharjah and Kalba, Ajman, Umm al Qaiwain, Ras al Khaimah, and Fujairah—and beyond it the illimitable, half-charted wastes of Saudi Arabia. Truly a scene out of the “Arabian Nights,” I reflected as I stood on the flying bridge shielding my eyes against the glare; all it lacked was the mythical roc to swoop down and whisk me worlds away, ideally into some air-cooled Manhattan delicatessen where the fragrance of pastrami and new dill pickle could replenish a sorely tried spirit. An involuntary sob burst from my throat. Fain would I have traded my soul to the Devil for a chopped-chicken-liver sandwich on rye, yet no smell of brimstone heralded the approach of the Prince of Darkness to offer me a deal. Nowhere in that immensity of sea and sky could one detect so much as a speck of sturgeon, a poppy-seed roll—only the boarding-house reek of Brussels sprouts, intermingled with fried plaice, that meant lunch was imminent. Simultaneously, the gong resounded along the lower decks, and, girding myself for the purgatorial hour ahead, I made for the companionway.

There are, unquestionably, people who would relish an eight-day voyage in Islam with three Scottish mariners fixated on golf. There are also crackpots who like to explore caverns infested with bats, who bathe in Sheepshead Bay in February, and who flagellate themselves with the films of Vera Hrubá Ralston. None of these forms of masochism stimulates me; in fact, the mere mention of golf causes me to break out in hives, evidently because I once worked in my youth as a caddie. So it was hardly remarkable that the spoon clattered in my plate when Captain MacMurdo launched into a long, infinitely detailed

account of a tournament he had played at St. Andrews during his last home leave. Mr. Broomhead and Mr. Splint, his chief officer and engineer, regarded me with concern.

“Are you all right?” Splint inquired. “What are all those red bumps on your face?”

“Hives,” I mumbled. “Childhood allergy. Psychosomatic, they say, but I know different.”

“Well, I hope it isn’t the food,” said Captain MacMurdo, frowning. “Don’t you like the meals on this ship?”

“No, no—I adore them,” I protested. “I could eat Brussels sprouts and fried plaice till the cows come home.” Frightened lest he clap me into irons for insubordination, I shovelled in a huge mouthful of the stuff, which gagged me.

“Hmm,” MacMurdo commented. “You need looking after, man. Where’s your nurse—that lassie you came aboard with?”

“Nurse?” I asked, arching my eyebrows. “I’m afraid you’re laboring under a misapprehension, Captain. The truth is, she’s my former governess—my nanny.”

He froze, a sprout impaled in mid-air on his fork. “Don’t be ridiculous,” he snapped. “Why, you’re twice her age—maybe three times. She’s a robust young woman.”

“Yes, she is well preserved,” I acknowledged. “Nevertheless, she happens to be eighty-six years old. It’s a rather unusual case of rejuvenation. Would you like to hear about it?”



Needless to say, he was agog and begged me to elucidate, so I elucidated. Sixty-five years ago, I explained, my family, grown fantastically wealthy as a result of rediscovering the Lost

Dutchman mine, had engaged Sally-Lou Claypool to care for me, and she had done so with doglike devotion. Never married—she often observed wistfully that she could not hope to find another Apollo like her young master—she had grown gray in the household, one of our innumerable staff, until she became too infirm to work. Then, by sheepest chance, I happened to leaf through Gertrude Atherton’s celebrated romance, “Black Oxen,” which dealt with the magic transformation of an aging Hungarian noblewoman into a vibrant, desirable beauty of

thirty. What better recompense could I make to my old nanny for a lifetime of unstinting service than the gift of youth? Forthwith, I took her on a round of the foremost clinics in Europe, to every geriatrician of note, including Dr. Paul Niehans, in Switzerland, and Dr. Anna Aslan, in Rumania, the two of whom had wrought the miracle my auditors now saw. What did it matter that the cost of the treatments would have erected a high-rise building with a pool on top and garage facilities for two hundred tenants? I did not begrudge it. My motto was: If you’ve got it, spread it around.

Captain MacMurdo’s eyes were wet when I finished. “You’re a wonderful, wonderful person,” he said. “If there were more people like you in this world, I don’t know what would happen. Well,” he said, rising, “I better have a dekko at those little clocks and dials on the bridge ere some treacherous reef consign us all to Davy Jones’s locker.”

I drifted out after him and took a leisurely turn around the deck, where half a dozen Arabs, our fellow-occupants in cabin class, lay dozing in the heat. I bade them a courteous “*In cha Allah*” as I passed, and they inclined their heads gravely in response. Curious how a single phrase like that can often accomplish far more than a decade of diplomacy; I was told afterward that within a matter of hours peace mysteriously descended over the strife-torn Middle East—foes embraced, hatchets were buried and swords beaten into plowshares, lovers were reunited, and birds sang again. Although I was unaware of it at the time, it was pleasing to learn that I had played a vital part in defusing a potential powder keg. These are the small by-products of global travel that can be so enriching, but I claim no credit for myself. I just happened to be in the right place at the right time.

It was also my privilege, since I had never before sailed these waters, to observe for the first time how the Indian proletariat sails them. Most of those aboard the vessel—Hindus, Gujratis, and Tamils—were migrant workers from the Kuwait oil fields, with a sprinkling of Baluchistani mercenaries who had fought in the endless tribal wars along the Gulf. They were colorful folk, each family with its flowered tin trunk and bedrolls, and the luckier ones were camped out on the afterdeck under tarpaulins. The remaining eleven hundred were packed like sardines in the three lower decks, in dark corridors and alongside cargo holds where the temperature reached



"His will reads as follows: 'Being of sound mind and disposition, I blew it all.' "

truly spectacular heights. I permitted myself a few mild strictures on the comfort and sanitation there as Mr. Broomhead and I stumbled through on a guided tour.

"Ah, yes," he said with a bland smile. "But you see, they're used to it—they've never known anything else."

"You mean if they'd lived at Claridge's or the Waldorf before, this would be a deprivation?"

"That's right. Besides, it probably gives 'em a sense of security to huddle together like that. Look at that cute little chap—snug as a bug in his mother's arms. Reminds me of my own bairns in Auchtortochie—except for the color, that is," he added hastily.

"How's the food down here?"

"Well, I've never tasted it myself, but it's good hearty fare—plenty of seeds and that sort of thing. Of course, they don't get anything like the Brussels sprouts and fried plaice we do."

So, I mused, there *were* some compensations, arduous as was their lot. A day or two later, I tried in a small way to alleviate it. I brought down several copies of the *Reader's Digest* abstract-

ed from the ship's library, urging them to read such inspirational essays as "Nephritis Can Be Fun" and "Paul Getty—Misery in the Midst of Plenty." Additionally, I made a short talk entitled "The Twilight of the Raj," in which I pointed out that there was pie in the sky, that Britain was shortly withdrawing from the Gulf, and that in their next incarnation they, too, would occupy suites at Claridge's and the Waldorf. All present joined in vigorous applause, acclaiming me both a humanitarian and a jolly good fellow, and we parted fast friends.

AS it steamed southward toward Bombay, the Cholera called in at Doha, Dubai, and Abu Dhabi, ports that prior to the discovery of the rich oil deposits in the region had been sleepy little harbors for dhows trading to India and East Africa. Now, suddenly, they had become bustling entrepôts; overnight, banks and commercial offices had mushroomed on sandpiles, tankers bearing remote foreign flags lay in the roads, and everywhere cement dust and the clangor of construction were overpowering. For some inde-

finable reason, all this brouhaha intoxicated my Passepartout; whenever we docked, she sprinted ashore to haggle daylong in the bazaars, returning laden with camel saddles, yashmaks, incense burners, and filigreed daggers. Her purchases were invariably borne by a couple of liquid-eyed, unshaven admirers who hoped to filch a few tins out of the ship's stores. Failing to do so, they fastened on me with tales of a cousin in Hingham, Massachusetts, in whose carpet factory they had been promised jobs if I loaned them the fare. When I declined, they shrugged with true Arab fatalism, spat on my shoes, and slunk off, vowing revenge.

Amid the jagged gray peaks of a coastline as inhospitable as I had ever seen, a cluster of white buildings swam into view one breathless morning. Muscat, capital of the legendary sultanate of Muscat and Oman, had nothing to do with the renowned grape; indeed, any grape exposed to its furnace heat would have shrivelled in a twinkling. Until recently, foreigners, except for a few British military advisers, had been ruthlessly excluded from the area, but now its gates were



"It beats me what he sees in them."

creaking open, thanks to oil, the universal solvent, and we were favored with a morning's tour of the town and its environs. Whatever expectations of romance I had nursed were shortly dispelled. Despite the number of picturesque tribesmen visible in the souks, festooned with pistols and scimitars, everybody else was in a hell of a state—ragged, malnourished, disease-ridden. I saw none of the rich, poetic imagery the Rubáiyát had promised; not only were the loaf of bread and jug of wine nonexistent but even the bough. It was a Muslim version of Appalachia, and it seemed unlikely that these Omanis would soon be tooling around in Cadillacs, as our guide, a young English whippersnapper fresh out of Cambridge, fluently assured us.

Two days later, at Karachi, the Arab world was astern and we were descending on Mother India, which was already groaning under insoluble problems. All my acrid memories of Indian bureaucracy revived when Passepartout and I disembarked for a look around the city. Countless heads were scratched, pencils chewed, passports fingered. Our money was counted and recounted, hands were run over us to detect cameras, weapons, concealed packets of nose candy. I watched the pompous little toad who was examining

the documents I had filled out in sextuplicate, longing to unsheath my sword cane and flick the buttons off his tunic, but I mastered the impulse and sweated silently. His eyes bored into me. "You failed to fill out this space with your grandmother's maiden name."

"I'm sorry. Magda Lupescu, care of Poste Restante, Bucharest, Rumania."

He wrote it down, laboriously. "Why do you wish to enter West Pakistan?"

"Purely for shopping. This lady with me wants to buy some hair spray. Having done so, we shall continue onward to Bombay."

"Not with the hair spray. That must be deposited with the authorities prior to embarkation. Read Section 5."

"I'm not allowed to. My doctor has forbidden me to read Section 5."

"In that case, your stay here is limited to four hours."

"That's the best news I've had in donkey's years. Thank you very much."

"You're welcome. Now pass along, Mr. Lupescu. There are people sweating behind you."

By the time our circuit of Karachi was complete, I realized that besides retracing Phileas Fogg's footsteps I would do well in future to emulate

him in another respect. "The thought of going ashore to see the town never occurred to him," Jules Verne wrote, "for he was one of those Englishmen who, when travelling, leave their servants to do their sightseeing for them." What with the swarms of humanity, the apocalyptic noise and turbulence in those fetid streets, and incipient sunstroke, I succumbed to vertigo and fell into a cartful of mangoes, occasioning a fearful tohubohu. A vast crowd collected as the stallkeeper put on a performance worthy of Jacob Adler, the Jewish tragedian. His name, curiously enough, was Abou ben Adler, and his tribe did increase, uncles and nephews streaming in from nearby alleys to swell his lament. He called on Heaven to strike me

dead—not, however, without a whopping reparation for damages to his wares and peace of mind. I finally mollified him with a fistful of Maria Theresa thalers I had picked up in Muscat. The contretemps had one redeeming aspect, though. We got back to the ship in time to miss lunch.

A QUARTER CENTURY had elapsed since I had last seen Bombay, and, incurable sentimentalist that I am, memories crowded in on me the morning of our arrival. I remembered such monumental heat, discomfort, and muddle that I had knelt down in the lobby of the Taj Mahal Hotel and sworn that wild horses tied tail to tail would never force me back there. It was gratifying to find that nothing had altered. The air was just as stifling, the traffic as demented, and the inhabitants in precisely the same state of flap. The sole difference was that it was now impossible to kneel in the Taj lobby, where an archeological dig or some similar lunacy was in progress, but I renewed my vow upstairs on the floor of my room, and, much refreshed, phoned the travel agent in charge of our forward arrangements.

Mr. Mookerjee presented himself within the hour, a small, woebegone lemur of a man with a briefcase full of

bad news. "I am floundering in the depths of despair, my dear sir," he announced, wringing his hands. "Unexpected obstacles are popping up in your path. Only last night, I am saying to my wife, 'What shall we do about dear Mr. Perelman? How will he be responding to the change in his plans?' And she is saying . . ."

The burden of the message, when I finally stanchd his flow of rhetoric, was stark. No steamers eastward from Calcutta were available for weeks to come—in view of which we would have to sail from Madras. Unfortunately, between Bombay and Madras not a single passenger elephant of the type that had served Fogg and Passepartout was to be found; these existed only at Jaipur, seven hundred miles north of Bombay and separated from Madras by the full width of the subcontinent. Hence, if I was still intent on covering some portion of India by elephant, it meant a diversion of roughly three thousand miles within the next five days—a zigzag that would entail a flight to New Delhi, a round trip of four hundred miles by car to Jaipur, and a further flight from Delhi to Madras.

As the full import of Mr. Mookerjee's words sank home, I realized, not for the first time, how complex was the exercise I had so lightly undertaken, and why Fogg had carried twenty thousand pounds in his carpetbag. My immediate impulse was to yield to hysteria, curse the Fates for their capriciousness, and, in passing, give Mr. Mookerjee a good poke in the snout for failing to discharge the express instructions sent him from London. In the very breath, though, I spurned the thought. Under whatever circumstances, no matter what the provocation, the man on whom I was patterning myself had never lost his aplomb. Forthwith my face froze into a mask—composed, icy, imperturbable. Signifying with a nod that I accepted the inevitable, I dispatched Mookerjee to book our behemoth, and turned back to reexamine my face in a mirror. Yes, I was as cool as a cucumber—and perhaps it was that metaphor that suddenly secured my downfall. For "cucumber" meant "pickle," and pickle, in turn, awoke my dormant craving for the unattainable chopped-chicken-liver on rye. Out the window went Fogg and the Stiff Upper Lip. I threw myself on the bed, and, burying my face in the bolster, dissolved into floods of tears.

—S. J. PERELMAN

(This is the fourth part of
a six-part chronicle.)

A FABLE OF THE BUYERS

A MAN walked down the street with three dreams for sale. Of course he would not tell anyone what they were. He even said that he couldn't, because the dreams wouldn't be the same for them. He couldn't tell them anything about the dreams at all. They were there like straws to be drawn. Everyone hopes for better dreams than his own, and people bought them. The dreams were to be opened in private, the buyers were told. They were printed on exactly the same paper, which was made to dissolve as it was read, or to dissolve anyway if someone tried to keep it without reading it, like a talisman, so that it might produce its dream that way, as everything can do if the right spirit approaches it. A little later they would return to sight in the man's hand.

People who bought the dreams sometimes met each other later and tried to compare which dreams they had bought. Very suspiciously, at first. Very cautiously, with hints back and forth. Everyone found out after a while that the other person seemed to have bought a different dream. But then it turned out finally that there were too many of them in the same room for them all to have had different dreams, and they started arguing with

each other. For they had all seen that there were only three dreams in the man's hand.

But with each person each dream clearly had been different. And still the buyers wanted to know which of the three dreams they had had. They tried everything. They classified by means of every triad they could think of. They divided each other into three factions, which never seemed accurate enough. They kept changing sides, and never forgiving each other. Eventually, in order to check, two of them tried to read the same dream at the same time, and it disappeared at once, entirely, and never reappeared in the man's hand. That happened again and the man was left with only one.

"Now won't the others come back at all?" he was asked.

"No," he said. "But it doesn't matter. They were all copies of the same dream."

"Will you sell us that one?" they asked.

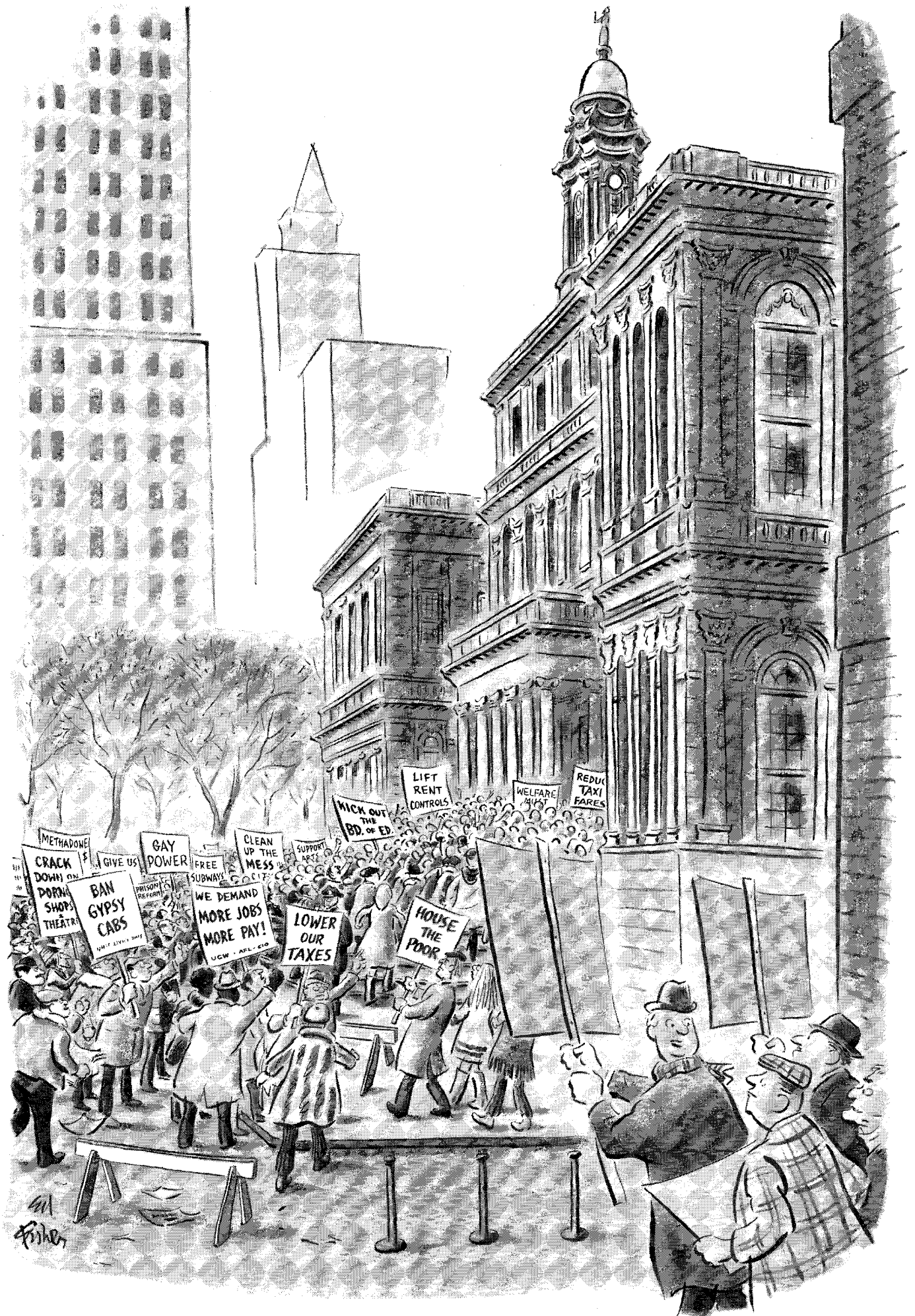
"No," he said. "I'm going to give it back."

"Which one is it?" they asked, almost in unison.

For none of them had learned anything at all. What can you learn from a bought dream? —W. S. MERWIN



"Science—A. Arithmetic—A. Conduct—F. What are we raising? Some sort of evil scientist?"



"Come on, you guys! This is the place."

SEMI-PRIVATE

BEYOND my bed, opposite me, a contraption of weights, raised heaps, ropes (they had figured in my nightmares) materialized into a traction device. After long study, I discerned the head of an old woman raised on a mountain of pillows past the elevated legs; her face, distorted with painful sleep, was surrounded by a wild halo of yellow-gray hair. I considered it very clever of them to string her body like a hammock between those elevated legs and head. And what trickery had they thought up for me? Something. Something I remembered being shouted at me in the recovery room: precancerous tissue. A bright little flame licked away at the edge of remembering. It lit up and charred as it burned, so that I remembered and forgot, remembered and forgot, in split instants. They took off my breast. No. They took off my breast. No. I fell asleep.

When I next woke, I started to vomit. I retched into a metal container at the side of my bed so automatically that I knew I had been vomiting before. If the breast was really gone, it had no business hurting, but my sudden movement had started another fire there. A voice called, "Nurse, nurse, that poor child is throwing up again." How foolish. Vomiting was nothing. The fires—put out the fires!

The nurse came immediately, carried away the container, and returned with a warm, soapy washcloth, which she passed like a blessing over my face and hands. I saw her young, flawless skin. The brown brows and brown eyeliner that made her eyes a fawn's were perfectly drawn. The brilliant blond hair must have been dyed, and she had suntanned all the parts of her luscious figure that were visible against the prim white uniform.

"Feeling better, Mary? Sure thing. You have it licked."

I said, "Have I been saying a lot of—dumb things?"

She fixed my pillow and straightened my covers. "Now, you don't think all I have to do is listen to what you say, do you?"

"Should I have all this pain?"

She said that if I was in *great* pain I could have an injection, because it was long enough after the anesthesia, but since I was still a little sleepy and nauseated, perhaps it would be better to wait a bit. I tried to determine what *great* pain was, and told her that I'd wait. Then I asked if my husband was here, and she told me he would be coming back at two o'clock. After she

left, I realized that I didn't know what time it was and had no idea how long it would be before Matt might be coming. This made me violently angry with him, and I started to cry. I stopped at once, because she was back at my bedside with iced ginger ale, which she induced me to sip through one of those impossible bent plastic straws. I did, and vomited again, but not much. She urged me to keep sipping the ginger ale, and I did. I kept sinking in and rising out of that muddy sleep, but each time I emerged I had a clearer sense of being in a particular place, until finally I really knew where I was.

Precancerous tissue. I had never heard of that before. Like coming attractions. Next week cancer of the lung. Someone must have said it to me. Dr. Altman must have said it in his loud, fast voice—yes, in that crazy baker's outfit they wear when they operate. Was it in the operating room? Didn't I remember Matt there, too, with lying, frightened eyes, holding my hand in his trembling one? It couldn't have been the operating room. It must have been the recovery room, after they had done it. They never ask the patient. The patient is anesthetized on the operating table, cut open. They call in the husband. "We think it best to remove this precancerous breast. Since this is your hunk of meat, do we have your permission, husband?" And Matt? No-decision Matt? "Why, you know best, doctors, whatever you say, whatever is best for you, less trouble"—smiling his eager-to-please, handsome smile. "Yes, yes, yes, cut off her head—anything."

As if I had rung a bell, the pretty nurse came in with an injection for me.

"I'm not in *great* pain now, either," I said. "I don't want to go to sleep again."

"It's time now," she said. "You won't get sleepy. It will make you more comfortable."

I expected her to give the injection badly, but she was deft and I hardly felt it. It did make me more comfortable, and very quickly. It had the unexpected result of allowing me a straightforward view of the landscape burning in my head. I am dying of

cancer at twenty-eight, leaving my little boy and my newborn baby girl and my invalid mother in the hands of a scared and childish man who will run right out and get himself a beautiful two-breasted new wife to replace me. To *replace* me? She will spoil all my work. She will put my mother in a home and mess up my children's lives and allow Matt to slip into his worst self. No. She will adore him and do whatever he wishes and rear the children perfectly and bake her own bread. He will be happy for the first time. No. I will be fine. I will finish all the work of my life. They have removed the precancerous tissue and I will be well. Matt will love me with only one breast. He will be here soon. He will look into my eyes with steady love. We will have a real *Ladies' Home Journal* scene. The bitterness between us will evaporate like magic.

The old woman had been unstrung from her weights and ropes and was lumbering out of bed, groaning exaggeratedly with each movement. She wrapped herself in a quilted print robe and called out to ask if I was feeling better. I said yes. Upright, she was thick and short, her face a broad, healthy-colored field flowering her lively blue eyes, all of it surrounded by the wild halo of yellow-gray hair. She had a man's deep voice. "Such a shame, a young girl like you to be in a hospital so sick. It's not right. But now it's over and you'll be fine and healthy again. Tell me, what do you have, what's wrong with you? What did they cut you out?"

"A tumor," I said.

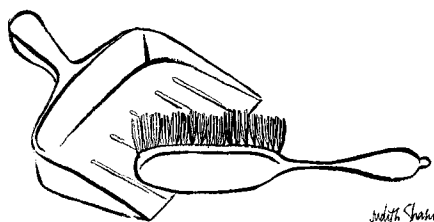
She shook her head. "Where—in the breast?"

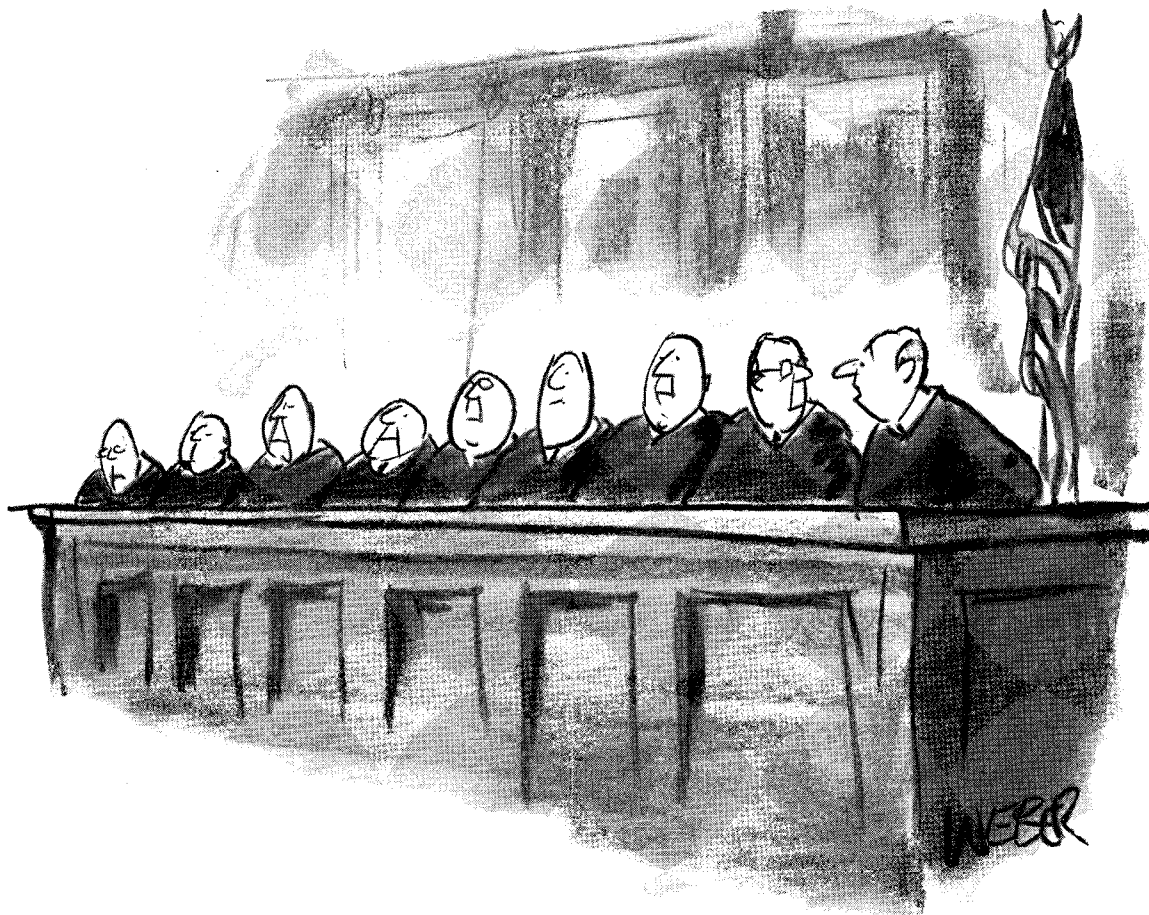
I nodded, trying not to show her I hated our conversation.

"Where else? That's how it is with us women. But listen to Mama. A tumor in the breast is nothing as long as it's benign. So you see it's nothing." She came close to my bed, carrying with her messy appearance a clean baby smell of talcum and clothes dried in the sun. "They said it's benign?" Waiting, a held concern in her bright-blue eyes.

I said yes and closed my eyes against the thought of my mother and the smell of my children in this old stranger.

"That's right, darling, rest, rest," she said. "Now it's all over, soon you'll eat a little something and feel stronger. Meanwhile, rest." I squinted, watching her labor her way from me to another patient, a middle-aged, pretty woman in a blue nylon matching gown and robe. Her hair had been rinsed and





"Let justice be served. Pass it on."

teased into a bouffant hairdo of an alarming shade of blue. To her the old woman again observed that she hated to see a young girl like me in the hospital. "Especially on Friday. She should be home enjoying the weekend with her husband. Such a nice-looking girl. You're married?" she turned back to ask. I nodded. "Hospitals! They take your wedding ring away, you can't tell who's married, who's not married. A wedding ring is bad when you're on the operating table—what it does to you God knows, but they take it away from you, rings, a watch, even false teeth, thank God you don't know from that. False teeth I can see, you could swallow them, God forbid, but a wedding ring! You're suddenly going to bite off one of your own fingers and swallow a gold ring with diamond chips?"

I laughed, and she responded with a surprisingly merry laugh in an upper register, where her voice belonged.

"Never mind, you're all right. I see you didn't forget how to laugh. Next weekend you'll be home enjoying with your husband. And maybe you have children?"

"Two," I said.

"Look at that. These days babies have babies. She's a baby herself."

"Some baby," I said. "I'm twenty-eight."

"I wish I was twenty-eight again," said Blue Rinse.

"So what would you do with it? The same thing you did before, so what's the use to do it over." She turned back to me. "The girl in the bed next to you, she's not here this minute, they're changing the bandages from her eye, she's your age and she has five children. Of course, she's Catholic—not that there's anything wrong you should be Catholic—but in her case it's not the best in the world because that's why she's sick with her eyes, the babies eat up something in her eyes that it's making her blind and still she has to have the babies because that's her religion. I don't say religion is wrong, but in her case it's not so good. One operation last year, one operation this year, one operation next year, who knows if she'll ever see good again. The doctors say maybe yes, but you and I know how it is with doctors, with them everything is fine because does it hurt them? No, it hurts you and me and them it puts money in the pocket, but God bless them they do their best." Groaning and talking, she had made her way to a bathroom

at the end of the ward.

Blue Rinse got up and came close to my bed. Mouthing her words soundlessly, she said, "Good soul. Good soul. Talks too much. Don't mind her."

Did I imagine it or did she smell foul?

In the same soundless speech she said, "Poor soul. Two stone-deaf children." She held up two fingers and pointed in dramatic pantomime to her ears.

I said, "What?" but when she went through the same procedure I was sorry to have asked. I thought she must be mad. Or myself? Had I gone mad? I tried to sit up, and, speaking normally now in her prissy voice, she said, "Oh, no, dear, you'd better not do that without the nurse," and rang the bell at my bed.

But the nurse did not come, and I slid again into a twisting half sleep of nightmare, where

I struggled with two teen-age girl friends I hadn't seen in years. They hung at the window to my left and scolded me for unspeakable acts. I argued shrilly, engulfed in a hot, sticky weakness, protesting, pushing against the amorphous accusations, accusing them in turn of having no business being here. It was Matt who should be indicting me. For lying. For talking divorce when what I wanted was the world changed. For getting pregnant twice when he didn't want me to once. For all the complicated agony of our life in bed. And out.

Forcing myself awake, I recognized the two meagre lengths of printed material at the window as my friends. What a remarkable likeness! The fall of the fabric from the valance to the sill re-created the slope of the girls' shoulders into their long, slender arms. And how clever of the draperies to make the comparison. I had never noticed that their bodies were shaped alike. The long line of their waists, too. Very elegant. Why had I lost touch with them? How sad my lost friends looked hanging there! I felt my eyes dribbling unwilling tears. I brushed them aside with my right hand, thought of my left side with loathing, and

burned with thirst. I groped for the ginger ale and knocked a glass over.

"Don't worry about it, dear." That was Blue Rinse, who still seemed to be hovering at my bed.

"I'm thirsty," I said. "I'm not worrying about it." My speech was thick and angry. The sound of it surprised me. "Where is that bell for the nurse?" I groped a little, afraid to stretch.

"It's all right. Here they come, hurrying along right this minute." It was the young woman in the bed beside mine. I couldn't see her because it meant turning my body and I was afraid to, but her speech had the pleasant upward-ending turn of the New York Irish.

The nurse came almost immediately, and with her came attendants and rattling lunch wagons—all the cheerful clamor I had found so enjoyable when I had had my babies in this hospital but that was now unbearable. It was the same pretty nurse, and she asked me if I would like to try to eat some lunch by myself or would I like to have the attendant help me.

"I'm terribly thirsty," I said.

"Perfect lunch for thirst," she said with maddening good cheer. "Soup, tea, and jello. Toast, if you like." She rolled up my bed. "Comfy? Little more?"

They had placed the tray within my reach on my right side, the whole side, so I supposed it was all right for me to stretch at least with my right arm. "Little higher," I said, and felt better with my head raised.

The nurse washed my face again with a warm, soapy cloth. When she searched for my comb in the drawer of the side table, I could see her name pinned to the pocket of her uniform: Miss Joan Bernardino, R.N. She smelled delicious. Everything about her was very nice. Matt will be crazy about her. Two breasts, too. She knew exactly how to comb my short hair and brought a few light hairs across my forehead, the way I do myself, with her long, cool fingers. "There!" she said. "As good as new."

I exhausted myself trying to eat, and after finishing the soup I gave up. The bustle in the room had quieted to the serious matter of eating. Now that my bed was cranked up and I was turned to the right, I could see the young woman alongside me. She was being fed by a Negro attendant who could have been nineteen or fifty—it was impossible for me to tell. Though a bulging bandage covered the girl's left eye, she was obviously very pretty. Her hair was dark and softly arranged

around her face. Her skin was marvelously fresh-looking. She sat upright in her bed, her mouth opening and closing daintily on the spoon. Her lips, cut with exquisite precision, were perfectly lipsticked.

"Did Miss Bernardino put your lipstick on?" I asked her. "I'll get her to do mine before my husband visits."

Her head swivelled toward me on her long neck in a deliberate, proud movement, the bandaged eye looking directly at me. "No," she said. "I did it myself."

The attendant feeding her burst into a ringing, mocking laugh. "Lady, you're the one who said it. Not me. But I'm telling you, I've been holding back saying it. I've been feeding that pretty mouth lunch and supper now for three days, thinking to myself, So how come I'm sitting here feeding that pretty mouth with lipstick on it so perfect. How come she can put her lipstick on so perfect but she gotta be fed like a baby."

"Don't be foolish," the old woman said, but not sharply. "You think she

likes to be fed? Not even babies like to be fed—they can't wait to pick up a piece of cheese or meat or bread in their little fingers."

"Now, that is one thing I really am, foolish. Foolish, foolish." The Negro woman laughed. "But I just wondering, just like this lady here who asked the question, how come she can do one thing and not the other."

"It's a different thing," the young woman with the eye bandage said very sweetly.

"That's not what I meant," I said peevishly to the attendant.

After the next mouthful, the young woman said she wouldn't have any more, thank you—just the coffee, please. The attendant held the cup to her lips. She sipped one, two, three times, swallowing with difficulty in between. Then she thanked the attendant again.

"That all you going to eat?" the attendant said.

"Oh, I've had more than enough, thank you," the young woman said.

"Sure, now? I don't want to be hearing from them how I'm not feed-



"Your bones should break, you should get leprosy, and your stocks should drop as low as possible!"

ing you good now." She laughed her mocking laugh.

The girl didn't answer her but rested her head, still upright, on the pillow behind it as if the weight of the bandage had dragged it back. Her lips shaped a permanent smile on her uptilted face.

When the Negro woman left with the tray, Blue Rinse said, "I don't know what's wrong with those people. It's just that they hate any extra work. Hate to work, those people. You'd think they'd be happy to have such a nice clean job."

"Don't say 'those people,'" the old woman said. "A person is a person. Not 'those people.' All people have good and bad ones."

"It was my fault," I said. "I started it."

"The Jews know what it means to be called 'those people,'" the old woman said.

"Please!" Blue Rinse said. "What a comparison! Why, those people are as anti-Semitic as they come."

"I didn't know you were Jewish, too," the old lady said, turning to Blue Rinse with new interest. "You talk so fancy I'd never know. These days you can't tell who's who anyway. They go to college, they all come out talking the same way. Mumble jumble, you can't understand a word."

"The thing is," the blinded young woman said, "I like to keep doing things for myself. I like to keep after myself and help myself as much as I can. After all, I have five youngsters at home. If I can manage at home, I'm all right. My big girl helps a lot—she's eleven."

"God bless her," the old woman said.

"I surely don't feel right if I don't keep after my personal appearance," the young woman said. "I learned to do a lot of things by feel. I can put makeup on by feel, even eye makeup. Not mascara, though. My daughter puts that on for me. I can put my hair up in rollers and comb it out just by feel. After all, a woman has hair to do something with, to look nice in the sight of man and God, and I try to do my best. I'm bringing up my girls to do the same. I can't understand these women who just let their hair lie around their face any old way."

"Five girls?" Blue Rinse asked.

"Oh, glory be, no! The two youngest are boys. Three girls. My husband was getting kind of desperate after the first three. But he's real proud of them, they're real little women. I'm trying to bring them up right. I teach them it

isn't nice to walk around in rollers, like so many of their friends do. You see them everywhere, don't you, now, in the supermarkets—even in the subways going down to work, my husband tells me. Some of my closest friends do it. It's a disgrace. I set my girls an example. I get up every morning at six o'clock and put rollers in my hair for an hour. I never go to bed in rollers or with sticky cream on my face. Men hate that. Just that hour in the morning, and by the time my husband wakes up at seven I have it combed out silky and pretty. Once a week I wash it in the afternoon, put in the rollers, and by the time my husband comes home from work it's all combed out silky and pretty."

"I could never manage without the beauty parlor at least every ten days. I can just stretch it ten days," Blue Rinse said.

"Oh, it's a sin to waste money in the beauty parlor with all these new products they're putting out. And the hand dryers and all," the young woman said.

I was mesmerized by her talk. Because of the way her voice lilted, it was so musically, poetically pleasant to listen to.

"Silky and pretty." The old woman labored out of bed as she talked. "So what's the big deal to be so silky and pretty. You need another baby? Just what you need—another baby. I lived a whole life without rollers and without beauty parlors, but I know nowadays it's different, so we won't argue." She stopped at the foot of the young

IDENTITY

They are always saying, the others, "Be what you are!"

There are wolves in a dark wood running
on the track of deer.

The crusted snow
crunches under their paws
and flashing hooves.

The wind
ruffles their fur—rubs dark their tawny haunches.
Their tongues hang down

red-flagging the moon.
And in the sky
an owl makes quiet rings.

When the hunt is done
shall I lie
lashing the hard, white snow crust with my hooves,
lick up the pools
that sink in the frosty snow in red circles,
or float in the sky
composing the whole dark picture
under my wings?

—PAUL PETRIE

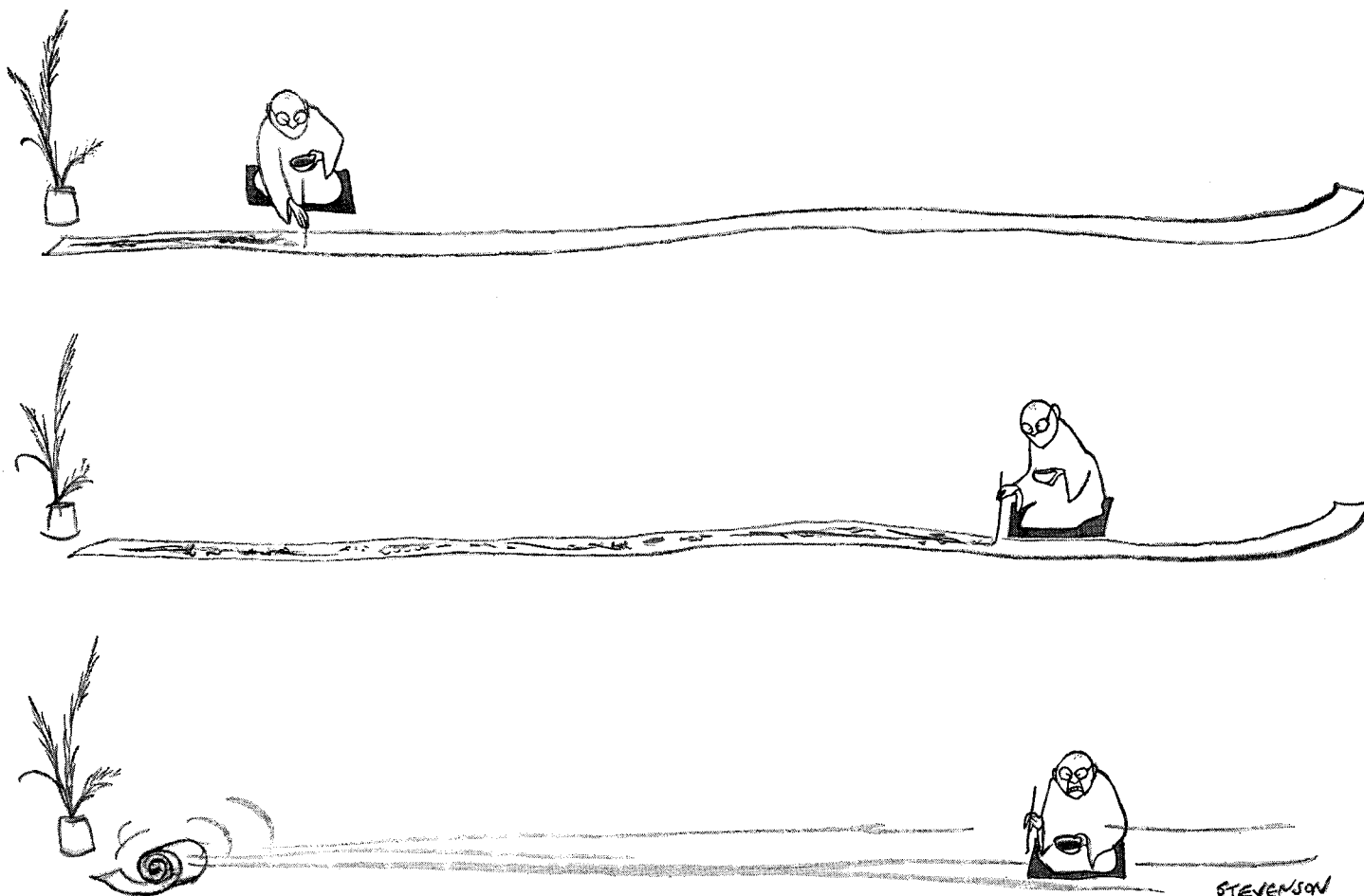
woman's bed. "And how does your husband support so many children and all these operations? He has a business?"

"He's with Con Ed." Her pretty lips closed on the name with ultimate satisfaction. "And of course there's all the benefits—sick and hospital, you know."

"Also a big deal," the old woman said. "If he clears a hundred and fifty dollars a week it's good already. Don't be so busy with the silky and pretty. See better that you don't have any more babies. You're a baby yourself. Take care on yourself. Tell your doctor. Or the priest who comes to you every morning. He looks like a very nice young fellow. It can't be like people say. Every religion is reasonable. In my religion, if you're a sick person you don't fast on Yom Kippur. It must be some arrangement like that for you in your religion. You want Mama should ask him for you?"

Patchy streaks of color spread on the young woman's cheeks. It made me think of flowers, and of steak also, of a delicious piece of rare meat. She put her head back on the pillow as she had before, with the painted smile uptilted, and said, "No, thank you, Mama. My priest and my doctors know all about it." She brought her head upright again. "My eye surgeon is a wonderful man and he's doing what he can. He's Jewish, too. He's very funny, always kidding around. I have this habit, whatever happens I always say God





knows best. Last time I said that to him, he said, 'Well, He'd damn well better, because *we* sure don't.' " She blushed again in that healthy, streaky way.

"That's not nice of him to say, even if he is a surgeon," the old woman said. "It's all right to say such words I guess, but not about God."

"I'm sure he didn't say it because he's Jewish," Blue Rinse said.

"I'll tell you another thing," the old woman said. "God helps those who help themselves. I've had plenty troubles in my life. You think I put it all on God? When my children were born deaf, I didn't thank God and I didn't curse Him. After I realized with the first (she was four already, it took me so long to realize) something's wrong, *something is wrong*, I went and I did. I found doctors first. Nothing to help. Nothing. So I found a school. People helped, sure, but if I didn't try could I make it so a real person could grow from that poor child? At least give the baby a chance. And the same with my third child when he was born deaf. Did I waste time arguing with God, why He made one child normal and two deaf? And to me—*two*? One wasn't enough? Life is too short to argue. Life is too

short to understand God altogether, especially nowadays. I went and did and tried again, only this time I didn't wait so long. So my son hasn't found happiness yet like my daughter, but please God one day he'll meet a nice deaf girl, she doesn't have to be Jewish, and together they'll make a life like my daughter and her husband—they should live and be well with their two perfectly normal children together." She continued to the bathroom. "I don't know what it is with me—the medicine or the food—that I have to pass water all the time. I'm sick and tired from the bathroom already."

IN the silence that fell over the room, I decided that we were all dying. Buddies at death's door. And they were wasting my time. I had to think about the spot I was in, how to get out of it and whose fault. That was important. Find out who's to blame. Put it all down on paper. *Organize this thing*. Analyze it.

I was too tired to do anything but put my head back to rest. Strained in that unnatural position, I frightened myself. Borrowing her gesture. I pulled upright, but the gesture tugged like an enchantment, forcing my head back again and shaping my lips into

the faint smile hers held constantly. Good, I will escape myself. I froze my face into the borrowed mask of a beautiful young woman cheerfully going blind for man and God.

In that uncomfortable position I fell asleep for one of those short naps that feel like a long, solid sleep, and when I opened my eyes on my two doctors standing near my bed I was completely refreshed.

"That's the girl. Best way to sleep, elevated. How are you? Feeling good? Fine." My surgeon's loud, fast voice infuriated me. "Your chart is great. Keep up the good work. Don't use your left arm—we don't want those sutures to tear. Do anything else you want. Been out of bed yet? We need you out of bed—it's twenty-four hours since your operation. The nurse will help you to the bathroom, you'll *shmear* a little makeup on, you'll feel better for it. What do you say there, Dr. Guerrero?" He drew Bob into his frenetic activity. "Doesn't she look great?"

Bob followed unwillingly. He only nodded, and pinched my toe through the covers. But before his eyes blinked away from mine I had caught something unmistakably terrifying drowning in his soft brown eyes. I really *am* going to die, I thought, as if it had not

occurred to me before. The information shone out of his eyes, a live *thing* swimming in his eyes.

I missed a lot of what Dr. Altman was rattling on about, trying to see if I could find that thing in his eyes, too. But the men are very different—their eyes, of course, are different; Bob's are brilliantly soft and expressive, but beyond that Bob is my friend as well as my doctor and it wouldn't be just another happening, all in the day's work to him, as these things are to doctors. Still, I felt that if it was true it would also show in Dr. Altman's eyes, and I wanted to catch it there, or, rather, I wanted to be sure it wasn't there at all—or both at the same time. I often have this reaction to sensing a hidden fact, sleuthing it out. Even if it is unpleasant and damaging, I am pressed to prove that it exists. I feel it as a pain in my head. It will flit in a glance from one face to another—a real flying thing that I must catch in my hand. Even if it's something I hate to hear, I'm glad when I'm proved right and someone comes out and says it plainly. But when I started to chase after this one I started to run away from it at the same time, and the pain in my head became intolerable. I made a great effort to speak like myself, and cut through Dr. Alt-

man's talk. "Isn't it nice that he's so cheerful," I said to Bob.

"Dr. Guerrero is cheerful, too," Dr. Altman said. "Right, Guerrero?"

Bob nodded again.

"What's the matter?" Dr. Altman said to me. "Are you worried about something? You worry too much."

"I'm morbid," I said.

He laughed as if I had delivered the punch line of a comic routine, and then lowered his voice. "Listen, you've got nothing to worry about. Everything's out. You're absolutely clean. We have to watch you, of course. We'll do a little deep therapy as a precaution, and that's it."

He looked to Bob for help, but Bob was staring at my bedcovers.

"That doesn't make sense," I said.

"Why therapy? If there's nothing left? You mean radium?"

"Bob and I were talking about cobalt. We think cobalt."

"I won't do it," I said. "I don't want to. If everything's all right, why do I need cobalt?"

"So Bob and I can sleep nights." He laughed, again disproportionately.

"Why you?" And then, like a child, I kept repeating, "I'm not going to take it. I don't want to."

A roughness hardened the edge of

Dr. Altman's good cheer. "Don't be silly now. You be a good girl now. You'll do what you have to do. It's a routine procedure."

"Aren't you supposed to be worrying about how I sleep?" I said furiously. "And what's this about tearing the sutures. Can't you even *sew*?"

He turned to Bob with an angry gesture that also asked for help.

Bob smiled. "You know we can't do anything right, Mary." He reached for my right hand and felt it between his two warm hands, examining the fingers, pressing the nails lightly. "Are you cold? You seem a little cold." He looked into my eyes with such tenderness that I became very frightened again.

"I'm all right," I said. "I'm not cold."

"You weren't the one who spoke to me, were you?" I asked Bob.

"Spoke where? What?" Dr. Altman said.

"After the operation, somewhere in a room. Who told me all about it. Precancerous tissue. So much out only as a precaution. Was I dreaming?"

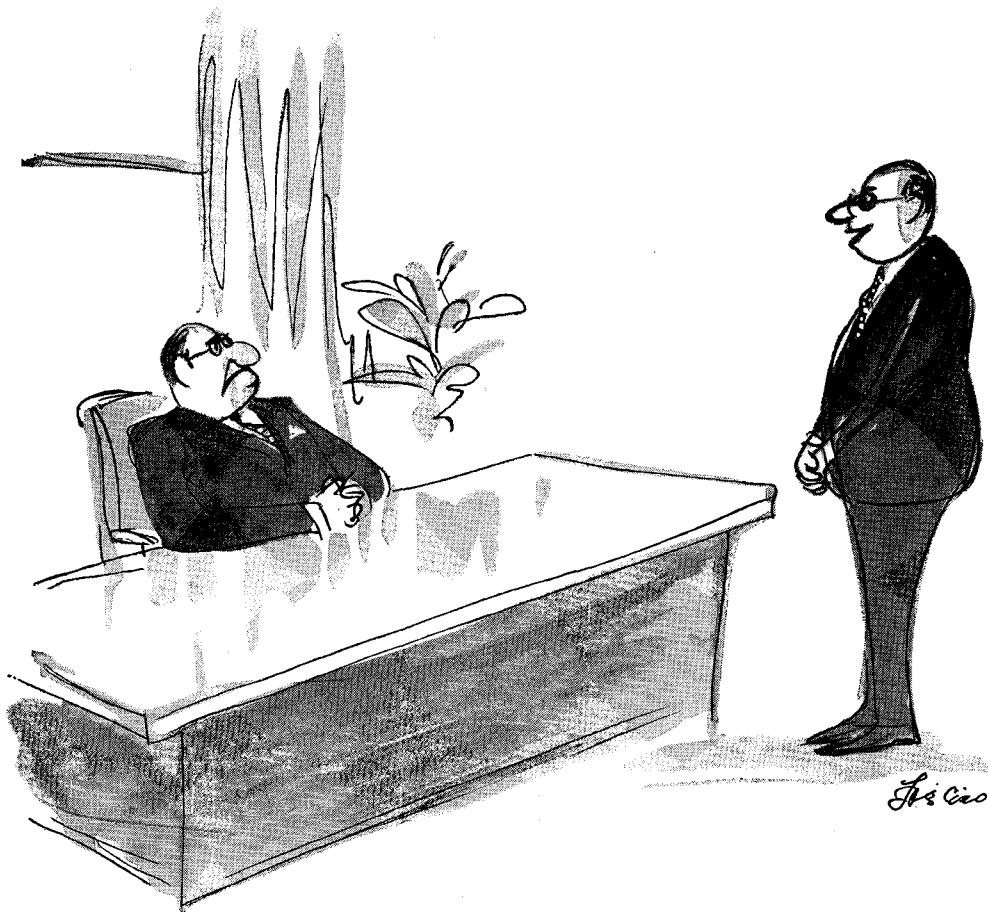
The tender expression on Bob's face had become so constrained it made him look foolish.

"That's right. That's right." Dr. Altman was all cheerful bustle again. "That's just what I'm saying. Sure I spoke to you. Everything is fine. Listen, do me a favor. Don't think so much. Concentrate on getting well and home to your babies. We'll talk about the rest some other time. Talk it over with Bob here. I have another patient on the floor. I'll see you tomorrow. Want something to help you sleep tonight? I ordered it for you."

He was walking away as he spoke—out the ward door and gone, like a trick. In the silence that followed, the old woman elaborated a fantastically long, embroidered sigh and turned over in bed. I started by laughing at the sound with Bob but found myself crying in a strange, strangled way I never had before. I tried to overcome my sobbing or hide myself from Bob. But he didn't allow it. He pulled the curtains all around the bed, shutting us away from the rest of the ward—at least visually. My head was down, and as I cried I felt his hands stroking my hair.

"It's too much," he said. "It's too much."

When I stopped crying, I kept my face turned aside. I'm not one of those women who imagine they look charming in tears. In a few seconds I was able to say in an almost normal voice, "What's too much?"



"Your lips tell me 'No, no,' but—if you'll pardon my presumption, sir—there's 'Yes, yes' in your eyes."

"This. For you," he said. "Right after having the baby. And with your mother. And everything else." His voice trailed as if he meant to say more.

"What else? All the trouble Matt and I are having?"

"You know I don't believe in that trouble," he said.

"What do you believe?"

"About you and Matt?"

"About anything. About precancerous tissue."

"They say if you make it through the first eight years you have it made."

"After the operation? Eight years? Does it take so long?"

"Oh, no. I meant the first eight years of marriage."

"Oh, for God's sake."

He said, "I don't blame you for being angry with me. I feel to blame."

"What? For all of it?" I laughed.

"For not insisting that you go to another surgeon during the pregnancy."

"But you did."

"But you didn't go. I should have insisted that you go."

"No. I didn't go. Because it was all the same to Matt whether I lost the baby or took the risk."

"That's not fair to him. Altman assured him there was no risk."

"He was wrong, wasn't he? And he hardly thought about it or cared."

"Altman?"

There was a silence in which I felt one of those *things* growing, a certainty that in a moment would be made palpable between us.

"Was Matt with you and Dr. Altman last night?"

"I wasn't with them," he said. "I was delivering a baby." He said it as if the delivery had been on a newspaper-covered kitchen table in the South Bronx and the baby had died, but I didn't pursue that.

"When did you find out?"

"Right afterward. Matt called me, and we were together the rest of the night."

"What did you talk about?"

He made a vague gesture. "You know."

"Does he feel to blame, too?" I asked.

"He shouldn't. These were medical decisions."



"Mr. Toomey won't be making it tonight, boys—or any other night, for that matter."

"So I'm really in trouble," I said, taking a deep breath. I would dive in.

He looked startled but recovered with a falsely blank look. "You'll be fine now."

"Then what have we been talking about?"

"That we could have saved the breast."

"Oh," I said. I felt desperately lost. I had been exhilarated up to that point, as if at any moment I would break the surface of a sea in which distances would be clear at last. "I see," I said. "Yes. What a shame. Because they're really nice things to have two of."

I heard Matt's footsteps before he thrust the bed curtains aside. "What kind of therapy do you call this?" He looked, laughing, at Bob, not at me.

Bob pulled the curtain open all the way around. "As a matter of fact, I must see another patient."

"Don't go," Matt said. Brilliant with nervous urgency, his black eyes maintained a constant movement over and about my face, like a hummingbird approaching a flower. He grabbed Bob around the shoulders with both arms. "Where are you going? I just

got here. I want to talk to you."

"I'll be back," Bob said. "As soon as I'm through with this patient. Shouldn't take me more than ten minutes or so."

Matt seemed to have become jointed to Bob at the shoulders. He walked halfway across the ward stuck to him in that absurd fashion while I iced up with anger. He came unstuck suddenly, wheeled about, and walked back to me almost jauntily, nodding to the others in the room, his eyes flitting wildly. I stared fixedly into his face, a silent bird-watcher. Still and black as death, drowning in fear, his eyes looked directly into mine for an instant and spun off erratically as he reached my bed. He gave me a quick kiss on the forehead, and in a voice that struggled to be lighthearted said, "Well, baby, are you still going to divorce me?"

—HELEN YGLESIAS

U.S. EQUESTRIAN
TEAM NEEDS HORSES
FOR OLYMPIC GAMES

—Headline in the Hartford Courant.
They should learn to make do.

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

MAYBE A QUANTUM LEAP

A LOT of people have not yet made up their minds about earth art. Although the phenomenon has been with us for several years, examples of it are so inaccessible that hardly anyone has actually seen an earthwork, and this in itself has led to misconceptions. Some people refer to the form as "conceptual art"—the term applied to works by those contemporary artists who simply specify an art project in writing and then feel no need to carry it out. "Friends of mine often look very surprised when I tell them that Michael Heizer's Double Negative, say, has nothing to do with conceptual art," Virginia Dwan, whose New York gallery, the Dwan, represented several of the leading earth artists until she closed it last June, has noted. "They say, 'But you can't really see it, can you?'" or they try to argue that it exists only in photographs. So I have to explain that anybody can see it simply by going to Nevada, and that when an artist has moved two hundred and forty thousand tons of dirt around, it is *not* just a concept."

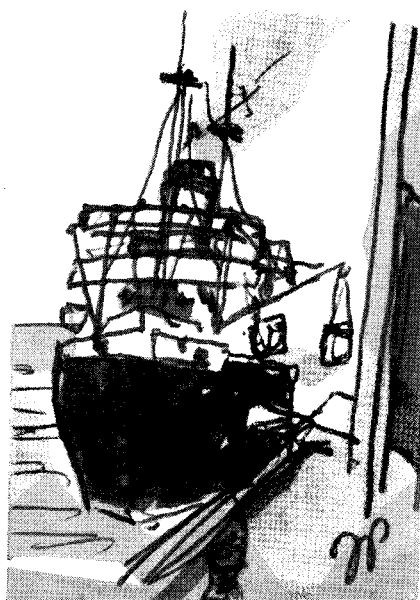
Earthworks are real enough—there is no doubt of that—and at this point in the twentieth century no one has to ask whether or not they are art, because art today, as we are only too frequently reminded, is whatever an artist says it is, and if an artist wants to dig into a Nevada mesa instead of carving a block of wood or marble, that is well within the mainstream of current aesthetic practice, and may even strike future art scholars as historically inevitable, in the light of space exploration, the ecology movement, and other recent developments that have tended to make us all more keenly aware of our own perishable planet. At any rate, enough artists have loosed their creative energies upon the landscape to give earth art (or land art, as it is sometimes called) the status of an international movement. Michael Heizer works mainly in the desert, displacing large masses of rock and dirt with the aid of bulldozers, pneumatic drills, and dynamite. Walter De Maria also favors desert regions, although he spent the better part of last year on a project (now abandoned) to sink a three-hundred-and-ninety-foot air shaft through the center of a mountain near Munich, on the site of the 1972 Olympic Games. Robert Smithson's recent works have all incorporated water, the most ambitious one to date being his fifteen-hundred-foot-long Spiral Jetty in

Utah's Great Salt Lake. Dennis Oppenheim, who used to chop large semicircles in the ice of frozen rivers and direct the seeding and harvesting of wheat fields in prescribed patterns, has abandoned earth art in favor of body art, a form involving the use of the artist's own body in various ways that one hopes will not prove fatal; Richard Long has imposed geometric patterns on fields of daisies and has draped in cloth (and then photographed) the summit of Mount Kilimanjaro, in Africa; Peter Hutchinson, a British earth artist, has cultivated bread molds on the lip of an active volcano in Mexico; Uri Buru, an Argentinian, has poured dyes into the waters of the River Plate, the Seine, the East River, and the Grand Canal in Venice.

Some of these doings are ephemeral by nature, but others may be around for centuries, and the problem of what to do about the more durable earthworks is much discussed. Robert C. Scull, the collector, commissioned Heizer's Nine Nevada Depressions in 1968, but because they were done on government-owned land their future is somewhat uncertain. A Swiss dealer named Bischofberger and a German dealer named Friedrich *thought* they had acquired Heizer's Double Negative from the Dwan Gallery last year. (Double Negative is on sixty acres of land bought by Heizer, who made over the property deed to the Dwan.) Bischofberger was planning to sell it to a German collector at a price rumored to be in the neighborhood of sixty-five thousand dollars, but Heizer abruptly decided that he didn't want dealers dickering over the work, and he can-

celled the deal. Last winter, Jennifer Licht, an associate curator at the Museum of Modern Art, showed slides of Heizer's Double Negative, Smithson's Spiral Jetty, and De Maria's untitled Nevada land work to the trustees on the museum's purchasing committee. "I told them beforehand that I knew they weren't going to buy the works but that I thought this was one of the most interesting areas in recent art, and what *should* the museum do about it?" she has said. According to Mrs. Licht, the trustees seemed impressed by the works, but no clear answers to her question emerged.

So far, the earth artists have had to rely on private patrons, like Mr. Scull, or on the two or three dealers who have elected to support them (the Dwan Gallery here, the Heiner Friedrich Gallery in Munich), or on their own limited resources. The sale of preliminary sketches and working drawings, models, and even photographs of the earth projects has helped to some degree, but clearly no one is making a bundle from earth art at the moment. The artists themselves, most of whom are in their twenties or early thirties, seem content to put everything they can scrape together into the next project and let the future take care of itself. They are a dedicated lot, and a certain scorn for the New York art world and its commercial machinations is seldom absent from their thinking. "One of the implications of earth art might be to remove completely the commodity status of a work of art and allow a return to the idea of art as . . . more of a religion," Heizer said in a recent interview. In fact, he went on, "it looks as though the whole spirit of painting and sculpture could be shrugged off in two years' time, perhaps. It's almost totally inconsequential. Of course, it'll never happen, but it's conceivable; it *could* happen." Walter De Maria believes that art galleries are "as outmoded as night clubs" today, and something like the same notion may have induced Miss Dwan to close her gallery. None of the earth artists appears to suffer, at any rate, from a lack of confidence. "Whether we have made a jump beyond style—that's the real question," De Maria said last spring. "Everybody talks about the art world as a succession of styles—Cubism, Surrealism, Expressionism, Abstraction, Minimal, and so forth. But this may be something way beyond all that—maybe a quantum leap. I think the experience



of this work will make you feel different than you've ever felt before in the presence of art."

THE jumping-off place for a tour of American earth art is Las Vegas, a city whose signal achievement has been to obliterate or subvert nature in all its forms, and last June I flew out there for a few days of intensive earth-art appreciation. I had expected to meet Michael Heizer in Las Vegas, but the manager of the motel where he was staying said that he had left a few days before to go to Wyoming, or perhaps Montana—no one knew for sure. Virginia Dwan, who had arrived from Los Angeles on the same day, seemed a little put out that he had gone off without leaving a message, but she said philosophically that this was typical of Heizer's current frame of mind. "Michael is very negative right now," she told me. Earlier that spring, during his one-man show at the Detroit Institute of Arts, Heizer had undertaken an outdoor project called *Dragged Mass*, which involved hauling a thirty-ton granite block a hundred feet across the lawn in front of the museum. Heizer considered the whole thing a great success, but afterward, when he offered to give the piece to the Institute, the trustees declined to accept it. "He's fed up with the art world," Miss Dwan said. "All he wants to do is work, and he feels he hasn't really worked for a year, because he's been that long looking for a site for his new vertical piece." She explained that the vertical piece was to be executed on the face of a granite cliff; Heizer planned to cut out a large section of rock—two thousand tons or more—in one piece and move it down the cliff face, or perhaps across the cliff face, to a previously prepared cavity. He had spent several months looking for a site in the Swiss Alps, because a European benefactor wanted him to do the work there. Although most of the suitable Swiss cliffs overhung tidy villages, whose inhabitants might react unfavorably to the prospect of art-engendered rockslides, Heizer did find a site in the Sântis Alps and began work there. Winter stopped him, though, and he decided to relocate the project in the United States. Only granite would do—any other sort of rock would shatter into fragments when dynamited—and so far Heizer had not been able to find a proper granite cliff in Nevada, the site of most of his other works. In any case, he had gone off to Wyoming, or Montana, leaving no address, and Miss Dwan seemed reasonably certain, on the basis of past experience, that no



"I said, 'Get lost!'"

one was likely to hear from him for some time.

In New York, in his barren loft studio on Spring Street, Heizer had struck me as a quietly keyed-up young man who saw no particular value in talking to strangers. He did say that he had been born in Berkeley, California, in 1944, and that his father, Professor Robert Heizer, was a well-known archeologist there. (I later found out that Professor Heizer is a world authority on the methods by which the Olmecs and other pre-Columbian people had managed, without benefit of

the wheel, to move stone blocks even larger and more recalcitrant than Heizer's own *Dragged Mass*.) Heizer, who travelled around Mexico and Latin America with his parents as a child, went to school in Berkeley. After graduating from high school there, he spent a year or so at the San Francisco Art Institute, without bothering to enroll formally. He told me that he had "always" painted, and that when he came to New York, in the early nineteen-sixties, this was what he had done, mainly, experimenting with various current styles in the usual exploratory man-

ner. "After I'd been in New York for a couple of years, I saw art here as really dead," he said. "A lot of things had been killed off at the same time, because the forms themselves were coming into question. I was lucky. Because I wasn't really involved with all that, I was prepared to deal with the new situation."

Heizer's new situation turned out to be the desert. Because he was a Californian, he said, the desert had been present in his thinking for a long time, even though he had never been to one. One day in 1968, weary of New York and its dead art, Heizer flew out to Nevada and began to work on a piece called NESW, which he does not care to discuss at present but whose name implies that it had to do with the four points of the compass. He returned to New York a few weeks later and resumed work on his paintings; he also had the good fortune to meet Robert Scull, who liked his paintings but seemed even more interested in his rapidly proliferating ideas for desert works. The result was that Scull financed Heizer's extremely productive summer of 1968, which he spent in various desert regions of Nevada.

From the outset, Heizer's land works were inclined to take the form of excavations, or "displacements," rather than additions to the landscape. Displaced Replaced Mass, one of the principal works of that summer, involved dynamiting huge boulders out of a mountainside, moving them sixty miles by truck, and depositing them in concrete-lined holes ("depressions") of varying sizes and shapes. Heizer rented heavy-duty construction equipment and hired local contractors to assist him, and at one point he even permitted his patron to come out and watch one of the displacements. Scull speaks rapturously of the experience. "I saw Mike Heizer stand on top of a fifty-ton piece of granite and then jump down and give the order, and the dynamite split it right in half!" he told me. "I watched them take it to the place where he'd dug out a huge hole. It was night, and the cars of the workmen lit up the place with their headlights. And suddenly I realized that art didn't have to involve the walls of my house. I was involved with nature—the whole desert became part of my experience."

Displaced Replaced Mass was one of Nine Nevada Depressions executed by

Heizer during the summer of 1968. The eighth in the series, called Dissipate, took the form of a group of five rectangular holes, each twelve feet long and a foot wide, dug in conformity with a pattern established by five matches that Heizer dropped at random and then taped down on a sheet of paper—a somewhat Duchampian gesture that seems out of place in Heizer's *œuvre*. In addition to the Depressions, Heizer, using a pick and shovel, also managed to carve a graceful loop, a foot deep and a foot wide and forty yards long, in the basin of Nevada's Massacre Dry Lake (Isolated Mass: Circumflex) and, using a motorcycle, to carve a series of eight fifty-foot circles in Coyote Dry Lake, California (Ground Incision: Loop Drawing). The circles were cut by the tires of a professional motorcycle racer's Triumph, driven flat out in the soft, dry soil of the desert.

The most ardent collectors of advanced American art in recent years have been German—a phenomenon traceable in part, at least, to the activities of several young, magnetic, and vastly enterprising German art dealers. Heiner Friedrich, who may very well be the most magnetic German since Wotan, was sufficiently impressed by Heizer's land works to offer him a one-man show in his Munich gallery in the spring of 1969. Heizer elected to exhibit two works there. The first, which was shown in the gallery, was a Line Drawing, consisting of the gallery's printed announcement of the show cancelled out by a crayon line drawn through the words. The other work of art was situated in a vacant lot on the outskirts of Munich. It was a circular pit, a hundred feet in diameter, whose sides sloped symmetrically to a central point fifteen feet deep, and it was called, naturally, Munich Depression. Heizer's most important work to date, which also happens to be the world's largest sculpture (provided that is what it is), was started in the fall of 1969. The Dwan had offered him a one-man show in January, 1970, with the understanding that he would do a major earthwork somewhere and that the gallery would pay for it. Heizer went out to Nevada in October, and nobody heard anything from him for a couple of months. He returned in December with photographs of Double Negative. This was the work that really made Heizer's international reputation, and it was the one I had come to see. Although Heizer was not around to take us out to it, Miss Dwan, having been there a number of times, felt reasonably certain that



"But, Dad, you've got it all turned around. Archie Bunker is the wrong guy."

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she could locate it. We rented a car and set out from Las Vegas at about four o'clock in the afternoon, heading northeast on the freeway.

Driving out of Las Vegas into the arid and empty Nevada landscape is a fairly memorable experience in itself. After the preposterous air-conditioned hotel lobbies, with their twenty-four-hour gambling tables and housewife-mesmerizing slot machines, the seared desert valleys and eroded hills looked equally unreal, and nearly as hostile to life. The military installations and nuclear-test sites, which show up on the road map as "Danger Zones," are for the most part invisible to freeway traffic; we saw jet fighters flash down over a rust-colored mountain range as they headed for Nellis Air Force Base, eight miles north of Vegas, but we could not see the huge base itself. Roughly eighty-seven per cent of Nevada is government-owned land, and one has the impression, from the radar and other electronic sentinels on the hilltops, that the owner is watching. "Walter De Maria and Michael really dig this place—no pun intended," Miss Dwan told me. "They feel it sums up where we really are now in this country—all the materialism and vulgarity of Vegas, and the death industries outside. It's a kind of instant America— instant marriage and divorce, instant winning and losing, instant life and death. The boys cut their hair before they come out here, because the local police are tough on hippies, but they like the frontier mentality, and they're very much into the whole gambling thing. The title of Michael's piece, Double Negative, really refers in part to the double zero on the roulette wheel."

Approximately thirty miles north of Vegas, we left the freeway and drove east, in the direction of an immense plateau that Heizer calls Virgin River Mesa. A filling-station attendant told us how to get up on top of this eminence, and added a warning about going there on such a blistering day—the temperature, which had been a hundred and five degrees when we left Vegas an hour before, showed no signs of relenting. As we approached the mesa, the blacktop road changed to dirt. Suddenly it became quite steep. The rented car churned and skidded through soft sand that had drifted over the track in places, and I became acutely aware of the sharp drop at the outer edge of each hairpin turn. Just as the road seemed about to disappear completely, we lurched over a ridge and were on top of the mesa, which was

just as flat as it had looked from a distance. Twin car tracks led across to the other side, where Double Negative was situated. "We've done it!" Miss Dwan said, prematurely.

The next hour and a half were spent searching up and down the mesa's far side. Double Negative had turned out not to be where Miss Dwan thought it was. The mesa extends for miles and miles, and is cut into at frequent intervals by narrow canyons, each of which looked as though it might be the site of Heizer's dig. Miss Dwan, a tall, chic woman dressed in dark-blue slacks and a Western-style shirt, reconnoitred every one. The temperature remained above a hundred; the car shuddered on the verge of boiling over. Just after seven, with the sun approaching the horizon, we finally found it.

Two enormous rectangular cuts, each thirty feet wide and fifty feet from top to bottom, had been dug out on opposite sides of a narrow canyon as neatly and precisely as though someone had sliced into the mesa with a gigantic cake cutter. Following Miss Dwan's lead, I started to descend the sharply sloping back wall of one cut, trying to decide en route whether a cautious sidestep or a sit-down slide was less likely to result in a sprained ankle, and ended up in a dead run that took me to about the middle of the cut. I looked up. Some erosion had taken place in the year and a half since the piece was finished, and the vertical side walls showed striations and indentations near the top which, when viewed from fifty feet down, suggested the stone carvings of a medieval church. The color was a warm ochre with yellowish streaks, verging to dull reds and greens in places where the minerals had leached out. Heizer had said that he didn't know how rapidly the work would erode but that he hoped it would last a hundred years. It had already acquired graffiti: peace symbols,



a fashionable four-letter word, and the name "Willie Weed" had been scratched into the wall, and there was also a surprisingly realistic drawing of a shark. We walked to the front edge of the cut and looked down into the valley. The two hundred and forty thousand tons of earth and rock that Heizer's bulldozer had pushed over the edge were barely noticeable; the debris blended into the ochre of the canyon's walls—a minor landslide in a vast uninhabitable landscape.

We climbed back up the wall, drove the car around to the other side of the canyon, and clambered down into the other cut. It was exactly the same as

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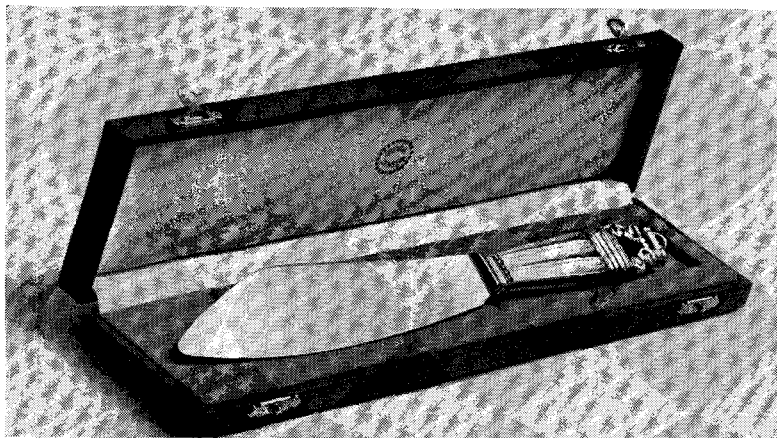
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the first, only longer from front to back. Willie Weed had been here, too, and he or someone else had left a beer can. Miss Dwan sat down on the ground and looked up, getting the sky and the setting sun into her perspective. A small lizard watched, unblinking, while I emptied the dirt from my shoes. "My personal associations with dirt are very real," Heizer had said once in an interview. "I really like it; I really like to lie in the dirt."

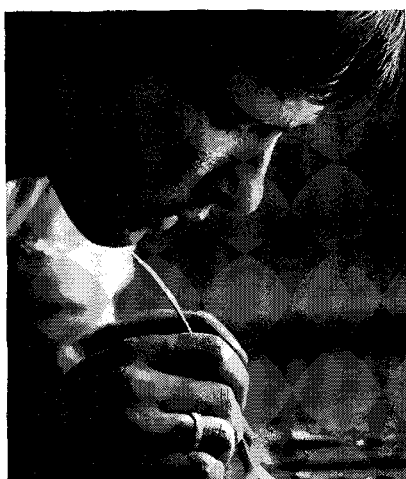
Every time she saw Double Negative, Miss Dwan said, it took her by surprise. "It's so much bigger than I remembered," she added. I thought it seemed smaller than I had anticipated. Seen in relation to the long mesa, with its wind-carved sandstone ridges and turrets and ravines dropping sharply down to the green valley below, Double Negative looked distinctly man-made, and somehow less majestic than the blown-up photographs of it that I had seen. Heizer, I remembered, had said that he really didn't think about his works in terms of size, because they were not that big—"just big enough to give the idea," he said. The experience of being inside Double Negative was certainly different from the experience of looking at a landscape by Claude or Turner, but whether it could qualify as a religious experience, or as a quantum leap beyond style, I must leave to the judgment of more physically robust critics than I. Heat and thirst had dulled my perceptions; I was thinking of the trip back.

The little lizard disappeared behind a rock. He seemed to be very much at home in this work of art. It was nearly eight o'clock. According to Heizer, one should really spend twenty-four hours experiencing Double Negative, so as to see it in all the changing conditions of light. I am sure that all the physically robust critics do this. Miss Dwan and I started back just as the sun was disappearing behind the horizon, and managed to make it down the dirt track on the other side of the mesa before dark.

THE next day, we started earlier, leaving Las Vegas at about two o'clock in the afternoon—the car radio gave the temperature as a hundred and eight degrees—and again heading northeast on the freeway. Walter De Maria had drawn a rough map showing how to get to his untitled piece. "Walter is a very mysterious person," Miss Dwan said as we left the freeway and started to follow a dirt road leading straight back into the desert hills. Several other people had told me the same thing, although when I talked

with him in New York a month before he had impressed me as the most articulate of all the earth artists I had met. Somewhat older than Heizer—he is thirty-six; Heizer is twenty-seven—he was born just outside Berkeley, California. His grandparents had come from northern Italy about the turn of the century. De Maria grew up in and around San Francisco, and graduated from the University of California at Berkeley with a B.A. in history, and then went on to do graduate work there in fine arts. “As soon as I graduated—in 1959—I stopped painting, because I realized that what we had been taught was basically a closed-end system,” he told me. “At Berkeley, they started you with plaster casts, then went right to Cézanne—breaking up the casts into facets. Then to Picasso—breaking them up a little more and getting wilder. Then on to Hans Hofmann, who taught there at one time. Everything kept getting a little looser and more broken up, but you still kept essentially to some kind of a balanced picture, with a little green here, a little red there, and so forth. And at the end they brought you right up to de Kooning, which at that time was being up to date. Having gone through all those stages, you were considered a bona-fide painter, and you could go out and become an art teacher, too. The system was just *doomed*. I was so disgusted that I quit painting and started making little boxes.”

De Maria also moved to New York, where he saw a lot of his friend La Monte Young, a fellow-Californian and a musician, who had been powerfully influenced by the composer John Cage. De Maria lived in a very small loft on the Bowery with a San Francisco girl he had married, and during their first New York winter, 1960-61, he made a total of thirteen plywood boxes in various shapes and sizes. Robert Scull, who likes to find young artists before they find themselves, admired De Maria's work and, in 1965, commissioned him to remake several of his plywood pieces in stainless steel. One of these was a narrow, seven-foot-high cage constructed of inch-thick rods and entitled Cage, which Scull had admired in an earlier version in wood, when it was called Statue of John Cage. Another, somewhat more enigmatic, was a series of High Energy Bars—stainless-steel ingots fourteen inches long and one and a half inches square, each inscribed with the words “High Energy Bar” and accompanied by a certificate affirming that it was indeed a high-energy bar. The steel version of the Cage statue impressed a number of

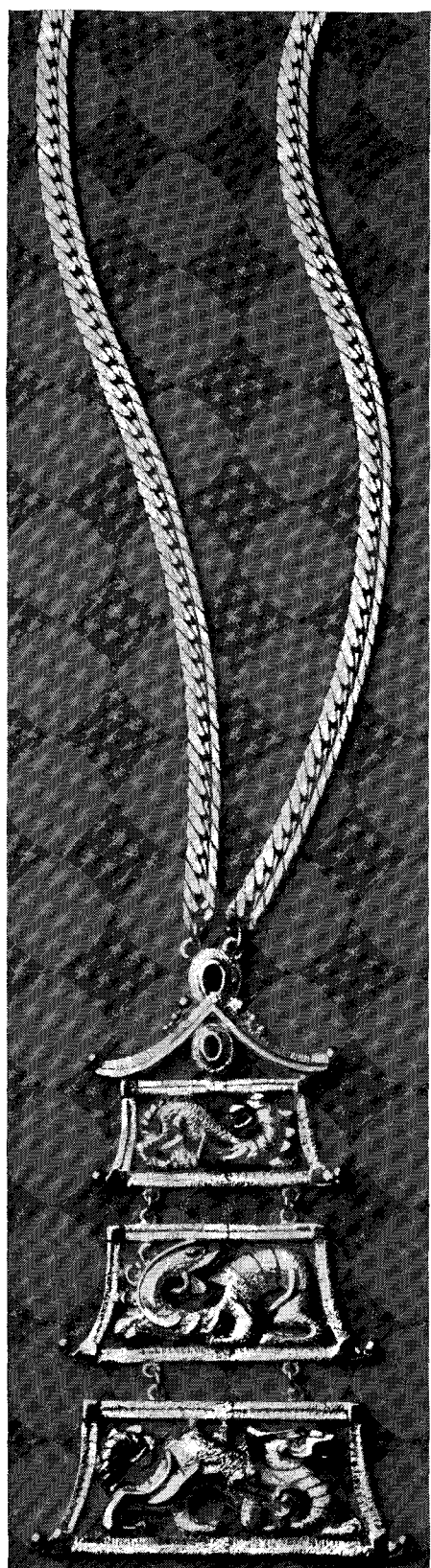


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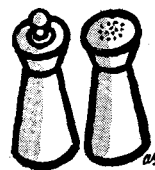
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critics as one of the best pieces in the 1966 "Primary Structures" exhibition at the Jewish Museum in New York, the first comprehensive showing of the stripped-down, non-relational, highly impersonal objects that became known as Minimal art. De Maria has continued to make sculptures, although earthworks now claim the major part of his interest. In 1969, he exhibited at the Dwan Gallery five rather dangerous-looking Spike Beds—rectangular platforms bristling with stainless-steel spikes honed to the sharpness of barracuda teeth; visitors were asked to sign a release absolving the artist and the gallery of responsibility in the event of spectator impalement. De Maria said that the five-part piece, which was recently purchased by the Kunstmuseum, in Basel, "summarized some of my ideas about New York at the time."

Theoretically, at least, De Maria's involvement with earth art goes back to 1962, when he made drawings for what he called Walls in the Desert. What he envisioned then were two parallel cement walls, at least fourteen feet high and eight feet apart, running in a straight line for one mile. "As you walk between them," he explained, "you can look up and see the sky; as you continue to walk, and get near the halfway point, the perspective will appear to close, and then as you come near the end it will open up. The walls will be constructed so that when you come out you'll be able to see for an enormous distance, and you'll really feel what space is." His first earthwork, in 1968, was a kind of sketch for Walls in the Desert—two parallel lines, half a mile long and twelve feet apart, put down with a chalk marker in the Mojave Desert. They blew away within a month. That year, while Heizer was busy with his Nevada Depressions, De Maria had a show at Heiner Friedrich's gallery in Munich, which consisted of filling the gallery's three rooms with sixteen hundred cubic feet of earth—a wall-to-wall dirt carpet three feet deep. From Munich, bankrolled by the endlessly agreeable Herr Friedrich, he went down to the Sahara, hired a bulldozer and crew, and dug a mile-long twelve-foot-wide line, running from north to south, which was to be the first installment of a Three Continent Project. The two other parts were to be a one-mile square, cut somewhere in the western United States, and another one-mile line, this one running east to west, in India; when completed, the three works would be photographed from the air and the photographs superimposed

to show a cross within a square. Unfortunately, De Maria and his crew were unable to photograph the first cut. Local authorities in the tiny Algerian village where they were staying became suspicious of their activities and insisted that they leave the country immediately. By now, the original bulldozed line has undoubtedly eroded to some extent, but De Maria plans to go back and recut it. He will do the two other parts when time and funds become available.

Although photographs would seem to play a key role in the Three Continent Project, De Maria took a firm stand in 1969 against any photographic reproduction of his land work. His refusal to let his recent earthworks be photographed has not helped his reputation, and he is a little resentful about that. "I felt that I had to go back toward direct personal experience, no matter what the difficulties were," he told me. "Maybe only twenty or thirty people would see my work in a year, but that was better than a lot of people partially seeing it through photographs." De Maria did not even want people to know ahead of time what his major land work to date (the one that Miss Dwan and I were searching out) looked like. In New York, he had described it to me as three miles of lines cut in the Nevada desert by a bulldozer "in a certain configuration," and he had added that "basically, the piece is experienced by walking." As Miss Dwan and I drove along the dirt road into the Tule Valley, throwing up a long cloud of dust and subjecting the rented car's tires and front axle to severe abuse, she further explained that



one was supposed to walk the piece alone, solitude being an essential aspect of the experience. "It's a kind of ritual," she said. Another important element was time. "It really takes all day to see my piece, counting the time spent getting there and back," De Maria had told me. "You're involved with it for ten hours or so. There's no other kind of sculpture that demands that of you—if you come into an art gallery you may spend one minute, two minutes, five minutes looking at a David Smith or a Brancusi. Rarely more than five minutes. But with an earthwork you're really *in* the piece, you're in time, and your whole personality cuts through it in a much larger way."

About an hour and fifteen minutes after we left the freeway, it became evident that we were on the wrong road. The landmarks on De Maria's map were not materializing. We went

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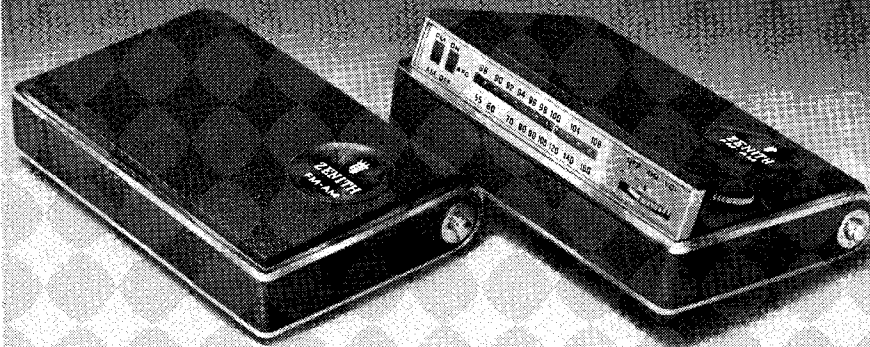
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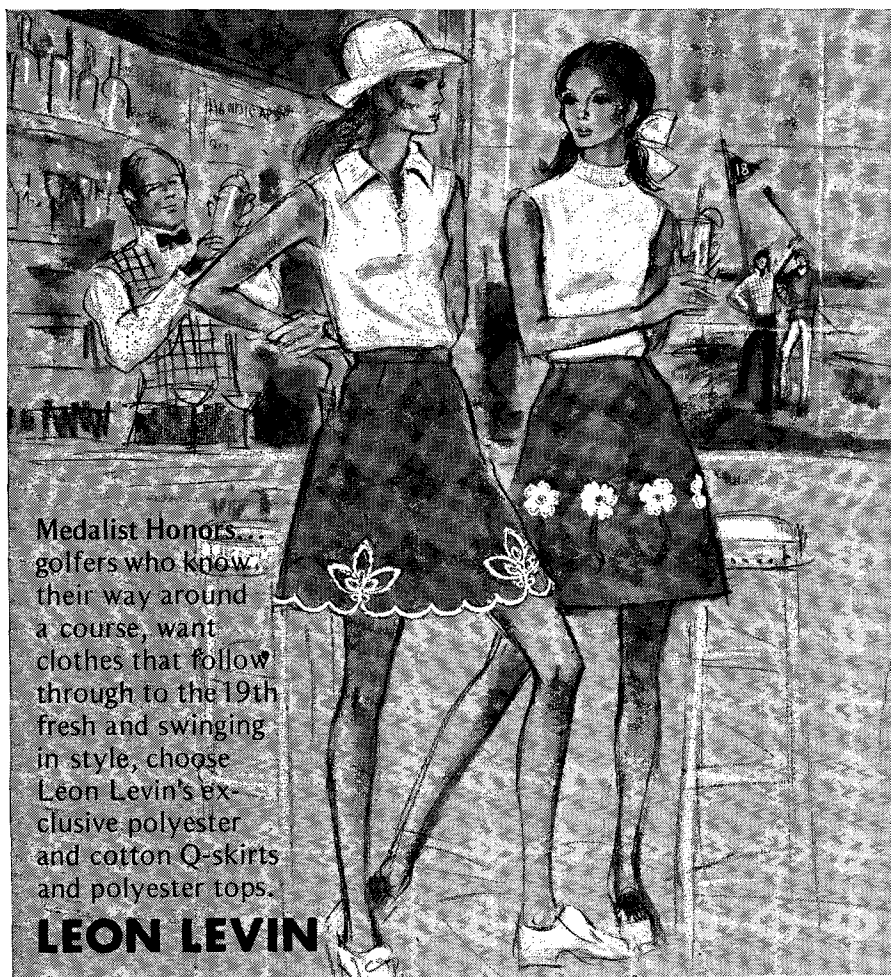
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back about ten miles, found a turn we had missed, and continued on in hopeful silence. But half an hour later, having followed this road to an abandoned mining site that did not appear on De Maria's map, we realized that error had again crept in. The evening drew on apace. We doubled back and, after a period of eagle-eyed reconnaissance, managed to locate one of De Maria's landmarks. We turned there, drove one mile, as instructed, parked, and set off on foot, taking pains to skirt the juniper and the low-growing cacti, because De Maria had said they might harbor snakes or scorpions. Twenty minutes later, Miss Dwan said we must have missed the earthwork somehow. We retraced our steps to the car, drove it a little farther along, and then struck off again into the purple sage. The two desert hikes were not without their compensations. The wide, level valley, ringed with jagged mountains, some of which were still snow-capped; the desert flowers; the pungent smell of juniper carried by the light breeze; the hot disc of the sun sinking luridly toward the horizon—all this was admittedly something that I had not previously experienced in an art gallery or a museum, although I did get a few brief, semi-hallucinated associations with old John Wayne movies. In the end, having spent a little more than ten hours looking for it, we never did find Walter De Maria's earthwork.

Driving back to Las Vegas that evening, Miss Dwan mentioned that De Maria was deeply interested in the idea of invisibility. Two of his earth pieces—the 1968 parallel lines in white chalk, and a more recent chalk cross, also in Nevada, whose longitudinal axis was a thousand feet long—had both disappeared within weeks, she said. At the Cordier & Ekstrom Gallery in 1966, De Maria had shown a Large Landscape made up of six of his "invisible drawings"—framed sheets of blank paper on each of which was inscribed, in the exact center, a faintly pencilled word: "TREES," "SKY," "RIVER," "FIELD," "MOUNTAIN," "SUN." "Invisibility may be the main common denominator in art," De Maria had told me. "After all, science says that all matter is composed of invisible particles—electrons, that is." De Maria's projected work for the 1972 Olympics in Munich—the three-hundred-and-ninety-foot shaft in the mountain—would have been about ninety per cent invisible. He felt that the concrete-lined shaft, surmounted by a raised solid-bronze disc, twenty-one feet in diameter, on which people could stand,

would serve to "activate" the mountain itself as a piece of sculpture. The mountain was an artificial construct, made of rubble from the wartime bombings; by turning it into sculpture, the artist hoped to make a statement about the earth, cities, wars, nations, and (one guessed) athletic contests. Unfortunately, the Olympic officials decided against the project. Although it had received the support of the Games' architectural committee and had become front-page news in several German newspapers, the officials eventually decided to commission a more visible work by a German artist.

ROBERT SMITHSON was born in Passaic, New Jersey, in 1938. He spent most of his childhood in Rutherford; his pediatrician was William Carlos Williams. Smithson is, in a sense, the theoretician of the earth-art movement, but his published articles have not always pleased the other earth-workers, and a certain degree of bad feeling exists between Smithson and Walter De Maria. Neither artist cares for the other's work, and neither hesitates to say so.

As a boy, Smithson had a private museum in the basement of his house, where he kept collections of rocks and shells. "I was always on the lookout for fossils," he said when I interviewed him in New York last spring. "It was a sort of private world that kept me going. At that time, I was interested in becoming a zoologist or a naturalist, but gradually I discovered that my interest was more aesthetic than scientific. When I was fifteen, I decided to be an artist." While he was still in high school, he started taking classes at the Art Students League, in New York. After graduation and six months in the Army, plus another six months spent hitchhiking around the country, he found a cheap room in New York, got to know a number of young artists, and worked his way through some of the leading influences of the late fifties and early sixties—de Kooning, Dubuffet, Pollock, Rauschenberg. This took about three years. By 1964, he had made his way out of painting and into three-dimensional plastic constructions. Smithson had his first one-man sculpture show at the Dwan Gallery in 1966, and he was prominently represented in the "Primary Structures" show that year at the Jewish Museum. But Minimal abstraction turned out to be only another transitional stage. "Abstraction, in a funny way, seems to take you very far away from any kind of natural problem, and I've always been drawn

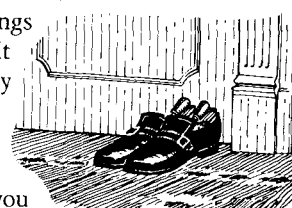
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It may be a short month, but there's no dearth of unusual attractions at New York's sports and entertainment center. Let us clue you in on a few highlights.

For pet-lovers, make note right now of two great events: the Empire Cat Show at the Felt Forum this weekend (the 5th and 6th), and the 96th Annual Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show in the Garden on the 14th and 15th. See the world's top felines and canines—and be sure to bring the youngsters.

Are antiques your bag? The National Antiques Show is in the Rotunda for 9 days and nights beginning Saturday, the 19th with a truly fascinating display you won't want to miss. Bargains galore.

And of course a tremendous line-up of varied sporting events including the long-awaited heavyweight match between the former world champion Floyd Patterson and tough Oscar "Ringo" Bonavena, the Bull of the Argentine, on Friday the 11th.

It's a big basketball month with the return of the Harlem Globetrotters on the 20th and 21st (afts.); six attractive collegiate doubleheaders on the 3rd, 5th, 10th, 12th, 19th, and 24th (check newspapers for the pairings); plus eight remaining Knicks games against tough league competition (see schedule below).

Rounding out the sports line-up, we have Roller Derby thrills on the 13th and 27th (afts.); two big track and field meets—the U.S. Olympic Invitational on the 18th and the A.A.U. meet on the 25th; and six more chances to cheer the Rangers (also see below).

And for r. and r. addicts, Volume 8 of the Rock and Roll Spectacular brings you such all-time favorites as Fats Domino, Bo Diddley, Chubby Checker and a stageful of others this Friday, the 4th.

Now, about those Knicks and Rangers dates for the balance of the month—

KNICKS	RANGERS
5—Philadelphia	6—Toronto (aft.)
8—Los Angeles	9—Chicago
12—Cleveland	13—Los Angeles
16—Houston	20—Detroit
19—Buffalo	23—Philadelphia
22—Portland	27—St. Louis
26—Baltimore	
29—Los Angeles	



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to natural problems," he told me. "There are maybe a hundred different ways of looking at nature, but abstraction is a kind of renunciation of all that."

Smithson dropped out of the New York art scene for a while in the sixties and did a lot of reading and thinking. He was not at all happy, he said, with the whole art-gallery setup—"the business of things going from one white room to another"—and he felt, along with Heizer and De Maria, that painting and sculpture were pretty well played out. He found himself thinking a lot about the growth of crystalline structures and other natural forms, and about the possibility of working with nature directly, instead of at some sort of aesthetic remove. Out of that thinking, in part, came the first of his three-dimensional "non-sites." A typical Smithson non-site consists of a section of a topographical map cut out and mounted on the wall, in front of which stand two or three steel bins containing natural particles—stones, earth, gravel, and such—taken from the actual area shown on the map. The non-sites are for Smithson a kind of "personal archeology." A number of them have been bought by collectors and museums. Smithson sees a somewhat ironic parallel between this activity and the Apollo missions to the moon. "The moon shots are like very expensive non-sites," he says. "Going all that way to bring back some particles from up there. The whole idea of gathering together remnants and then trying to make sense of them—that's what I find interesting."

Although art for Smithson is primarily a mental activity, he has no real interest in conceptual art, which exists solely in the realm of ideas. "A lot of the so-called conceptual art is nothing but atrophy," he told me. "I think we're just discovering the multiplicity of nature's ways." Smithson, however, is far from being a nature freak, and he tends to be a trifle scornful of the recent wave of environmental concern. "The ecology thing has a kind of religious, ethical undertone to it," he said. "It's like the official religion now, but I think a lot of it is based on a kind of late-nineteenth-century, puritanical view of nature. In the puritan ethic, there's a tendency to put man outside nature, so that whatever he does is fundamentally unnatural. There's this dualism lurking around the subject—this Teddy Roosevelt, John Muir, return-to-the-wilderness idea. To me, nature has three different aspects: there's wilderness; there's the

country, where man has been; and then there's the urban area. It's like a crystal growth; the urban area is no more unnatural than Yellowstone Park. A lot of people have the sentimental idea that nature is all good; they forget about the earthquakes and typhoons and things like that. Not that I'm opposed to the ecology movement—far from it. One of the things that interests me most, in fact, is the idea of using abandoned quarries, old strip mines, and such places as sites for earth art. These ruined landscapes could be recycled, too, and given over to a different type of cultivation."

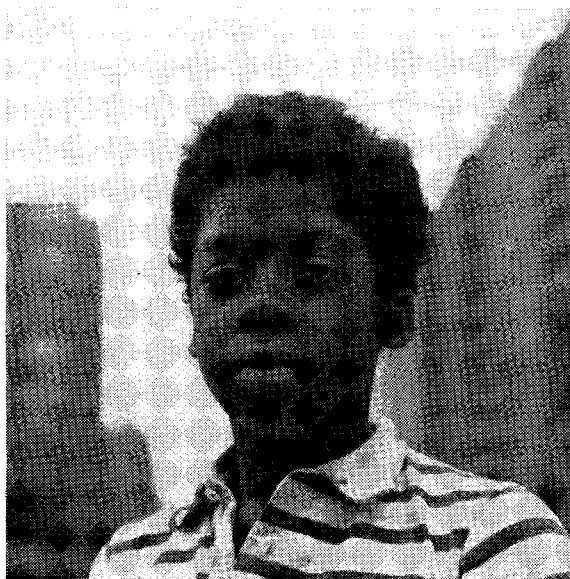


Early in 1969, Smithson read a book called "Vanishing Trails of Atacama," which described the strangely colorful process of mineralization in isolated bodies of water. He subsequently called a ranger in Utah, and found that at the northern end of the Great Salt Lake extremely heavy concentrations of salt and other minerals promoted a growth of algae that made the water red—"the color of tomato soup," the ranger said. Smithson went out to Utah and spent a couple of months scouting the area. Then, with financial support from the Dwan Gallery here and the Ace Gallery, in Los Angeles, he took a twenty-year lease on ten acres of lakefront land, hired a contractor, and in April, 1970, started work on the Spiral Jetty.

At the Dwan Gallery, I had seen Smithson's thirty-five-minute color film of his jetty. The film interspersed shots of maps, charts, and prehistoric bones with scenes of Smithson staking out the design with string in the shallow reddish water; trucks backing cautiously to the edge of the steadily lengthening spiral form to dump their loads of rock and dirt; white salt crystals forming on the rocks; and a final, spectacular view from a helicopter of Smithson running the length of the completed jetty—from its terminus on shore to the central point of the curling spiral, sixty yards out in the lake. The film had excited considerable interest in New York and in Europe, and, partly because of it, the Spiral Jetty had become the most widely reproduced example of contemporary earthworks.

In order to confront the Spiral Jetty, Miss Dwan and I flew from Las Vegas to Salt Lake City, rented another car, and drove about ninety miles north, to Brigham City. Smithson, who was in Holland at the time, creating a new earthwork in a sand quarry (he had intended to do it in a peat bog, but that idea fell through), had suggested that we stop in at the Golden

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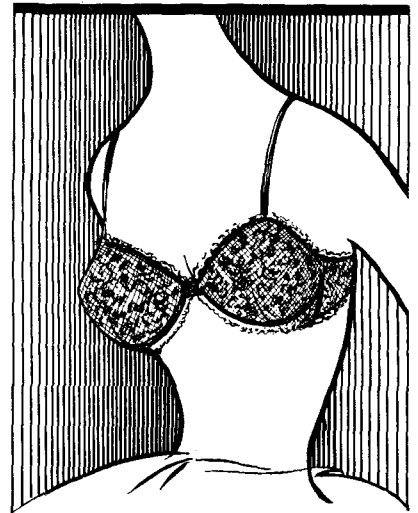
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Spike Motel in Brigham City, where he and his wife, the artist Nancy Holt, had stayed while they were working on the jetty; the manager there, Lafe Jensen, he said, could give us precise directions to the site. We had a terrible time finding the Golden Spike Motel, which seemed rather a poor omen, and when we finally did find it Mr. Jensen offered directions so detailed and so thick with homely rural landmarks that our spirits sank. He also mentioned that we might find the jetty under water, because the lake was unusually high at the moment. Mr. Jensen had not been out there since the previous fall, he said, but he was hoping to take his wife out again some Sunday for a picnic. As far as he knew, nobody else had been there recently, except for a group of newspapermen from out of state.

Thirty miles beyond Brigham City, just past the Golden Spike National Historic Site, where the first transcontinental railroad was linked together in 1869 (two antique locomotives and a memorial plinth mark the spot), we took a dirt road that led across rolling acres of rich farmland, but from that point on none of Mr. Jensen's local landmarks were in evidence. However, the landscape looked vaguely familiar to Miss Dwan (she had been there twice before, but each time someone else had been driving), so we held our course for another eight miles, in the general direction of the lake. We got down to the water at about five in the afternoon, and great was our relief to find, as prophesied by the seer of the Golden Spike, a ramshackle wooden jetty with some oil-drilling rigs on it. About half a mile down the shoreline, we could just make out Smithson's Spiral Jetty, and we covered the remaining distance on foot.

Lafe Jensen had been right about the high water, because most of the Spiral Jetty was submerged. Only the big boulders at the edges of the causeway were above water, and when I took off my shoes and tried to wade out I sank to my knees in mud. A whitish salt crust formed on my ankles as the water evaporated. The water was rust-colored, warm, and smooth as glass. I remembered Smithson's saying that there were three different ways of seeing the jetty—walking on it, from a hill on the shoreline, and from a helicopter. "I like to think the piece has a multiplicity of scale," he said. The action of salt-crystal formation also changed the look of the work, he went on. In the late summer, as the water in the lake evaporated, heavy concentrations of salt made a whitish sludge all



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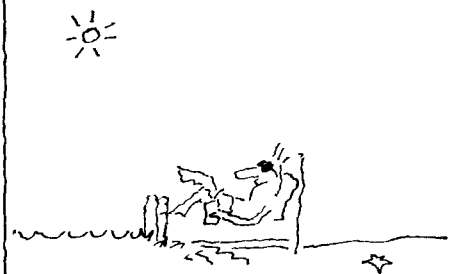
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along the edges of the spiral, with yellow streaks where the sulphur content showed through. The water became much redder then, he said—more like tomato soup. In the winter, the lake rose and the salt crystals dissolved. The Spiral Jetty was thus an organic work of art, responding like a tree or a plant to the changing seasons.

Unable to walk out on the jetty and lacking a helicopter, I climbed the hill behind the beach. The shape of the jetty was very clear from up there, just as Smithson had said, and the scale was altogether different. Set down in that flat immensity of water bounded by hazy, towering mountains, it looked precise and gemlike, obviously man-made yet unaccountably believable as a natural object. (The spiral itself, as Smithson had pointed out, is one of nature's basic forms.) There was something decidedly pleasing about Smithson's stone-and-earth spiral down there, curling so gracefully upon itself in the placid, reddish water. The dialogue between abstraction and nature that Smithson often mentions in connection with his work seemed to be going on very agreeably, in a modest and nonassertive way, and the problem of art competing with nature did not arise. Later on in the summer, when I was back in New York, I got a postcard from Smithson, in Utah, saying that the water in the lake had receded and that the jetty was surfacing nicely. "Half of the tail is completely covered with salt crystals," he wrote. "The rest is like an archipelago of white islands. I have never seen the water so red."

CHRISTO JAVACHEFF does not consider himself an earth artist. Although the focus of his extraordinary projects has broadened in recent years to include rural as well as urban areas, these projects tend to be in the nature of "events" rather than stationary works of art—to involve varying numbers of people in a common enterprise that exists for a brief time and then dissolves, leaving only photographs and controversies in its wake. Christo (he uses only his first name) is a Bulgarian-born artist of thirty-six, who escaped to Vienna from Prague at the time of the Hungarian revolt, made his way to Paris in 1958, and came to New York, where he lives now, in 1964. He established his reputation, in the early sixties, as a wrapper, rather than as a maker, of art works. He began by wrapping bottles, furniture, and other familiar items in rough canvas or polyethylene and tying off the bundles with yards of heavy twine—a process that



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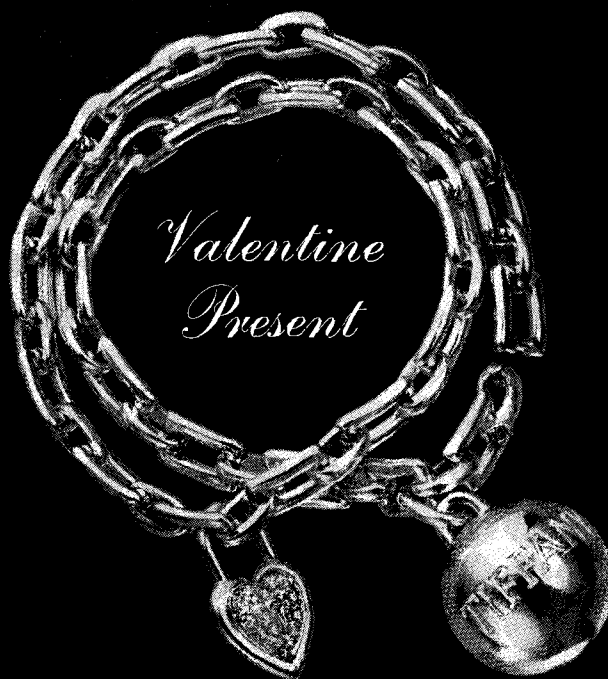
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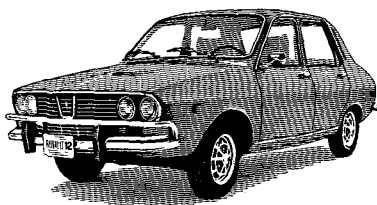
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struck some admirers as a wry Surrealist commentary on the modern preoccupation with packaging in industrialized societies. Since then, he has gone on to wrap motorcycles, trees, nude women, museum buildings, and, in 1969, a million square feet of rocky coastline near Sydney, Australia—surely one of the more ambitious art works of the nineteen-sixties. Although the emphasis on spectacle in Christo's work has barred him from consideration as a true earthworker, it would have been unthinkable for me to conclude my earth-art tour without a visit to Rifle, Colorado, where he was making preparations just then to hang an orange nylon curtain across a twelve-hundred-foot-wide canyon in the Grand Hogback area of the Rocky Mountains.

The Valley Curtain project had been initiated more than a year before—in March, 1970—and I had been following its progress with interest and awe. Not the least of Christo's talents is his ability to raise money for his bizarre undertakings. The wrapped coastline in Australia had cost about eighty thousand dollars, most of which Christo and his wife, Jeanne-Claude—a Parisian girl whose financial, promotional, and administrative genius just might make her the ideal person to reorganize Lockheed—had raised from various private sources in Europe and the United States. Valley Curtain was going to cost a good deal more than that. The initial estimate by Lev Zetlin Associates, the engineering firm engaged by Christo to make the structural-feasibility studies, came to two hundred and fifty-nine thousand dollars, which was subsequently revised upward to four hundred thousand. By early June, 1971, Christo and Jeanne-Claude had raised three hundred and seventy thousand of that, most of it from European collectors, dealers, and museums. They felt confident that they would bring in the rest by the time the curtain itself was raised, in late July—it was to stay in place for three months—and they were rather proud that not one penny had come as a donation; the backers were all being paid off with individual art works by Christo.

In order to finance the project, Christo had incorporated himself. He was the sole stockholder of something called the Valley Curtain Corporation. Christo gave the corporation all his drawings, models, and photomontages relating to the Valley Curtain, together with a number of unsold Christos

(wrappings, mostly) that dated back to 1958. All the money generated by the sale of these things would be spent on the Valley Curtain project, so that when the corporation closed its books and dissolved itself, in December, 1971, the final audit would show no profits, and, accordingly, there would be no federal tax. Scott Hodes, a Chicago lawyer who worked out the legal details of the corporation, told me that Jeanne-Claude had been absolutely invaluable to the project. "She runs the books, and she sees to it that everything gets done and that the materials get sent where they ought to be at the right time," he said. "She's an amazing woman." Hodes, who collects modern art and owns three



small Christos (two sketches of the Valley Curtain project and a copy of the 1966 annual report of the Chrysler Corporation wrapped in canvas and stout twine), had been highly enthusiastic about the Valley Curtain from the beginning. Oddly, so had many of the citizens of Rifle, a town of some two thousand inhabitants not previously known for its devotion to modern art. The local Chamber of Commerce likes to describe Rifle as the Oil-Shale Capital of the World, but the only local oil-shale plant—an experimental one run by the federal Bureau of Mines—closed down three years ago, throwing a number of Riflians out of work. The town, in fact, has been in something of an economic depression for several years. Although a Union Carbide vanadium refinery just outside town provides a number of jobs, the big-game hunting that is Rifle's other major industry has not been as good as usual in recent years (some people claim that Union Carbide's smokes and effluents have offended the elk, bear, and mountain lions), and, to compound the environmental irony, what was described as the World's Largest Trout Fish Hatchery, established by the Colorado State Game, Fish, and Parks Department in Rifle Creek, a few miles to the northeast, had to be closed down indefinitely a few years ago because it was polluting the water downstream. And yet it was not economic considerations alone that caused so many of Rifle's prominent citizens to look with favor upon an enterprise whose very oddity, it seemed, might help to put Rifle on the map.

Rifle Gap, some seventy miles due west of Aspen, is an exceptionally narrow valley, running between nearly perpendicular sandstone cliffs. Christo looked at a number of other possible

THE NEW YORKER

sites in Colorado, but none of them could match Rifle Gap's natural advantages, and so, in the spring of 1970, he approached the landowners on either side of the valley. One of them, Lloyd Wilson, was an airline pilot who happened to have seen Christo's wrapped coastline in Australia the year before. He wanted, and got, six thousand dollars for a nine-month lease on his land. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Kansgen, who owned the land on the west side, were so startled at first by the whole idea that for several weeks they were afraid to mention Christo's proposal to anybody. When they finally met the artist in person, though, he so charmed them that they said he could rent their land for four hundred dollars. Christo promised to give Mrs. Kansgen, who runs a small historical museum of Western artifacts about a mile from Rifle Gap, a good-sized piece of the Valley Curtain to put on display there when the project was terminated.

Although Christo's English is still a little erratic, his obvious sincerity and his beautifully considerate manners seem to have captivated nearly everyone in Rifle, including those who thought he must be off his rocker. In Denver, however, two hundred miles away, opposition to the Valley Curtain soon began to build up. The Colorado Open Space Council, a recently formed conservation group, expressed grave anxiety that the curtain's shadow, falling across the Gap for three months, would adversely affect the animal, insect, and plant life of the area, and that birds might be injured by flying into it. Christo referred the ecological question to Professor William Weber, the head of the Biology Department of the University of Colorado, who assured them that the curtain's shadow would have no effect whatever on the wildlife or plant life (neither of which abounds in the Gap), and he intimated that any bird that could not manage to fly over the curtain would have to be in pretty bad shape to begin with. His arguments apparently satisfied the environmentalists. The Open Space Council expressed its continued disapproval of what it termed a "frivolous use of the land" (since most of the project's financial backing seemed to have come from Europe, Edward Connors, the Council's president, said, why were the Europeans being "deprived of the opportunity of having such art in their back yard?"), but it agreed to take no legal action against the project.

More serious problems were being generated, however, by the Colorado State Highway Department. State

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Highway 325 runs right through Rifle Gap. Christo had designed an arch in the curtain—fifty feet wide by twenty feet high—to accommodate passing traffic, but the Highway Department wanted to make very sure that an eight-thousand-pound curtain in a narrow valley where strong gusts of wind could be expected was not going to fall upon the vehicles of the "travelling public." Before it would issue a permit to proceed, therefore, the Department demanded a thorough investigation of the project by an independent engineering consultant; it also demanded that liability insurance of up to a million and a half dollars be taken out, and that it have access to the premises at all times, "in the event it becomes necessary to remove the curtain." The extra insurance policy (the Valley Curtain Corporation already had its own) was a major factor in the steadily mounting costs, which Christo and Jeanne-Claude were spending most of their time trying to meet. They had also engaged the Ken R. White Company, of Denver, to make the independent engineering study. The curtain was originally scheduled to be raised on July 1st. When I flew down from Salt Lake City on June 21st, however, work was still being held up by a series of test borings into the sandstone cliffs on either side of the valley, to make sure they would support the weight of the art.

The project director for Valley Curtain was a forty-one-year-old Dutchman named Jan van der Marck, who was also vice-president of the Valley Curtain Corporation. (The president and treasurer, naturally, was Jeanne-Claude.) He seemed moderately cheerful in spite of all the delays and difficulties, which he told me about after dinner on the night of my arrival. Van der Marck is full of enthusiasm for the work of Christo and other vanguard artists. As chief curator of the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis, and, more recently, as director of the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago, he gained a reputation in museum circles for putting on highly original and, at times, somewhat controversial exhibitions, the most spectacular of which involved the wrapping of the Chicago museum, inside and out, by Christo in 1969—an event that led one fellow museum director to refer to van der Marck as another of those heathens "who have defiled the sanctuary." Having resigned his museum position early in 1970 (for reasons that had nothing to do with Christo), he agreed to work on the Valley Curtain project, not only because the idea appealed to



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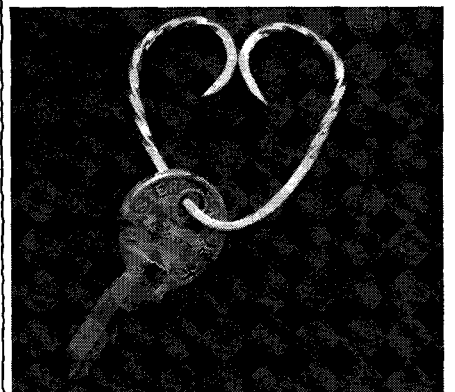
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him but because of his own belief that certain art forms can no longer be contained within museums. The Valley Curtain and some of the more celebrated earthworks struck him, he said, as "the primitive beginnings of a new type of art," with which, he felt, contemporary museums must sooner or later come to terms.

We talked for a while, van der Marck and I, about Christo's rather curious position in the contemporary art world. Christo has never been quite accepted by the avant-garde establishment in New York, as one might gather from the fact that the overwhelming majority of the Valley Curtain's sponsors were Europeans. Van der Marck thought this was due in part to cultural chauvinism.



Some of the critics still tend to look on Christo as a European aesthete, he said, whereas earth art is very American. "It reflects the vast scale of the country, the back-to-the-earth sentiments of the ecologists, and also a kind of frontier romanticism that many Europeans find so appealing," van der Marck said. He paused and then went on, "Maybe Christo is not tough enough, either. He never spits in your eye, the way some of the earth artists do. People seem to like that truculence now; there is the new mystique of the slap in the face. But Christo is always courteous and helpful, so some think he's just a self-promoter. And yet, you know, I have never heard him make a snide or vicious remark about another artist's work, which is unusual, to say the least. Few artists of my acquaintance are as fair or objective about others' work as Christo is."

I met Christo and his eleven-year-old son, Cyril, at the Aspen airport the following morning (Jeanne-Claude was in New York, too busy with financial and other matters to leave), and the three of us drove over to Rifle that afternoon with Charles Russell, a graduate student from Cornell, who was spending the summer helping out. It is a spectacular drive, gradually descending the western slope of the Continental Divide and running parallel to the Colorado River for many miles. Christo was in fine spirits. He is a slim, rather frail-looking man with shoulder-length dark hair and a thin, intelligent face that frequently breaks into an engaging smile. He told us that his Aspen friends had been horrified when they learned he was going to hang the curtain in Rifle. "In Aspen, they are very intellectually conscious," he said. "They said that the people in Rifle were all Nixonians and hardhats and cowboys,

and that they would probably kill me. But, you see, we have nothing but good relations with the people there. They are good people, very straight."

I asked whether the idea of a curtain was not something of a departure for him, inasmuch as he had been principally known as a wrapper. Not at all, he said. As far back as 1962, in Paris, he had made an Iron Curtain out of oil drums—two hundred and four oil drums, piled to a height of fifteen feet—which completely blocked the Rue Visconti for three hours. "The idea of closing off, of stopping the circulation between two places, has always interested me," he said. In 1969, he proposed the temporary closing off of all east-west highways in the United States by means of glass walls forty-eight feet high, but so far this work has remained in the conceptual stage.

Rifle has the dusty, hard-bitten look of a good many Western towns. As we drove through it, Christo pointed out Mc's Cafe, where he and van der Marck had held several meetings with the local citizenry during the past six months. He also pointed out the Harris Jewelry Store, whose owner, William J. Tadus, was the mayor of Rifle and a good friend of the Valley Curtain. By the time he had singled out these landmarks, we were out of town, heading north on Highway 325 toward Rifle Gap. The countryside, watered by Rifle Creek, offered pleasant vistas of green meadows being cropped by well-put-together horses and cows. About seven miles north of town, the valley narrowed abruptly: we were approaching the Gap. Just beyond its narrowest point, we turned off to the right and parked beside a large air compressor marked "Morrison-Knudsen, Boise"—the name of the contracting firm that was going to hang the curtain. The engineering crew greeted Christo with great warmth. Cyril, who was going to be staying with Charles Russell and his wife in Rifle for the next few weeks, gave each man a brisk, European-style handshake and asked about the swimming. The Morrison-Knudsen people, it appeared, were feeling somewhat frustrated, because they were still being held up by the independent engineering survey. In fact, several rock drillers were high up on both cliffs at the moment, taking samples of rock at various levels. Wes Hoffmann, the Morrison-Knudsen project manager, said that the results so far looked very promising, and that he and his crew hoped to start installing the cable anchors the next week. The



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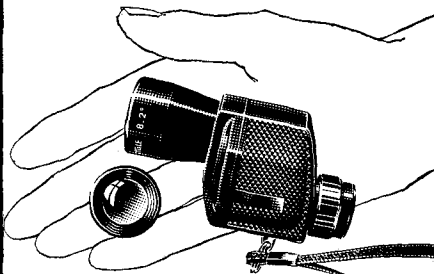
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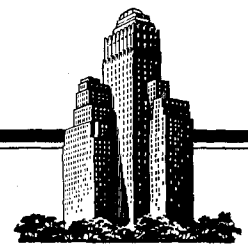
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110,060 pounds of cable—custom-made for the project by the United States Steel plant in Trenton—had arrived a few days earlier at the railroad siding in Rifle. The curtain itself, made by the J. P. Stevens Company—two hundred and fifty thousand square feet of industrial nylon polyamide, dyed bright orange to screen out the sun's infrared rays and prevent loss of tensile strength—was not expected until the end of the month. (At the factory in Richwood, West Virginia, where it was made, a foreman said it was the biggest sewing job they had ever attempted; it had taken eight people four weeks to sew the estimated sixty miles of seams.) I asked Hofmann what he thought of the project, and he said that it was somewhat similar to stringing a high line over a dam, except for the problem of wind load. "The curtain isn't heavy," he said. "It's the force of the wind blowing on it that you have to consider." Hofmann didn't want to get into a discussion of the aesthetics of the Valley Curtain, but he did say that he found it "one hell of a challenge." Jack Webb, his associate, said that they had had some difficulty explaining to people passing through Rifle Gap just what it was they were doing. "Trouble is, after you explain what it is, then you're *really* in deep water," Webb said. "Now I've got so I just tell 'em it's to feed my wife and kids." The plan, he said, was to string four main cables across the Gap and anchor them securely. The curtain would be furled around a slack fifth cable, and when all was ready this would be gradually tightened and pulled up into position. The last step would be to fasten the curtain to the four main cables and then unfurl it. In a strong wind, the curtain would billow out as much as thirty-five feet, and the engineers had to allow for two and a half million pounds of pull on the cables. Hofmann said that getting the curtain up there was going to take a lot of thinking.

Charles Russell suggested that we climb up the western cliff—a suggestion that young Cyril greeted with enthusiasm. We struggled up the nearly perpendicular ascent, slipping on loose shale all the way, and at the top held a brief shouted colloquy with the drillers over the roar of their equipment. The head driller showed Christo a box full of long, sausage-shaped cores he had drawn out of the cliff, and said the rock was as good as any he had ever seen. This pleased Christo, because the question of the rock's solidity was the only remaining obstacle to the Highway Department's issuance of a permit. The



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driller said he expected to finish the test borings the next day and get the results through in a hurry. Sargis Sako Zafarian, the chief structural engineer of the White Company, had already told van der Marck that he hoped to see the project approved. According to van der Marck, Zafarian had said that while he didn't understand Christo's curtain from an artistic point of view, he thought it interesting enough from an engineering point of view to want to see it go up. This was always the way it was with engineers on his projects, Christo explained. At the beginning, they would be suspicious, but then they would get into the spirit of things and become very involved and enthusiastic—would become, in Christo's mind, "artist-engineers" collaborating in the creative process.

On the way back to Rifle, we stopped off at the Rifle Golf Club, a mile or so down the road from the Gap, to see Jimmy Ledonne, the manager there. Ledonne had been one of Christo's staunchest supporters from the beginning, speaking up for the Valley Curtain at every opportunity and offering the use of the club restaurant and bar to all Valley Curtain personnel. (He was also enlarging the club parking lot to accommodate sightseers.) "Some of these old farmers around here were pretty skeptical when they first heard about the curtain," Ledonne said, "but I told 'em you've got to be a little broadminded in this world. Different people do different things. Christo here knew what he wanted and he had the money to do it with, so why not let him go ahead?"

I was impressed by Ledonne's readiness to accept the curtain on its own terms, without bothering about whether or not it was a work of art. This struck me as a Western attitude, and I found it reflected in my conversations with other local citizens that afternoon. Most people had apparently assumed at first that the curtain was going to have something painted on it—a portrait or a design of some kind—and the idea that it was just going to *hang* there was a little hard to fit into Rifle's conception of the fine arts. But in the end nearly everyone had been willing to take it on faith that Christo, a famous artist from New York, knew what he was doing, and ought to be allowed to do it, as long as it didn't cost Rifle any money. "I thought it was the greatest thing I'd ever heard of," Anthony C. Macchione, who owns Mc's Cafe, Mc's Boat and Camper Sales, a block of apartments, and about seven hundred head of cattle, said to me later that after-



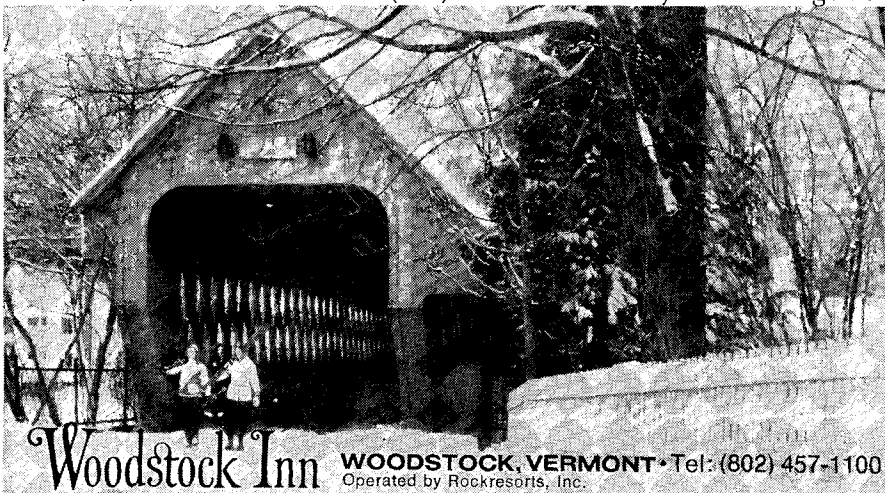
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noon. "It sounded just fine to me. I want people to be people. To me, the important thing is that there's a man in this world who's thinking great things. Christo's putting up all his own money—he's not out here begging for cash. And I think as long as that's the case, in *any* country a man ought to be able to express his ideas."

A few weeks earlier, in May, a telephone poll by the manager of the Rifle radio station had found a hundred and twenty-seven people in favor of the Valley Curtain and twenty-three opposed to it. Jimm Seaney, who runs Station KWSR from the lobby of the Winchester Hotel (Teddy Roosevelt once stayed there on a hunting trip), took down the

name and address of each person he called, and he claims that most of the negative votes came from people in other towns. As soon as he had finished his poll, Seaney got together with the mayor of Rifle and some of his fellow-members of the Chamber of Commerce and put through a conference call to the governor's office in Denver. Governor John Love had rather carefully avoided taking a position on the Valley Curtain up to this time. He had been quoted as saying that the project "doesn't appeal to me as a great work of art"—undoubtedly a prudent remark in a state where newly hatched conservationists are thicker and more active politically than lovers of advanced art. According to Seaney, though, the Governor took their call right away and listened respectfully to the results of the telephone poll. "Why do you people want that curtain, anyway?" Seaney remembers his asking. "I told him that we were in a depressed economic situation over here, and that, if nothing else, Christo's curtain would bring an influx of tourists and give us a shot in the arm," Seaney said. "The Governor said, 'I'll accept that.' He asked how the weather was, and hung up, and the next day he got thrown off a horse." A lot of people think that Seaney's poll was a big factor in the Highway Department's decision to give Christo his permit, which came through on July 12th.

TIME was going by, and I had to get back to New York. Christo, too, had to leave—in his case for Houston, where the Houston Museum of Fine Arts was opening a special exhibition of documents, photographs, drawings, and models related to the Valley Curtain. From time to time for the rest of the summer, I kept wondering how the project was faring. Then,

at a dinner party one evening in October, a New York art-world luminary reported with enormous glee and satisfaction that the Valley Curtain had come to grief that very afternoon—had broken loose from its moorings while it was being raised into position, and had torn itself to pieces on the rocks below. The local anti-Christo brand of cultural chauvinism had never been more clearly in evidence.

By the time I saw Christo again—in New York, about a week later—he had more or less recovered from the experience. Disasters of one sort or another were not altogether new in his career. During the wrapping of the Australian coastline, for example, a freak storm, with

winds up to a hundred miles an hour, had destroyed about a third of the fabric and set the project back for several weeks; the year before, a two-hundred-and-eighty-foot sausage-shaped balloon called 5,600 Cubic Meter Package, which Christo was making for the "Documenta IV" exhibition in Kassel, Germany, ripped apart three times while being inflated or hoisted into position. In Rifle, Christo had announced that the Valley Curtain would be hung without fail in June, 1972, and he and Jeanne-Claude were now throwing themselves cheerfully into the work of raising funds for a new curtain. This was going to cost at least seventy thousand dollars (the insurance on the original curtain applied only to potential victims, not to the fabric itself), but neither Christo nor Jeanne-Claude seemed worried about that. As she put it, in her brisk and chipper fashion, "the money is not the problem."

The real problem, according to Christo, van der Marck, and several other witnesses I talked with subsequently, had been the Morrison-Knudsen contracting crew. For a long time, Christo had been unwilling to take seriously the reports he kept hearing from friends in Rifle—reports that the construction workers looked upon the whole project as a joke and were saying so night after night over their beers in Mc's Cafe. It is important to Christo to believe that the workers become artists when they work on one of his projects, and he kept on believing it in this instance as long as he could. As the summer wore on, though, the number of engineering breakdowns and failures did begin to seem a little excessive. Equipment proved inadequate for the job at hand and had to be replaced. A winch that was to pull the steel cable from its shipping drum pulled too fast, causing a monumental tangle that took



the whole day to straighten out. Soon afterward, one of the main support cables for the curtain came loose as it was being moored to the cliff and went crashing down into the valley, narrowly missing several workmen and a passing Buick. Morrison-Knudsen had designed a special cable car that was supposed to ride above the support cables and serve as a vehicle for the men who would attach the curtain, but it did not work at all and had to be replaced by an improvised platform hung from the cables on pulleys. Unforeseen problems kept arising, and each one meant a further delay in the hanging schedule. Christo and van der Marck got several extensions of their permit from the Highway Department, but by late August the end still was not in sight. Finally, in desperation, Christo put in a call to Dimiter S. Zagoroff, the engineer who had worked with him on the Kassel air structure. Zagoroff, who lives in Boston, came out to Rifle and made a number of helpful suggestions, but this, in turn, accelerated the deterioration in relations between Christo and Wes Hofmann, the Morrison-Knudsen crew chief.

Not until the first week in October were the cables at last in place. The original plan had been substantially modified to meet the Highway Department's specifications. The four heavy cables spanning the Gap were now attached to two two-hundred-and-ten-ton concrete blocks anchored to the sandstone cliffs by dozens of stressed-steel rods driven forty feet into the rock. Eighteen men were at work on the site, including a team of six structural ironworkers from Chicago. The raising was now to take place on Saturday, October 9th. Alerted by the Christos, art-world followers from both coasts, reporters, and camera crews of the three major TV networks were converging on Rifle, along with scores of curious Coloradans and friends or relatives of the local boosters. By raising day, Rifle's motel and hotel rooms were booked solid, and the merchants who had set high hopes on the project were feeling distinctly bullish.

A sizable traffic jam developed on both sides of Rifle Gap that Saturday morning. Some people arrived before eight o'clock, and spent the next four or five hours wondering when something was going to happen. There were, inevitably, more unforeseen difficulties and delays. Shortly after noon, though, the crew started to raise the slack cable around which the curtain had been carefully furled. The curtain itself, wrapped in tarpaulins to protect the nylon fabric while it was being



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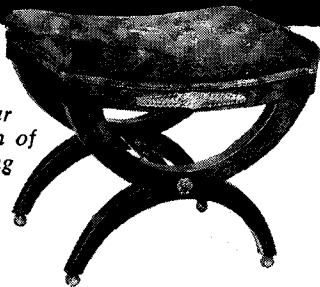


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raised from the valley floor, would be left overnight in its furled state. Then, on Sunday, it would be unfurled gradually and secured to its thirty ground anchors.

Christo was nervous about the plan that Hofmann had worked out for lowering the curtain. The furled curtain was fastened with ropes tied in what the construction team called "magic knots," each of which trailed a long end that reached the ground; a tug at the rope end would untie the magic knot and allow the curtain to fall free. Christo lacked faith in the knots, and his anxiety increased when he learned that the workmen on the east cliff, having run out of the special tape that was to be used in securing the knots, were making do with some used tape. Communications between Christo and Hofmann were almost nonexistent at this point. At four-fifteen in the afternoon, though, when Hofmann let it be known that his crew was going to quit work at four-thirty, even though the curtain on its pickup cable had been raised only about two-thirds of the way to the top, communications suddenly became very heated indeed. Christo and Jeanne-Claude argued with marked vehemence that to leave the curtain in that state, without securing it in any way to the four main cables, would jeopardize the entire project. What if a strong wind came up? They implored Hofmann to keep his men on the job at least until nightfall so that the pickup cable could be secured. Hofmann said that it would be dark before they could secure it, and that the lives of his men were more important than Christo's curtain.

At four-thirty sharp, the construction crew knocked off for the day. Christo, Jeanne-Claude, van der Marck, and a few others worked frantically for the next hour or so, trying to make everything as secure as possible. At about five-fifteen, while there was still light, they went down the road to Jimmy Ledonne's golf club for a drink. Just before six, van der Marck and two friends of his who had driven down from Salt Lake City for the hanging decided to walk back for a last look at the site. As they approached Rifle Gap, van der Marck suddenly saw a fold of orange curtain material come loose from its shroud and begin to flap in the wind. "It was amazing," van der Marck said afterward. "You somehow never expect to be there when disaster strikes—you're usually somewhere else. But we saw the whole thing happen before our eyes. Up there on the east side of the valley, one of the magic knots had come loose. Then a

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lot more of the orange material poured out, and more and more, as other knots gave way. It was astonishing and frightening, and also strangely beautiful, in a way. The sky was a sort of deep blue—and in that light the billowing orange fabric looked like flames, and the noise it made in the breeze even sounded like a huge conflagration. About half the curtain came loose in all, and reached all the way to the ground on the east side. Although there was not much wind—only eight or ten miles an hour, I'm told—the curtain moved with such force that it picked up boulders and flung them around, and even turned over some of the heavy equipment. Everybody came running back, of course—you could see what was happening from the golf club. Some people saw it from farther away and thought the curtain was going up after all. There was nothing anybody could do. We drove up to the top of a hill nearby and watched until ten o'clock, and then I went back to Christo's apartment in Rifle and we called our lawyer."

Christo had wept openly during the destruction of the curtain, more than fifty per cent of which was irreparably damaged, and he left Rifle four days later without saying goodbye to Wes Hofmann. At a press conference held at Jimmy Ledonne's clubhouse on Tuesday, October 12th, however, Christo and van der Marck, on the advice of their lawyer, blamed the accident on "mechanical failure," and refrained from saying what they really thought about the construction crew. The press conference was well attended by Rifle citizens, most of whom joined in a standing ovation for Christo following his statement, in which he promised to return the following June to finish the project. One woman, a member of the Rifle City Council, got up and said that until the accident most people had tended to look on the curtain as a crazy idea that just might help the town, but that since they had seen how beautiful it looked, even in its death throes, the Valley Curtain had become *their* project as well as Christo's, and they all looked forward impatiently to his return next year. Christo was moved. It was as though the town of Rifle had become, through his efforts, a community of artists.

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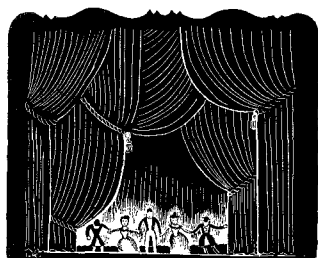
THE SIGN IN SIDNEY BRUSTEIN'S WINDOW," which made its first appearance on Broadway in 1964, returned last week in a new production at the Longacre, which lasted for five performances. This short run didn't surprise me. "The Sign" was a poor enough play eight years ago, and the sympathy with which it was greeted at the time, even by people who felt no admiration for it, was surely in part because its talented young author, Lorraine Hansberry, was at that very moment dying of cancer. I remember thinking then how curiously dated a play "The Sign" was, resembling the clumsy, vigorous Ibsenizing of playwrights of the New Deal period, some thirty years earlier. By now, the play creaks and groans with so many archaisms of plotting and insight that if it had been presented Off Broadway instead of On, its dusty old ideas might well have been openly laughed at and booed. Moreover, "The Sign" was not improved by the so-called "adaptation" it received at the hands of Robert Nemiroff and Charlotte Zaltzberg. Mr. Nemiroff, who was married to Miss Hansberry, has made something of a career since her death out of tinkering with her literary works. I have the impression that this new version of "The Sign" was given a patting over of cosmetic scatological invective in the vain hope of making it sound more timely; it was also given some mindless incidental songs, written by Gary William Friedman and Ray Errol Fox, and reedily sung by four Woodstockian wraiths, who came on at intervals to stop the play dead in its untidy tracks.

Hal Linden managed to play with no hint of personal revulsion the stereotyped role of a young Jewish idealist. The idealist's wife, a struggling actress of Greek origin, was played by Zohra Lampert, who, though manifestly uneasy, must have counted herself lucky in her lines compared to poor John D'Amico; his preposterous role called upon him to propose marriage to one of the actress's sisters without ever having had a sufficiently close relationship with her to discover that she was a whore—not

only a whore, mind you, but a white whore—and one would conclude from his roof-raising indignation that, as a black man, he was as much astonished and dismayed by his fiancée's color as by her means of livelihood. Equally banal and outdated were Frances Sternhagen's role as the second of the actress's sisters (unaccountably, she had shed her Greekness to become an uptown mock-Wasp, and had suffered an appropriate fate: her tiresome husband would not sleep with her) and William Atherton's role as a zombie-like homosexual playwright, who occasionally borrowed a big dictionary to help write his plays with—what a reason for bringing an actor onstage!—and who proved instantly seducible by fame. No more about what is no more. The play is without life, and neither the director, Alan Schneider, nor the set designer, William Ritman, could make it breathe.

WISE CHILD," which gave four performances at the Helen Hayes, was an ugly and unpleasant amalgam of Joe Orton and Agatha Christie. Its author, Simon Gray, an Englishman who I charitably assume is very young, may have conceived of his play as a farce, but somewhere in the writing of it he allowed it to become a tawdry thriller, threaded through with homosexual sight gags and verbal gags, and dependent for its surprising final curtain upon a Christie twist of the sort we admired, long years ago, in "Witness for the Prosecution."

It is characteristic of the play that the only heterosexual male it contained was played in drag throughout the evening. Donald Pleasence made a welcome unfeminine woman, and it was a refreshment to us when, after George Rose, as a homosexual hotel-keeper, had spent his energies in pursuit of a golden-haired homosexual comrade-in-crime of Mr. Pleasence's, we observed Mr. P. peeping with pleasure into the unbuttonable bodice of a pretty chambermaid—a girl for whom chastity was obviously an abstraction too difficult to speculate upon. This play, successful in London, is evidence that the English



sense of humor continues to be nourished by nineteenth-century anal-erotic fantasies; by its peculiar standards, homosexuality is every bit as hilarious as the loo.

Mr. Pleasence and Mr. Rose performed their duties with professional relish, but Bud Cort was a trifle too hysterical for my taste as the comrade-in-crime, and Lauren Jones was encouraged to play the part of the chambermaid exactly wrong instead of right. The director of "Wise Child" was James Hammerstein, and the designer of the single set was Peter Larkin. For reasons best known to himself, Mr. Larkin designed the set, which consisted of the interiors of two hotel bedrooms, in such a fashion that the floors pitched steeply down from stage right to stage left. It put one in mind of the Titanic, which was not a clever thing to do. —BRENDAN GILL

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RUNES

THERE are no trained runologists in Maine, but a lot of people have been trying to make do. A lack of runologists is nothing for a state to be ashamed of; there aren't many anywhere. The runic alphabet was last used widely by the common people of Scandinavia in the Middle Ages, and what survives of their writing is not voluminous or abstruse enough to accommodate droves of scholars. Scandinavian countries have hundreds of surviving runic inscriptions—memorials or expressions of religious faith or declarations of ownership—but most of them are short. Runes were normally carved on stone or wood or metal—not a method that encouraged prolixity. Runic inscriptions have also been found in Greenland—part of the archeological evidence left by the medieval Norse settlers who made forays from there to the Vinland that has long been presumed to be North America. In Bath, Maine, last June, Walter Elliott, a part-time carpenter who had grown up in the area, walked into the Bath Marine Museum to show Harold E. Brown, the museum's curator, some stones he said he had found on the banks of the Morse River, a tidal stream that runs into the ocean at Popham Beach, in the township of Phippsburg. Two of the stones were covered with symbols, and another had a drawing that seemed to be a map of Popham Beach. Brown, a

retired high-school mathematics teacher, happens to be an amateur archeologist. "I recognized them for what they probably were," he said later. "There was only one thing in my mind that they *could* be." Rune stones.

Elliott was then living in Quincy, Massachusetts, near Boston, and Brown suggested that the Peabody Museum at Harvard would be a likely place to find a runologist. Meanwhile, Brown got out a book on runes. He was able to transliterate all of the symbols himself. A friend of his, Winthrop Stowell, who is president of the historical society in a town called Freeport, thought he could read a date on the stones as 1011 and one of the words as "hoop," which he took to be an attempt at spelling the old Norse word for "bay"—perhaps, he thought, a description of the widening of the Morse River into what is called Spirit Pond. Stowell, accompanied by a couple of neighbors, visited the site and wrote up a field report indicating that indentations were found on the bank of the river at the spot where Elliott had reported finding the stones, that the site seemed to be an appropriate place for a camp, and that Elliott was from a sound family, well known in Bath. Elliott, an ex-sailor with an independent turn of mind, had always liked to poke around places like Popham Beach with a clam rake and a metal-detector, looking for Indian arrowheads or anything

else he could find. He is what archeologists call a "potholer." Amateur archeologists of the kind who belong to archeology associations are interested in what artifacts might indicate about a previous society—Brown, for instance, has tried to discover precisely what was eaten by some Indians who used to live around Phippsburg—and they normally take some care in preserving the site of an important find, since the context within which an artifact is found is often more important to an archeologist than the artifact itself. Potholers are interested in the objects found—for collection or trade or sale. Any potholer, of course, is potentially an amateur archeologist—particularly any potholer who has found what appear to be medieval rune stones. A month after the stones were found, Elliott wrote Brown, "The more I read about the Vikings, the more I'm convinced that Maine is Vinland."

Elliott and the Peabody Museum never got together. Elliott has said that he went to the Peabody with the stones, failed to find anyone who would pay any attention to him, and finally walked out in disgust. Officials of the Peabody say that the closest they came to having an opportunity to examine the stones was a demand by Elliott that an opinion on their authenticity be given over the telephone. Elliott eventually got an opinion on the stones from someone outside the Peabody. He sent them to Dr. O. G. Landsverk, the director of the Landsverk Foundation, of Glendale, California, and the author of three books on runic inscriptions. Landsverk wrote Elliott that the stones were undoubtedly authentic. He said an exact translation could soon be provided. The implication was clear: Maine was Vinland.

As it turned out, the land Elliott was on when he found the stones had the previous year become the property of the Maine State Park and Recreation Commission. Under a law passed in 1969 to protect historic artifacts, the stones belonged to the state because they had been found on state land—and it soon became clear that the state wanted them back. There was some talk about how authentic rune stones—the proof of Viking presence in America—could be the making of the new state museum at Augusta. John Briggs, the historian for the Park and Recreation Commission, found an opportunity both by letter and in person to inform Elliott that the stones should be returned to the state—which would see to it that they were properly examined by experts and would, of course, give full credit to their discoverer. Elliott did not exactly



reply to Briggs' letter, although he did write Briggs to complain that the state was not protecting the site from amateurs. Finally, Briggs sent off a stiff letter to Elliott by registered mail—one of those lawyer-inspired letters that use a lot of phrases like "the undersigned" and "appropriate action." That letter did receive a direct answer, in the form of a telegram: "HOW DARE YOU SEND ME SUCH A LETTER. I DECLARE WAR." The next day, Briggs received a telegram he found even more disquieting. It said, "JUST RETURNED FROM PHIPPSBURG. REBURIED STONES ON STATE LAND NEAR SITE FOR SOME OTHER FOOL TO FIND."

People like Harold Brown expressed astonishment. They had thought of Elliott as the kind of mildly eccentric individualist often found among the seafaring people of the Maine coast—a man who lived in rooming houses and kept a small boat and went wherever he wanted to go. A man like that, Brown said later, may have "a mind set against officialdom" and may be easy to offend. But to rebury the stones! Brown joined Elliott's principal adviser in Boston—a banker named Richard Card, who knows Brown from having attended high school in Bath—in urging Elliott to give the stones to the state. It was mentioned that an appropriate name for them might be the Elliott Stones.

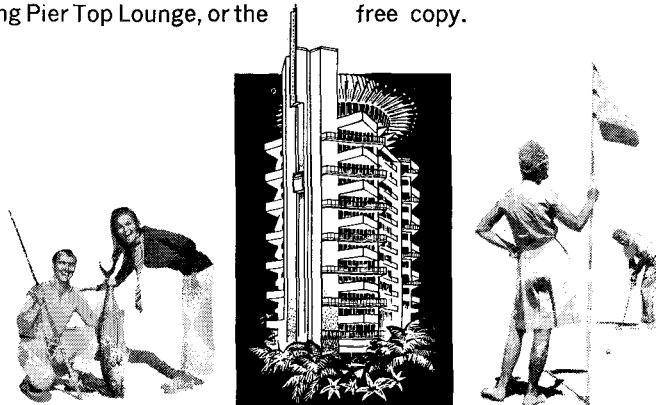
The Park and Recreation Commission decided that the matter could best be handled by the state attorney general's office, and an assistant attorney general met with Elliott to talk about returning the stones. The assistant attorney general reported that Elliott would negotiate for the return of only one stone—and that with some conditions. The first condition was that the stone never leave the state of Maine except for exhibition. The second condition was that a team of archeologists begin a dig around the site on the Morse River, near Spirit Pond. The third condition was a new car for Walter Elliott. The fourth condition was a thousand dollars in expense money for Walter Elliott. The state started legal proceedings. Elliott went to Florida.

AN opinion about the authenticity of rune stones does not require a doctorate in Old Norse. Brown and Stowell and Card and Briggs are amateurs. All of them have been quick to say that, being unqualified to judge the authenticity of the Popham stones themselves, they can only try to see to it that the stones reach the hands of experts who are qualified. But all of them seem to have little doubt that the

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stones Walter Elliott brought to Harold Brown were in fact carved by a medieval Viking on the shores of Vinland. Any of them can begin a discussion of the stones by saying that no one will know about their authenticity until they are returned, and end it with a sentence that starts something like "Doesn't it seem reasonable, though, that these Norsemen in Greenland, cut off from Europe for hundreds of years, looking for warmer climates..." Stowell has begun to compile a list of other possible Norse artifacts on the New England coast. Briggs has become interested in similarities between runes and Indian petroglyphs. All of the people involved acknowledge that they *want* to believe the stones are real—to believe that Viking ships once sailed through the islands that lie off Popham Beach and up the Morse River and into the shelter of Spirit Pond.

Their belief in the stones did not seem greatly affected by the discovery that Dr. Landsverk himself is an amateur. His doctorate is in physics. His career was in manufacturing. The Landsverk Foundation and the Norseman Press, the publishing house that issued his books on runes, are both his own creations—part of a crusade to prove that America was Vinland long before Columbus saw it. If a scholar of Old Norse is told that Landsverk has declared a runic inscription authentic, the look that is likely to cross his face is similar to the look that crosses the face of a Shakespeare scholar who has just been told that some retired merchant banker has absolute proof that "Macbeth" could have been written by nobody except Edward de Vere, the seventeenth Earl of Oxford. Runologists are in general agreement that none of the purported rune stones that have turned up in the United States is authentic. Landsverk contends that virtually all of them are authentic—even those found as far inland as Oklahoma. He says that the professional scholars, whom he ordinarily refers to as "a few skeptics who still insist on putting on the blinders," have merely failed to understand that the Vinland stones were written in a code—a code that Landsverk's colleague, a cryptanalyst named Alf Mongé, has finally broken.

Landsverk's lack of conventional credentials might have caused more doubt among the supporters of the Popham stones if they hadn't found another scholarly enthusiast. After Landsverk returned the stones, Card and Elliott took them to Cyrus Gordon, chairman of the Mediterranean Studies Department at Brandeis University.

Although Gordon is recognized as a scholar of the Near East rather than Scandinavia (his linguistic expertise is in Ugaritic rather than Old Norse), his interest in tracing the diffusion of ancient cultures has led him into some investigation of pre-Columbian America. He had some experience in cryptanalysis himself during the war, and he is convinced that Mongé is "one of the great discoverers of our time." Like Mongé, Gordon believes that what appear to be the kind of mistakes in runic inscriptions that indicate inauthenticity



to scholars—misspellings, for instance—are actually purposeful errors that make the code come out right. (Runologists speak of Mongé's method as a game that

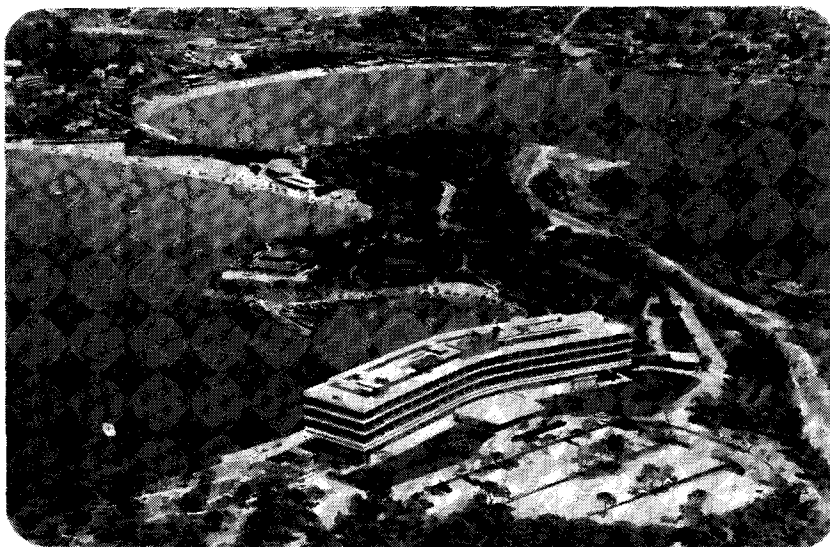
can be used to produce secret messages in the preface of one of Landsverk's own books.) Gordon believes that the Kensington Stone—which was found in Kensington, Minnesota, in 1898, and is universally dismissed by specialists as a hoax—is "one-hundred-per-cent genuine, without a shadow of a doubt." He says that he has not figured out the codes on the Popham stones but that his faith in Mongé is such that he would give odds of three to one on their authenticity. Mongé has said that the stones undoubtedly record the voyage of Bishop Henrikus to Vinland in 1123.

John Briggs went to the Peabody himself, and while at Harvard he finally talked to somebody who has professional credentials in runology—Einar Haugen, who holds a chair in Scandinavian and linguistics. Although Haugen would not offer a final opinion until he had examined the stones themselves, he told Briggs that his impression from having studied photographs of the symbols was that the Popham stones were imitations carved by someone who had a superficial familiarity with the Kensington Stone. Briggs and the others seemed only mildly discouraged at the news. They talked of how scholars are bound to differ, and said Haugen had assured Briggs that he would, of course, keep an open mind. Press stories continued to report that the stones had been authenticated by Dr. O. G. Landsverk, in much the same way they might report that a set of fingerprints had been identified by the F.B.I.

VIRTUALLY all scholars of the subject believe that Norsemen did land in North America in the Middle Ages and that no rune stones are needed to prove it. Stephen Williams, the director of the Peabody Museum, has pointed out that even some explorations that can be documented more specifi-

cally than the Viking landings—the expedition led by Hernando de Soto, for instance—left no archeological evidence whatever. But artifacts have always had great appeal as tangible proof of who was here first—and who was here first has always been important to Americans. A lot of the fervor surrounding the Kensington Stone early in the century came from the desire of Scandinavians in the upper Midwest, who were looked down on as ignorant newcomers, to prove that they were legitimate Americans. Years later, Scandinavians were still lobbying for public recognition of Leif Ericson's presence in North America, in the same way that black Americans now lobby for public recognition of Crispus Attucks' presence at the Boston Massacre—partly to teach their children that they are not here on sufferance. The arguments between Italians and Scandinavians that were started by Yale's publication of a Vinland map several years ago were treated as a joke, but the question of who arrived first is not really a joke in an immigrant society in which disliked newcomers have traditionally been told "Go back where you came from."

Advocates of various rune stones are interested in proving not merely that the Vikings were in North America but that they were in a specific part of North America. Among the most active supporters of the Kensington Stone are the citizens of Alexandria, Minnesota, the closest large town to Kensington, who have erected a huge replica of the stone to symbolize Alexandria's role as "the Birthplace of America." A woman in Heavener, Oklahoma, the site of what is known as the Heavener Rune Stone, has published a newspaper called *The Vikings Were Here*—complete with advertisements like "Yes, the Vikings WERE here! Richardson Oil Co., Howe, Oklahoma. To explore the Viking trails, buy your gasoline at one of the following stations. . . ." In the last century, a former Harvard chemistry professor who had become rich in the baking-powder business decided that Leif Ericson's headquarters had been in Cambridge, and erected plaques to mark the spot. The belief that Maine is Vinland has been expressed off and on since the boom in Vikingism that took place at the end of the last century; during preparations for the Maine sesquicentennial celebration, held in 1970, it was suggested by some citizens that an appropriate opening for the ceremony might be provided by having a Viking ship sail over from Scandinavia. To some people in Maine, the authentication of the Maine rune stones



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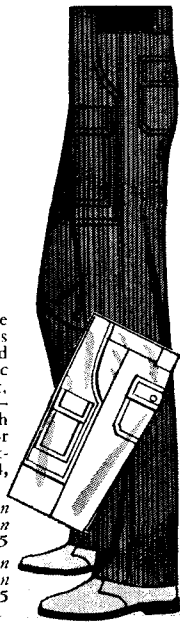
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31	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X					
32	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X					
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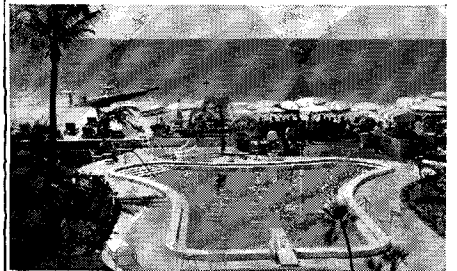
would mean a remarkable attraction for the state museum and an opportunity to develop Popham Beach in a way that would conjure up for tourists what it must have been like for a Viking to touch shore at Vinland. To others, it would mean giving the people of Maine some pride as the parent settlement.

FIRST, of course, Maine had to recover the stones. After Elliott announced his reburial expedition, Briggs led some Park and Recreation Commission employees in clearing the area around the site so that Brown and some students could search for the stones and for any supporting Norse material. All they found were some sixteenth-century Indian artifacts and a particularly virulent strain of twentieth-century poison ivy. The legal tools for recovering the stones also turned out to be unsatisfactory. Finally, William Webster, an Augusta bank officer, stepped in with a plan to offer Elliott privately raised money if he would give the stones to the state.

Last week, Elliott again walked into the Bath Marine Museum with the stones—this time to surrender them to the state. Brown, who had agreed to act as a middleman, gave him a check for forty-five hundred dollars. At the insistence of the man who had provided the money, the state museum will have to permit the Bath Marine Museum to exhibit the stones during the summer months, and Brown plans to display them no matter what Haugen and the other experts say about their authenticity. Haugen, after all, believes the Kensington Stone is a fraud, interesting only as a reflection of the obsession Americans have about their origins, but during any summer day two or three hundred people troop through the Rune Museum of the Alexandria Chamber of Commerce to get a look at it.

As he was about to close the kind of deal that every potholer dreams of, Elliott was sounding more and more like an amateur archeologist. He wrote to Card that he was awaiting a full translation of the inscriptions from Mongé. "That's all I ever wanted to know since the beginning, and then I was going to give them to Bath or Phippsburg," he wrote. "I dislike greedy people, and the ones who forced Mr. Briggs to send me those letters are professionals at it and would go to any point to get the stones for their own promotion. . . . Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Card, I'm not mad at anyone. I'm not looking for any fame or glory or never have. I'm just interested in this world we live in." —CALVIN TRILLIN

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THE RACE TRACK

Thriller

HOPEFULS for the Charles H. Strub Stakes—the first hundred-thousand-dollar-plus race of the season, at Santa Anita next Saturday—put on a smashing prep for it in the San Fernando Stakes last weekend. It ended in a dead heat between Autobiography and Triple Bend, with Good Counsel and Wing Out inches behind. Observers said they hadn't seen such a thriller in donkey's years. It was another success for Sigmund Sommer, who owns Autobiography, and Frank Martin, who trains him. Triple Bend races in the colors of Frank McMahon, the owner of Majestic Prince—remember him?—and his brother Crowned Prince, who is looked on as the most promising three-year-old in England. Earlier last week at Santa Anita, MacArthur Park, winner of five stakes in California last season, and Royal Owl's closest rival, became the first casualty among the three-year-olds. Shortly after the start of the San Miguel Stakes, he gashed his left fore hoof, then went on to win by lengths. Though the injury is not serious, his stable doubts whether he'll be ready for the Santa Anita Derby, on April 1st.



day, despite the weather, than Gulfstream: attendance was 20,995, and the mutuel handle was \$2,517,357. The meeting ends on Saturday. The going was rough at Bowie, too. There was snow along the outer edge of the muddy track, and the temperature was in the upper twenties, but a crowd of fifteen thousand saw Stomp and Go win the Francis Scott Key Stakes from Dundas Prince, Robert G., and seven others, and \$1,604,076 was bet during the afternoon.

HORSES and horsemen of 1971 were honored at the Waldorf Astoria one night last week—the horses *in absentia*. (I doubt if there's been a horse in a New York hotel since Bill Dwyer's party for Joe Widener at the Biltmore forty years ago, to which Mr. Widener's Osmand was brought from Belmont Park.) Their owners received statues of Eclipse, a famous English racer of two hundred years ago. The occasion was the first Winner's Circle Dinner, sponsored by the Thoroughbred Racing Associations, the *Daily Racing Form-Morning Telegraph*, and the National Turf Writers Association. In the past, their polls haven't always agreed, so this time all the votes must have been fed into a computer. The results: best two-year-old, Mrs. John Tweedy's Riva Ridge; best two-year-old filly, Numbered Account; best three-year-old, Canonero II; best three-year-old filly, Mrs. H. B. Keck's Turkish Trousers; best older horse, Buddy Fogelson's Ack Ack; best older filly or mare, Mrs. Whitney Stone's Shuvee; best on turf courses, Paul Mellon's Run the Gantlet; best steeple-chaser, the S. C. Clarks' Shadow Brook; Horse of the Year, Mr. Fogelson's Ack Ack. Other awards: leading breeder and owner, Paul Mellon; leading trainer, Charlie Whittingham; leading jockey, Laffit Pincay, Jr. It was a good show.

—AUDAX MINOR

THE main event at Gulfstream Park—it had the highfalutin name of the Sprint Championship Handicap—almost ended in a dead heat, too. In it, Close Decision—how's that for a hunch name?—was up in the last strides to beat Insubordination by a short nose, and pay his backers a \$53.60 mutuel. Insubordination led until Close Decision, carrying the lightest weight in the race, wore him down. Intensitvo was third. Gulfstream had a crowd of 19,307 and a mutuel handle of \$2,086,434—its best so far. However, the betting—and betting is what counts with the boys who allot the Florida dates—is \$1,323,242 below the total handle at Hialeah at this time last year.

HEAVY snow caused the cancellation of a day's racing at Liberty Bell, but the track superintendent and his ground crew got the course into good condition, though muddy, for the Militia Handicap last weekend, which brought out eleven three-year-olds. In it, Divorce Trial and Introductivo, both trained by Dick Fischer, ran one-two. Incidentally, Liberty Bell had a better

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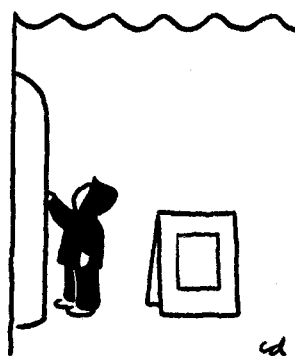
Killers and Thieves

IN the Manson case, there was an eerie element that the public responded to. Even though we knew that Roman Polanski had nothing whatever to do with causing the murder of his wife and unborn child and friends, the massacre seemed a vision realized from his nightmare movies.

And there was an element of guilt and embarrassment in this connection we made, particularly when Polanski said that the crime was being "reviewed in terms of my films." He didn't quite seem to understand why the connection was inevitable. Now it suggests either a strange form of naïveté or a divided consciousness for Polanski to complain that his "Macbeth" is being reviewed in terms of the Manson case. How else is one to look at the knives, the slain servants, the bloody, mangled babies? How else is one to listen when Lady Macduff, the one warm, human character—who is, of course, soon slain, with all those of her household—says that her husband has left his wife, his babes, and his mansion, or when she says, "I have done no harm"? The movie is full of correlations with what happened in Hollywood. One sees the Manson murders in this "Macbeth" because the director has put them there. Normally, one goes to "Macbeth" to see a famous actor; this time the actor—Jon Finch—is barely featured. Slaughter is the star of this "Macbeth." Shakespeare's offstage corpses and murders are added to the onstage ones, and they so dominate the material that it's difficult to pay attention to the poetry. Polanski shows such literal horror—and always a shade faster than you expect, so you're not prepared—that there is no horror left to imagine.

One may think that Polanski must have been drawn to this play full of helpless victims because it gave him an opportunity to exorcise the Manson demons, and yet the film does not seem an exorcism. In the movie, the chain of violent events that Macbeth's insanely ambitious act initiates is the ordinary way that power changes hands. The film says that nothing is possible but horror and more horror, and at the end, when Macbeth the tyrant is slain, the new king's crippled, envious brother

seeks out the witches, and the cycle of bloodletting is about to begin again. Once more, Jan Kott has had his influence. The effect is to cancel any depth or importance, and to send you out with nothing—no hope of peace, no belief that there could be even a period of order and justice. It's a handsome,



well-acted, and intelligent production, and yet it diminishes the complexity and meaning of Shakespeare's play, and the simplification isn't satisfying. Polanski is a gothic realist; his murderous carnivals have an everyday look, with no mystery, and no exaltation, either. The murder of

King Duncan does not change Macbeth or awaken anything in him. This "Macbeth" plays well; it succeeds as vivid melodrama without a trace of academicism. But it lacks imaginative power. When Polanski converts what in Shakespeare was pathology into the normal state of affairs, he gives us a horrendous vision but also a rather complacently lucid one. It's as if the riddles had all been solved. The lines have only one meaning now, and that's not what we want: we want the flow of meanings, layer upon layer; we want to be caught up in the counterpoint.

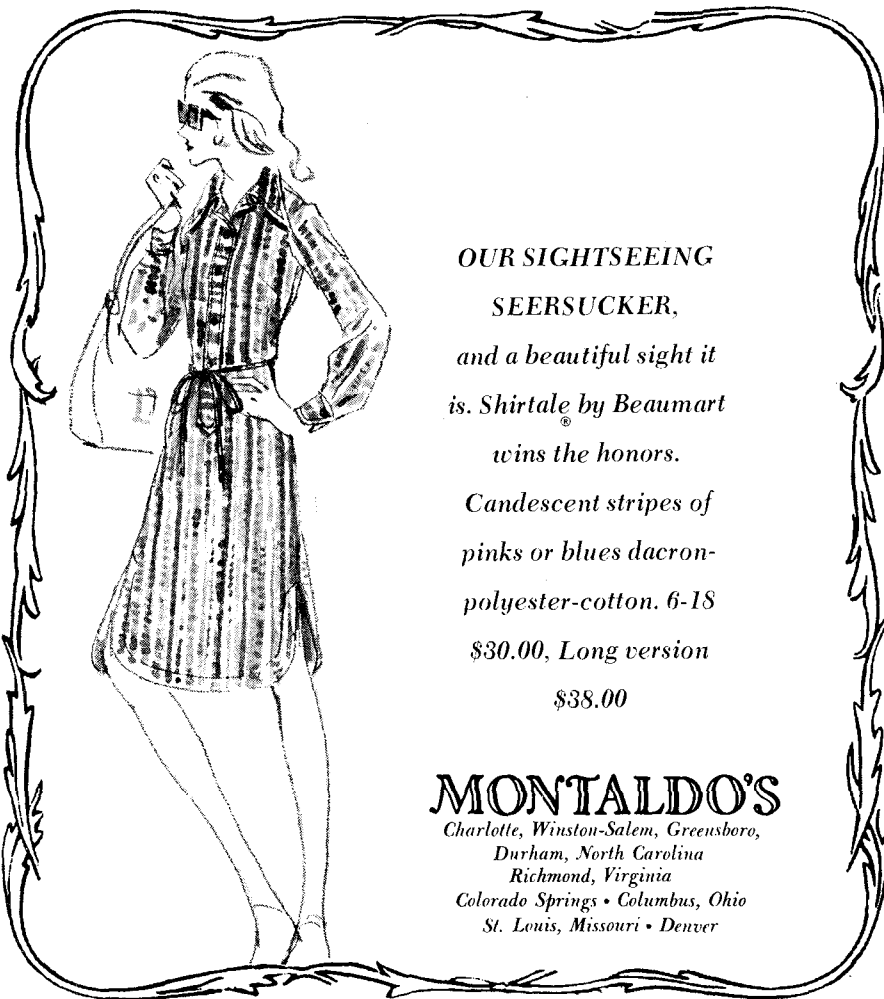
The contrasts have been removed, even physically. The movie does not, perhaps, show more slaughter than other movies, but there is nothing to balance it. It is a winter world at sunset. People cut each other up and watch, smiling, fascinated, as dogs tear a bear apart (mercifully, offscreen—the only mercy we're extended). And the conception here of a young Macbeth subtly diminishes our involvement—he's too callow to express Shakespeare's emotions—and the immature Lady Macbeth (Francesca Annis) lacks the enigmatic drive that is the essence of the character. Dissatisfactions and frustrations haven't had time to fester in this young couple: their actions lack resonance, their emotions are thin. Their youth makes the play less tragic and more melodramatic. In this production, we feel no pity for Macbeth, the protagonist, but only shock at what happens to his victims; we view the atrocities and we're destroyed by them, but we don't experi-

ence the drama. Shakespeare didn't write the play to tell us that life is a jungle. For the play to involve us and move us, we must see ourselves in Macbeth. The nightmare that he brings upon himself is the greatest cautionary nightmare in dramatic literature; we know that it could be ours if we took the first awful step. We know that we, too, could kill our sleep. In Polanski's version, there is no innocent sleep to kill; Macbeth is so villainously twisted throughout that it's not a matter of his yielding to his worst impulses but of his just being himself. He's so transparently evil that when his lady says he's too full of the milk of human kindness it seems a sick joke. Jon Finch is dark-eyed and devious, more lurking Cassius than conscience-shattered Macbeth; he looks like the two neurotic types of "Rope" synthesized—a sneering, scar-mouthed mixture of John Dall and Farley Granger. Polanski's Macbeth is not a man made different from other men by his crime, not a man corrupted, but a corrupt man—perhaps one could go as far as to say corrupt because he is a man. This dark vision has nowhere to go but further into gore, and that's where it goes. Surprisingly, Polanski fumbles the big scene that one looks forward to as a change of pace—Birnam Wood moving. The picture is shot in a Todd-AO 35 process and is twice as wide as it is high, and Polanski sacrifices the camouflage strategy of the moving wood to string the men with their branches across the wide horizon. It's an effect, all right, but pointless. In any case, it is perfectly clear that the effects he cares about are the brutal ones; that is his métier. Great Birnam Wood can't compete with the stabbings. I came out willing to believe Polanski hates violence, but I wish he could give some evidence of caring about something else.

THREE happy-monkey actors—George Segal, Ron Leibman, and Paul Sand—win out over the stilted smart talk in "The Hot Rock," a comedy thriller about the frustrations of four fraternal thieves trying to steal an elusive diamond. The fourth is Robert Redford; the others get rid of their lines, but he can't seem to throw his away (is it possible he doesn't know that the author should have?), and they cling to him and make him seem less straight man than stooge. He's still playing the cool anti-hero of year before last, and the performance has lost its fizz. He doesn't get much to work with: he mugs pain when a baby wets

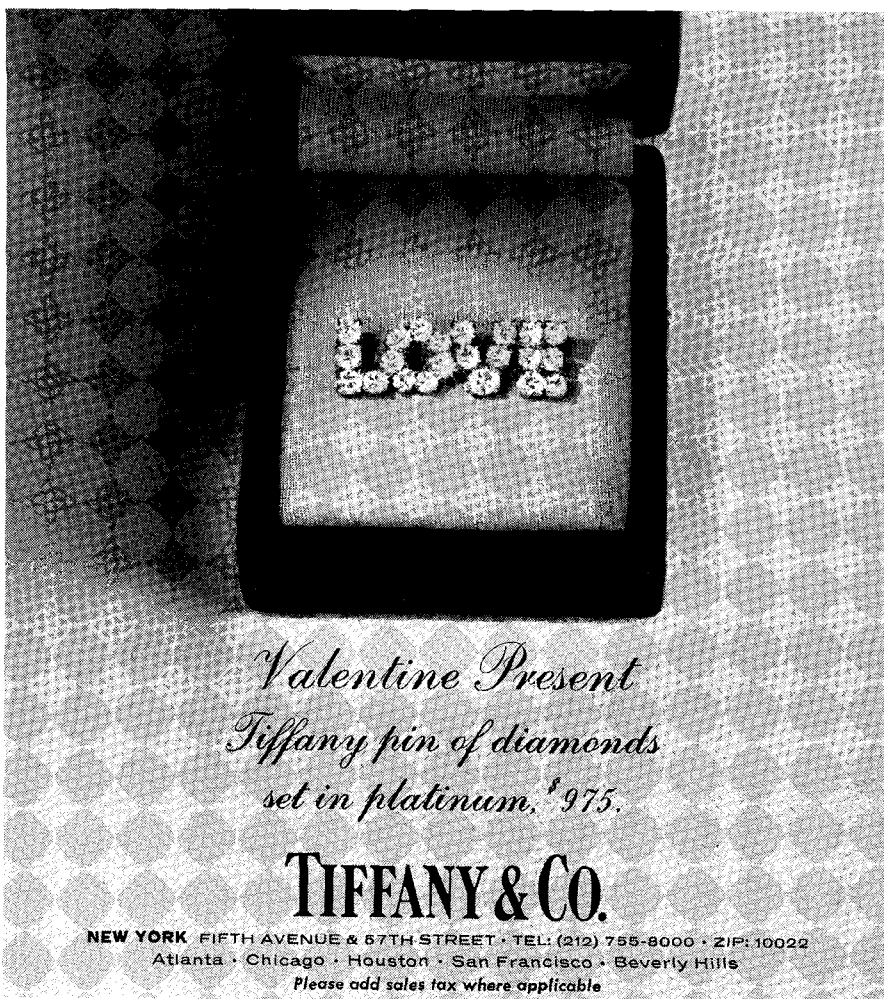
him, and develops gastritis to show us the hardships of a life of crime. The script, based on a novel by Donald E. Westlake, is by William Goldman, but it sounds like a script thrown together in a factory of bored collaborators. Goldman, who wrote "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," has now turned those clean-cut kidders, the train robbers of the changing West played by Paul Newman and Redford, into the New York City blundering hoods played by Segal and Redford. Once again, the crimes are slapstick, and once again the men "share" a girl. (This time, Segal is married to Redford's sister.) Goldman appears to be writing boys'-series books for the screen; this script, like the last, is a boyhood movie fantasy acted out—how you and your adolescent buddy see yourself up there fooling around on the screen in a Western or a crime caper. In Godard's "Band of Outsiders," two boys, driving along, leap out of their car and act out a scene from an American movie in the street, get killed, and hop back in the car and drive off. Though it may not be consciously intended, there's something of the same movie-fed imagination in these Goldman scripts, in which the characters skip happily from one implausibility to the next. We understand that they aren't really meant to be outlaws or gangsters—they're nice boys playing at it—but must they try to talk sophisticated? The dialogue in this one is much worse than the hip-cute quips of "Butch Cassidy;" it gets really cheap—like a bum comic coming on on a talk show. But "Butch Cassidy," a put-on that took its mockery seriously, kept straining toward the lyrical and the legendary. This time, the adolescent silliness isn't inflated. So after a half hour of recoiling from the failed attempts at wit one may become reconciled, because the show is cheerful and the actors are thriving maniacs.

In "Butch Cassidy," Newman and Redford set up a competitive system of buddy-buddy smirks and shoves. Segal and Redford don't get that competitive thing going, and Ron Leibman (he was Segal's brother in "Where's Poppa?") moves into the vacuum at the center created by Redford's glumness. My guess is that this happens partly because Goldman's fantasy world collides with that of the director, Peter Yates (whose best-known film is "Bullitt"): the hero turns out to be not Bucko Redford, the leader of the gang, but Leibman, who plays the freaky genius driver of the gang's getaway vehicles. Yates, whose career has been



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in the theatre and films except for a two-year interval as a racing-car driver and manager, has encouraged Leibman to release his considerable actor's energy in a demented fix on motors. His driver's zeal is not just comic frenzy, it's concentrated true love. With Leibman playing this euphoric driver and Segal playing a friendly, panicky lock picker—he has the same total immersion in a character's lunacy that he had in "Born to Win"—the picture has two actors who get carried away into clown character roles, and at the beginning Paul Sand (as a bomb wizard) is right up there, too. Sand gives promise of being that rarity, a sexy mime; he's like Harpo Marx as a stoned hipster, innocently spaced out. When he wears his hair in what appears to be his normal electric beehive, he's crazy-hip and very funny, but midway in the movie, after he escapes from prison, he goes into disguise by slicking down his hair. It's so effective a disguise that his whole personality is cancelled out. The modern meaning of hair has never before been so clearly demonstrated in a movie—though I don't know if the demonstration is intentional. Maybe Paul Sand really needs hair.

Yates isn't always on top of the situation; the movie is often ragged in what seem like the simplest scenes. But he has his specialty. At crucial points, the vehicles—the cars, a van, a helicopter—and their fevered driver determine whether the gang will succeed, and Yates endows the machines with a quality of vulnerability. When Leibman is piloting a helicopter—for the first time—and climbing up the sides of skyscrapers, the little chopper is like a butterfly trying to scale the walls, fluttering valiantly. You want the mock-heroic vehicles to come through and function ideally, as in a fairy tale, and they do. After we have got rather fond of the robbers as harmless sweeties, the movie tries to trick us with a scene in which they have supposedly turned against each other. We sort of know it's fake, but there's a moment when real nastiness seems to be involved, and this kills the fun; even after it turns out to be a hoax, the ugliness lingers. And at the end, when Redford finally gets his big scene—robbing a safe-deposit box at the First National City Bank at Fifty-third Street and Park Avenue—Yates doesn't quite hit the right tone, because the tension makes us nervous without compensatory pleasure. It comes out all right, though. Redford steals the diamond, and his victory is celebrated in a final burst of lyricism, in which he gets a chance to go into his



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adorable number. But the picture was stolen from him long before.

CLAUDE CHABROL's "Le Boucher" has everything but what ultimately counts. Back in 1948, Alexandre Astruc predicted that artists would be able to express themselves in films as they do in essays or novels; he called the coming age the age of *caméra-stylo*, when directors would use the camera as writers use a pen. That is indeed how Chabrol uses his medium, and he has the grace and fluency of a master, but, unfortunately, "Le Boucher" is penmanship, not literature. In "Le Boucher," as in "La Femme Infidèle," there's a remarkable consistency of tone; everything seems on the same level of interest to Chabrol—the vase of flowers that balances a composition, a wedding scene, a funeral (the bride's) in the rain, the look of schoolchildren in a Cro-Magnon cave, the cinematographer Jean Rabier's Périgord landscapes. Perhaps Chabrol gives a shade more than his usual decorous, unblinking gaze to the numerous eating scenes, and there's a leg of lamb that the butcher brings to his beloved like a bouquet, but nothing in the movie is very exciting, just as nothing is boring.

You know that Chabrol knows exactly what he's doing as he shows us the beautiful loner schoolteacher (Stéphane Audran) who has been hurt in love and doesn't want to risk another hurt, and the butcher (Jean Yanne) who hated his butcher-father and went into the Army for fifteen years. And the serenely quiet village is a perfect storybook setting for murder. Everything in the movie is just about perfect. Chabrol was once the co-author of a book on Alfred Hitchcock; now his films are like a learned but slightly dense aesthete's commentaries. He provides all the elements for a thriller except the kicker. He seems to cherish the atmospheric elements without quite getting the point of them; Hitchcock used them to prepare us for something. Chabrol makes tone poems on thriller themes. The ambiguities fabricated for the come-on have become the essence; for Chabrol, the atmosphere is everything. Even the one thriller centerpiece—a corpse on a cliff above a children's picnic drips blood on a little girl and she asks if it's raining, and then the blood falls on the bun she's eating—is such a recognizable piece of Hitchcockery that it seems an homage. One can see how Chabrol thinks—he is more interested in the personalities involved in mur-

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ders, and in the ambience, than in the crude simplicities of whodunit and why. But as the inscrutable characters do not have any more depth or complexity than the characters in a typical thriller, what one gets has neither the zings of a thriller nor the richness of art.

The acting, too, is remarkably even. Stéphane Audran and Jean Yanne seem unforced—incarnations rather than performers. Miss Audran (who is Chabrol's wife) has the elegance of a goddess but no range; her acting is a function of beauty, not of soul, and perhaps her husband's camera is too consciously adoring. Her beauty has become almost the subject of this film, and she isn't quite spiritual enough for that. Jean Yanne, a television talk-show host whom Godard induced to turn actor to play the aggressive, self-centered husband of "Weekend" (the man cannibalized by his luscious wife), is astutely cast here, because he suggests a man whose civilization is something put on, like a workman's Sunday clothes. But the melancholy of this unhappy pair and the perhapses that are the substance of the story—perhaps killing is the butcher's only release for his feelings, perhaps the schoolteacher might have saved him from committing murders if she had not been so fearful of a new love, and so on—are just faintly titillating hints, and the hints don't develop into recognitions. The film's point of view is so flexible that it doesn't seem to matter whether the movie is saying she could have saved him or saying nothing.

A director who uses the camera as fluently as if it were a pen may settle down (perhaps for a period) to being a minor master, turning out movies like the annual output of a detective-fiction writer. Chabrol's restrained surface blocks off the passions that cause murder, and in recent years nothing new seems to have come into his world. In film after film, one waits for Chabrol's revelations. At the end of "Le Boucher," one doesn't feel cheated, exactly, but feels: Is that all?

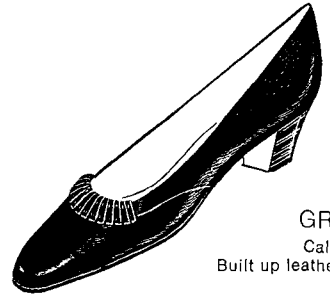
—PAULINE KAEI

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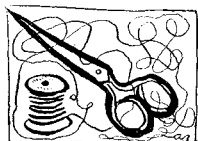
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

WOMEN have always been haunted by the dream of a fine, eternally young complexion. Its pursuit involves as much dogged discipline today as it did in the times of Cleopatra and Lily Langtry, but now it calls as well for patience to sift through the commands and messages of autocrats and advertising men. Fortunately, Georgette Klinger is more than an imperious name scrawled in gilt across the white containers filled with her cosmetics and unguents. Miss Klinger, who has specialized in looking after the skin for more than thirty years, betrays an affection for women and a concern for their faces that—in a field set close with jostling prima donnas, despots, social arbiters, and frauds—are clearly genuine. She is only as authoritative as is necessary to explain blemishes and inspire perseverance in their treatment, and the ground rule in her salons is candor. "There are no miracles," she readily declares, "except those brought about by patience and an early start." She is usually to be found bobbing about her salon at 501 Madison Avenue (or, now and then, at her branch in Beverly Hills), supervising her team of helpers, peering at chins and noses through a magnifying glass, and scattering scraps of advice that are usually compelling and rarely less than sensible.

Even the simplest facial at her salon is a tailor-made affair; for example, it might include removal of any makeup from the face and around the eyes; massage with a heavy cream; a steaming session with the face poised over a bowl of simmering camomile tisane; a pore-cleaning mask; and perhaps a soothing honey mask to follow. After this thorough, professional cleansing (which should, ideally, take place every week or so), the customer, if she is a newcomer, receives a minute analysis of the peculiarities of her skin, together with instructions about how to look after it every day. Miss Klinger would prefer that the scrupulously clean faces of her customers go completely without makeup. She denounces the currently fashionable belief that city dwellers ought to protect their skins from pestilential vapors with a layer of foundation. And she reminds women who do wear makeup that the vendors of much of it simply chalk up their commission and hang the consequences. She regards the new gel rouges with



circumspection; most of them, she says, contain powerful dyes, and these can sink deep into the skin. Pressed powder and the grubby puffs used to apply it are also forbidden by this cosmetologist, who considers that even when it is not rubbed out of unhygienic compacts—all face powder is given to clogging pores. So, she says, is hair spray, which may damage the skin of the forehead and around the hairline. And she urges her disciples to examine with care the shampoo and conditioner they use, or suffer to be used, on their heads.

If cleanliness is an essential article of this expert's creed, so is lubrication of the right places at the right times. It is a mistake, in her opinion, to apply moisturizer to the whole face when only a part of it needs such a lotion. A knowledge of the particular texture and pattern of dryness and oiliness of one's skin is essential. The delicate skin of the neck and around the eyes demands special care. Miss Klinger insists that any cream that is going to help ward off crow's-feet (those abominable traces of mortality) must be heavy enough to stick where it has been patted on, and last all day. Neither Georgette Klinger's eye oils and lotions nor any of her face creams are designed to be worn overnight. "Like you, your skin deserves rest at night," she proclaims. Her taste is for a rather shiny face by day. This gleam may be startling at first to newcomers to the salon, to women accustomed to matte finishes and dense curtains of powder. But a shiny skin is undoubtedly more supple than a chalky one.

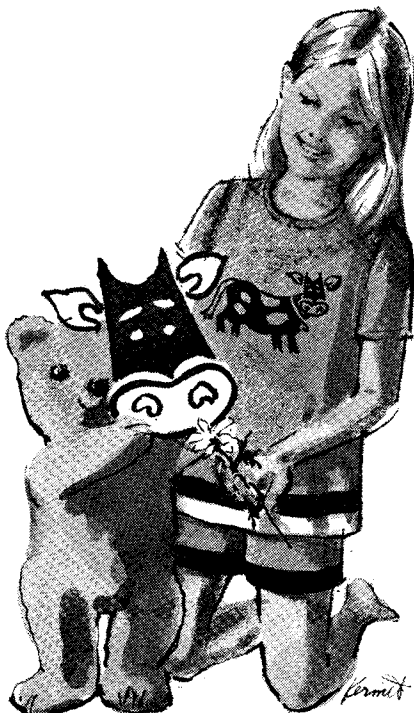
No woman over the age of thirty, Miss Klinger announces, should ever sunbathe, and even young girls should exercise severe restraint. It is quite clear to this specialist, who has studied the effects of repeated suntans on her clients in California—as to all those of us who know youngish men and women who look tolerably attractive in their bronzed summer masks but whose skins are yellow and hideously wrinkled when they are deprived of the sun—that prolonged sunbathing prematurely ages the skin. The compulsion we all feel to some extent to stay young in mind and body has spawned two completely irreconcilable urges—to appear tanned and athletic, and to possess a young, unwrinkled skin. Miss Klinger, who is dedicated to the latter end, exhorts women to shun bright sunlight, even

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if it means standing out from the golden midsummer crowd.

The Georgette Klinger salon in New York is in process of being transformed and expanded. Women and teen-age customers (Miss Klinger is noted for her work with adolescent disorders) are to be moved into a suite of blue-and-beige reception rooms and a honeycomb of bright new treatment cells on the second floor of No. 501. The space they leave behind, on the third floor, is to be consigned to men customers, whose numbers are rapidly increasing. After all, men are entitled to a little harmless narcissism, too, and they have no makeup with which they can attempt to disguise their flaws. Newcomers of either sex will find the atmosphere in the salon unthreatening. The establishment, which keeps the standard hours of business, is open, too, on Saturdays and on Wednesday evenings, for the benefit of what Miss Klinger calls "my working girls," for whom she professes her greatest regard. Sixteen dollars is the price of an analysis of the skin, instructions for its future care, and a facial. This seems a sound investment.

—KENNEDY FRASER

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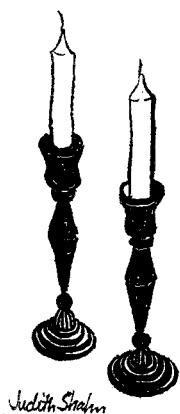
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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 28

IN the opinion of most people, the President's appearance on the networks a few evenings ago and Henry Kissinger's briefing of the Washington press were intended not solely to provide illumination for the public but also to embarrass the anti-war politicians in both parties and to assure skeptics that our negotiators were on the job. In certain ways, both performances were effective. Some of the leading doves drew back a step or two, and others conceded that they and the Administration were perhaps not quite so far apart as they had assumed. Almost from the start, experienced diplomats have called for secret negotiations, which it now turns out have taken place, with Henry Kissinger representing us, on at least a dozen occasions, without profit. Of course, now that the cover has been blown, it may be a long time before anyone negotiates "secretly" with this government again—and not just because of Daniel Ellsberg or Jack Anderson but also because of the Chief Magistrate and his chief adviser. Chou En-lai may be having second thoughts—if, indeed, he ever had any first thoughts—about telling Nixon or Kissinger anything he doesn't want the world to know a few weeks later. But there is no doubt that the Administration has put Democratic aspirants for the Presidency on the defensive—for the time being, anyway.

It is clearly, and quite understandably, a matter of high importance to Hanoi that the end of the war be signalled by the removal from power of the present Saigon regime. This, after all, is what has been assumed to be Hanoi's principal war aim. At the same time, it has been clear for most of the decade that without enormous American support the government in the South would collapse with hardly a shot fired. It was always the fear of a political collapse in South Vietnam that led a succession of American Presidents to step up economic and military aid, and it was at the moment of what seemed the greatest peril—in the spring of 1965—that Lyndon Johnson ordered the escalation that within a couple of years had close to a half-million troops in South Vietnam, elements of the Navy in the waters thereabouts, and bombers attacking from American bases elsewhere in Asia and the Pacific. Much has happened



since 1965, but the basic proposition that without American aid Saigon would fall seems as valid as ever. To the non-Communist, Occidental mind, then, it would seem to stand to reason that the last thing Hanoi would hold out for from this country as part of a general settlement would be our collaboration in removing the Thieu government, since that condition would obviously be unacceptable to us, and we would therefore stay on. As long as we stay in Vietnam in any force—even diminishing force—we constitute an obstacle of sorts to Hanoi, whereas if we got out, as we have proposed doing, and left Saigon to its fate, the overthrow of the government there might be brought about in a matter of months, or even weeks.

Why, then, one wonders, is Hanoi so insistent on this point? There is, of course, the matter of those elections that are to be held six months after an agreement has been reached. If they were actually held and fairly conducted, it is possible that the Vietcong would lose. But win, lose, or draw, the Communists would probably soon gain power one way or another, and if they are getting any kind of reliable intelligence from this side of the Pacific, they must know that nothing on earth could tempt the Americans into another enterprise of this sort in Southeast Asia. Their insistence that we participate in the destruction of the Saigon regime seems to make no sense except in terms of compelling us to submit to a scoreless defeat. But it offends our senses to participate in the destruction of a government we have fought alongside, just as it offends their sense of historical justice to let us get away without performing one last act of self-humiliation and betrayal. To be sure, we have before us a course of action that would involve no further humiliation and possibly no more killing: simply to excuse ourselves from any further beligerency. Having allied ourselves with certain individuals who make up the Saigon regime, we have contracted a responsibility to do our best to see that they are not murdered, and we could offer them asylum as human beings in need of it, as probably a good many will be. From this point on, the killing—on both sides—makes not the crudest kind of sense. In the aftermath of this heady week of revelations, one even wonders whether anything more can be accom-

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plished by sitting at that table in Paris or meeting furtively in private villas.

IN recent months, the President has greatly improved his personal standing, particularly in matters of foreign policy. He seems to have scored heavily as a result of what he and Kissinger have revealed about the proceedings in Paris. (It is true that he has been subject to some criticism for his attitude toward the India-Pakistan conflict, but although that was a disaster of immense proportions, this country as a whole has seemed hardly affected.) His proposed summitry seems to enjoy almost universal approval and has been subject to negligible criticism. If, when it is all over, nothing will seem to have changed, it may yield him no credit, but he will still have a great many voters in his debt for de-escalating the war on the ground and bringing down the casualty lists. By and large, his New Economic Policy has also won approval. Among the economists, there is a tendency to think that it is too little and too late and that few things can happen between now and autumn to bring inflation and unemployment within tolerable limits. The President can retaliate quite legitimately with the claim that many parts of his social program would be on the books now if he had not had to face a hostile legislature. Much of what he asked for he was refused by the Democratic majorities. In some cases, he was turned down flat; in others, he was given more than he was—or thought he was—in any financial position to accept, and so he used the veto power. Now both he and the Democrats are in a tight spot. If they, hoping to pass similar legislation under an Administration of their own, don't come through on his welfare programs, he can run against Congress somewhat as Harry Truman did in 1948. This is at least a possible strategy for Republican victory, but it is far from being a sure one. Nixon and his fellow-Republicans tried it in 1970 and it didn't work, which is not to say that it can *never* work. His approach this time seems less blatantly partisan, and he may get by if he can show a steady upward trend in the economy as the elections approach—not necessarily enough change to satisfy the economists but enough to persuade the people that prosperity is, if not just around the corner, then down the road a piece. If the Democrats can't agree on a ticket acceptable to all major factions, and if George Wallace repeats his 1968 performance, as he appears fairly certain to do, Nixon seems bound

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to be the gainer. If the Democrats splinter badly enough to give Nixon some electoral votes in normally Democratic Northern states, there may be no electoral majority, and Nixon could find himself winning a second term by bartering for it with Wallace and his electors. It is not altogether out of the question that G. Harrold Carswell will again be proposed as an ornament for the Supreme Court.

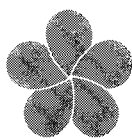
A FEW months ago, some of the big-name Democrats agreed solemnly among themselves that there would be no nastiness in this year's contest for the nomination and nothing disagreeable said about anyone except Republicans and other blackguards. There have been a few late starters who are not committed by this compact, but they are mostly the long shots, like Senator Jackson and Mayor Yorty of Los Angeles. These two—and perhaps Congresswoman Chisholm—are the only ones who have programmatic differences of any importance with any of the others, and are thus the ones who can most easily afford to eschew personality as an issue, especially since their prospects for nomination are slight and they are making the race mainly for the record. Personality is what mainly differentiates the others, and it is difficult to see how they can compete without calling attention to their diversity of style and character and past performance. On the war and on all important domestic issues, they are in substantial agreement. Each will have to appeal to primary voters by calling attention to what he considers his superior assets as an individual politician, inevitably suggesting thereby that his opponents compare unfavorably with him. Perhaps all this can be done in a gentlemanly fashion, but it is hard to see how Hubert Humphrey can be opposed without reminders of his hawkish past and his long subservience to Lyndon Johnson. It is also hard to see how John Lindsay can be opposed without references to his inexperience in national affairs and the



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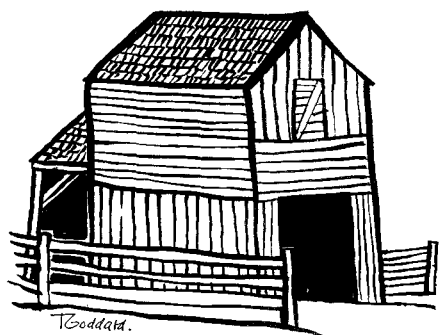


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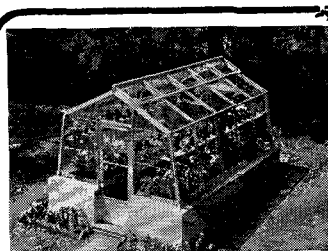


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continuing deterioration of New York City under his stewardship. It would be more difficult to find fault with any performance of Senator McGovern, for his opposition to the war antedates that of all the others, and no candidate on the liberal side could find grounds for criticizing his voting record in the Senate; he lacks a sharp political identity, though, and somehow fails to stir enthusiasm among those who would probably favor him if he displayed anything like Humphrey's present aggressiveness. Eugene McCarthy, a flip and unpredictable character, may be more serious about wanting the office in 1972 than he seemed to be in 1968, but as of this late moment he is doing very little to get it. Edmund Muskie, who has been leading the pack, is given to equivocation, which may be mere caution or may be indecision, and this puts off a good many Democrats who think a modern President should be able to see a crisis coming and face it before it is actually upon him.

The contest for the Democratic nomination may or may not be unusually polite, but it will be hard fought. Muskie may have the nomination locked up by the time of the Convention, but this seems less and less likely. And the election, too, is now regarded as unpredictable and possibly very close. Early last summer, it seemed a fairly simple matter to chart the first half of the decade in American politics. In 1968, Nixon had barely won against a candidate badly hobbled by recent associations, and he faced a Democratic Congress, many of whose members bore personal grudges against him. Time and again, he was rebuffed by the legislature (he was doing a good deal to make this inevitable), and before long it was clear that he had lost his famous "secret plan" to end the war, or else had never really had one. He withdrew some troops, but his negotiating position essentially was no different from Johnson's, and the suspicion quickly spread that he, too, sought military victory. Anti-war sentiment quickly became anti-Nixon sentiment—and it grew more powerful than ever when he pressed beyond the Cambodian and Laotian borders. Meanwhile, the economy worsened, but Nixon thought it was not yet time for government intervention. The Democrats, particularly in the statehouses, made impressive gains, and the opinion polls showed Nixon to be out of favor among most groups and on most issues. It seemed clear that a President who had won by a hair could not hold the office after a series of major failures, and for a while

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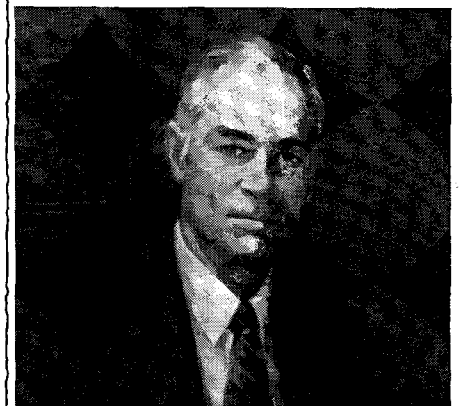
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the interesting question was whether he would follow in Lyndon Johnson's way or hang on and fight. But things have changed greatly since then. Nixon seems to have persuaded the country that he really does want to end the war, as long as he is not forced to concede that it has been "lost." (This may be false pride on his part, but it is pride of a kind that is shared by many other Americans who want to get out of Vietnam.) He has put his Administration into the fight against unemployment and inflation. And he is staging an extraordinary exhibition of personal diplomacy. In politics, the appearance of action is often almost as effective, while it lasts, as action itself. No inviting odds are being offered on anything just now. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

FEBRUARY

When the signal dullness
creeps with irritation
in angry half moves
and hot clumsiness
I have moved with
patience to places
of space and calm
following mouse heaves
in snow crust
wiggling like worms
jumped with pheasants
feet beating the snow
in quick forced steps
to bivouac by a tulip tree
with paper coronets
still and white
on blue february
I have joined the
sun flash of water
and the warm of
dark winter nylon
have slid with oak leaves
in fluid hip swivels
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—JOHN LLOYD OWEN

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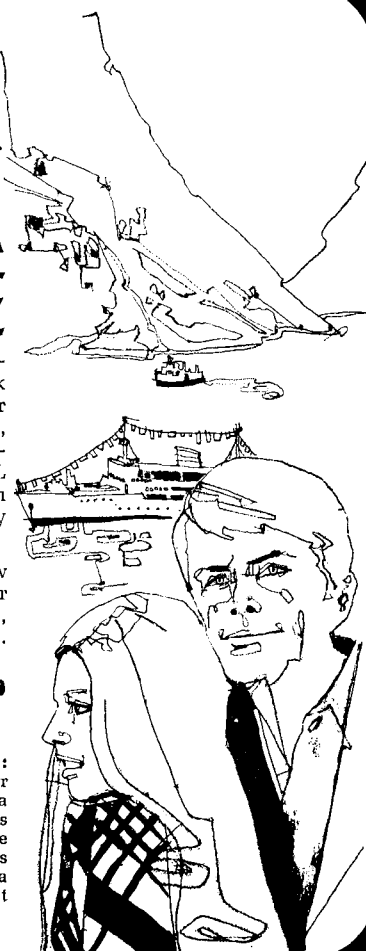
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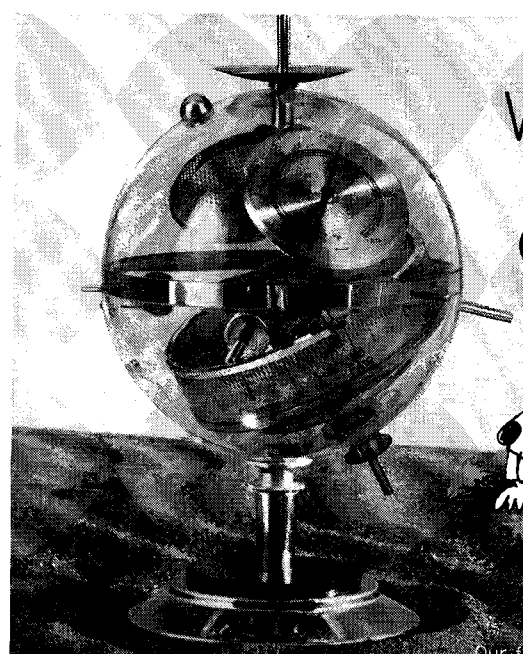
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THE ART WORLD

Reality Again

THE exhibition at the Sidney Janis Gallery entitled "Sharp-Focus Realism" repeats an event staged by the same gallery (though at two other Fifty-seventh Street addresses) a decade ago. The earlier show, called "New Realists," constituted an announcement that what later came to be known as Pop Art had reached a level of acceptance at which it could challenge the dominance of Abstract Expressionism. The current Janis replay no doubt anticipates a comparable success in displacing the various forms of abstract art favored in the sixties. The signs of a takeover have been multiplying for some time. Like Janis's Pop roundup, the present exhibition may be more a proclamation that power has been transferred than an appeal for recognition of the new art. Contributors to "Sharp-Focus Realism," such as Malcolm Morley, Richard Estes, Duane Hanson, Lowell Nesbitt, Howard Kanovitz, Robert Graham, and Philip Pearlstein, with their ocean liners, shopwindows, lifelike effigies, and oversize nudes, have been elbowing abstractionists in uptown galleries, SoHo, and the museums for much of the past ten years. Recently, the new representational art has also spread out of town; last year, the Chicago Museum of Contemporary Art and adjacent galleries on Ontario Street suddenly filled up with flesh-colored polyester dummies seated at tables or lying crushed and bleeding alongside shattered motorbikes, amid paintings of panel trucks, entrances to diners, closeups of torsos, and photographic segments of landscape. With this gradual buildup, the element of surprise in the "sharp-focus" exhibition was bound to be weaker than Janis's unveiling of Pop. Like its predecessor, it aroused the feeling that history was being made—but that in this instance it was being made rather listlessly. In any case, Pop arrived with a bigger bang. As striptease has already demonstrated, no repetition can equal the impact of the original. Abstract artists whom I met at that opening appeared resigned rather than indignant. Pop had established itself as an art form, and—under the leadership of Warhol, Christo, and other showmen—painting and sculpture had been increasingly amalgamating with the mass media. It was obvious that, whatever its future as a reac-

tion against abstract art, photorealism was nothing monstrous but a rational extension of picture-making in popular styles.

Part of the shock of the 1962 exhibition derived from the identification of the Janis Gallery with de Kooning, Pollock, Kline, Guston, Gottlieb. In

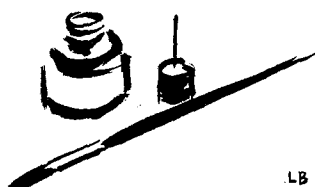
the creations of the pioneer Abstract Expressionists, a principle was manifest—the avant-garde principle of transforming the self and society. The "objectivity" of Pop was a

deliberate abandonment of this principle, and it had the effect of a betrayal. If Pop succeeded, the epoch of art's rebelliousness and secession from society would have come to an end. Today, the consciousness of drastic oppositions has faded from American art; all modes have been legitimated, and preference for one over another, if any, is determined by taste or some theory of art history. With the presence in the sixties of Oldenburg and Segal as Pop stars of the Janis Gallery, "Sharp-Focus Realism" could hardly amount to a confrontation. Nor has the abstract art of the past decade been of a quality to evoke the passionate allegiance aroused by Abstract Expressionism. After years of being presented with displays of stripes, color areas, factory-made cubes, accompanied by sententious museum-catalogue and art-magazine puffs, the art world might well have reached the frame of mind to welcome a supersize colored postcard of a Rose Bowl parade.

THE man in shirtsleeves near the gallery entrance was Sidney Janis—except that he was too heavy and too relaxed, and, besides, he was made of plastic by Duane Hanson. Janis was standing in a corner of the next room, but this time he was a painting by Willard Midgette. Through the crowd I saw Janis flit into his office, but he looked too tan and a bit more wizened than I remembered, as if he had been modelled by John De Andrea, creator of two nubile nudes of painted polyester and Fiberglas in another part of the gallery. That vanishing figure, however, was the real Janis. It is difficult to be sure which of the Janises was the most substantial; nothing can match super-realistic art in subverting one's sense of reality. The interval during which a painting is mis-

taken for the real thing, or a real thing for a painting, is the triumphant moment of trompe-l'oeil art. The artist appears to be as potent as nature, if not superior to it. Almost immediately, though, the spectator's uncertainty is eliminated by his recognition that the counterfeit is counterfeit. Once the illusion is dissolved, what is left is an object that is interesting not as a work of art but as a successful simulation of something that is not art. The major response to it is curiosity: "How did he do it?" One admires Hanson's "Businessman" neither as a sculpture nor as a concept but as a technical feat that seems a step in advance of the waxworks museum.

Illusionistic art appeals to what the public knows not about art but about things. This ability to brush art aside is the secret of the popularity of illusionism. Ever since the Greeks told of painted grapes' being pecked by real birds, wonder at skill in deceiving the eye has moved more people than has appreciation of aesthetic quality. But for art to depend exclusively upon reproducing appearances has the disadvantage of requiring that the painting or sculpture conform to the common perception of things. De Andrea's "Two Women" miss being mistaken for human nudes because they are too small and have hair that looks like a wig. According to the exhibition catalogue, the figures are "life size," but, as I have noted, illusionistic art tends to generate impressions that are not in accord with the facts. Regardless of whether or not they are as large as average women, on the floor, nude, surrounded by a crowd, they are too small to be credible. And while it is true that girls do wear wigs, hair that looks artificial is inappropriate on simulated girls. If, however, De Andrea's women are not "real," even for a moment, what are they? They are pretty figurines, but, precisely to the extent that they seem made of flesh, they are a bit grisly in their prettiness, like a beautiful woman known to be suffering from a fatal disease. In their case, the disease is the failure to be alive, even in the spectator's first impression, plus the failure to be art. Among the other puppets in "Sharp-Focus Realism" is Jann Haworth's "Maid," a doll that can look human only to those who have forgotten the look of human beings, and this forgetting is prevented by a photograph, in the catalogue, of Miss Haworth seated beside her creation. George Segal's white plaster figures are spectres that recall to onlookers the people from whom the casts were made; in them, obvious artifice holds reality at arm's

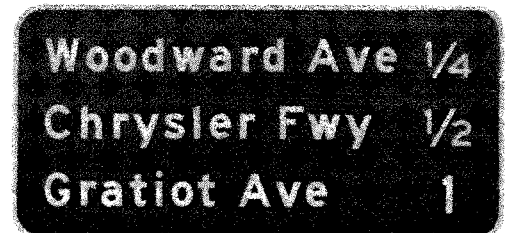
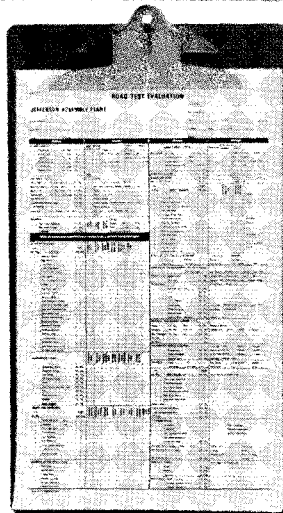
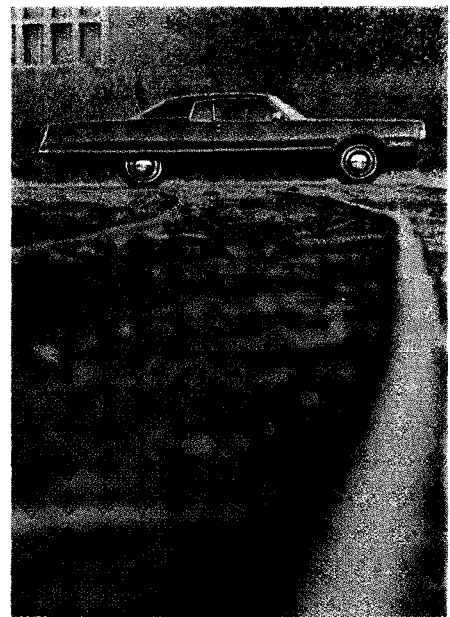
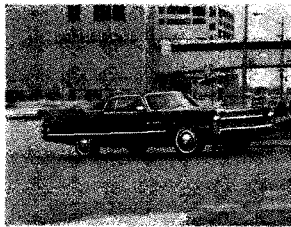


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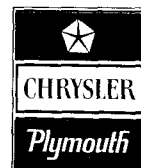
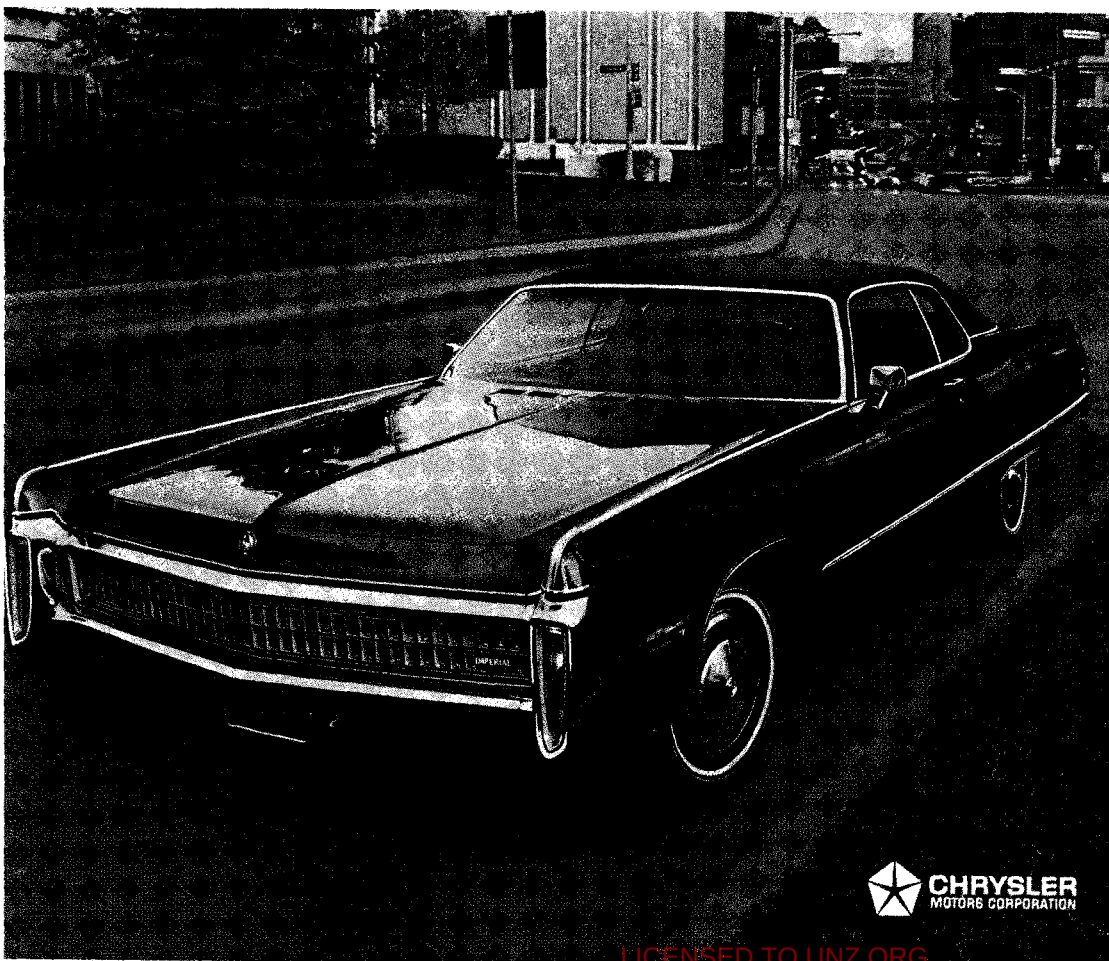
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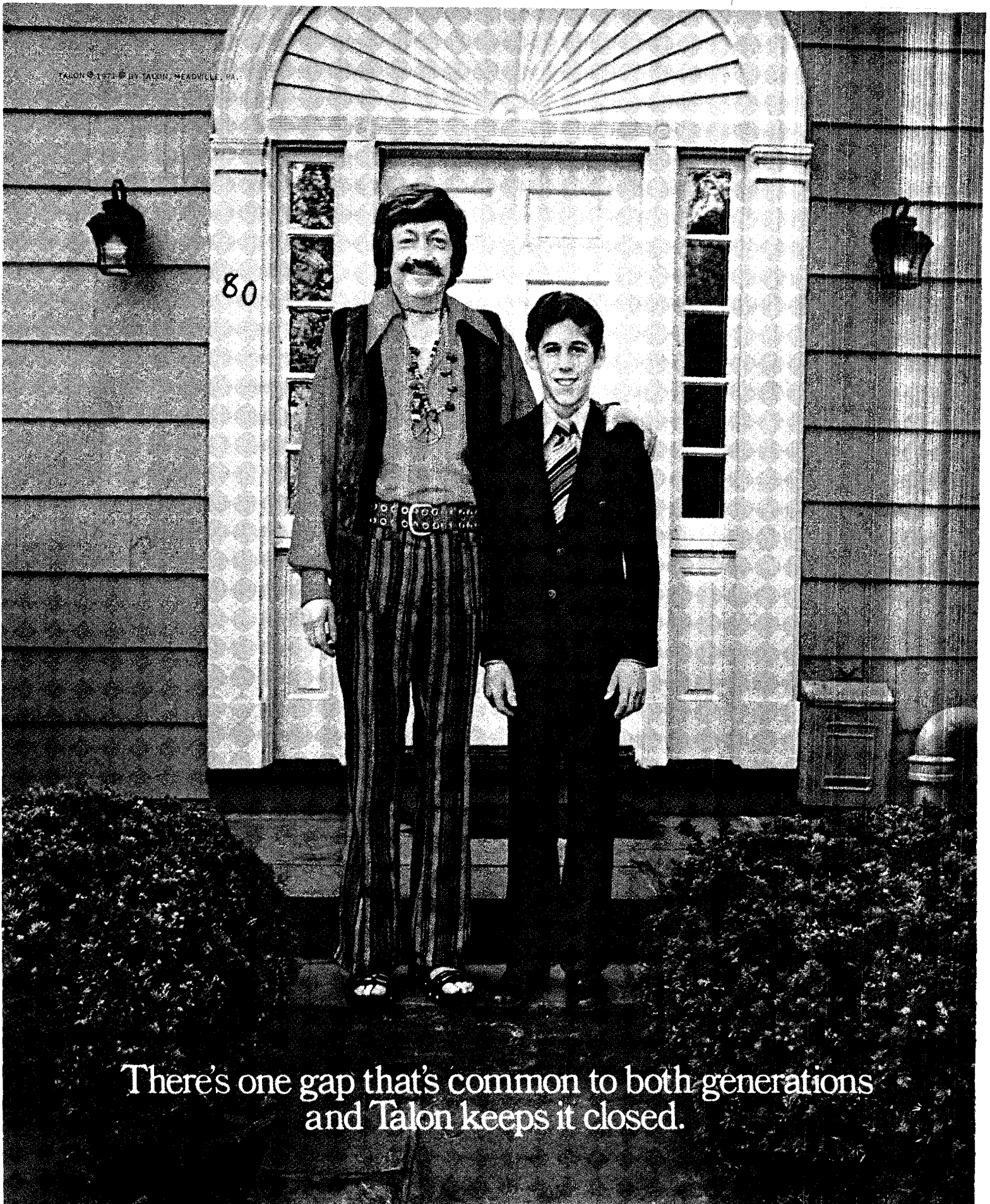
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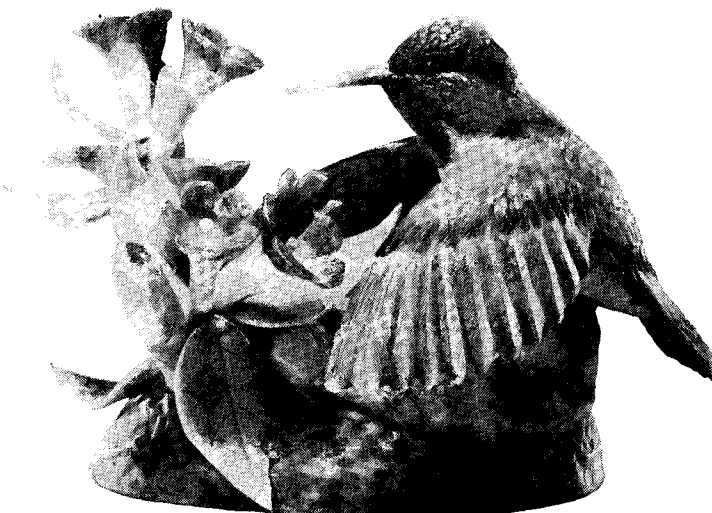
DIVISION OF TETRON

length and thus keeps it intact. In Haworth's "sharp-focus" maid, the absence of art eliminates reality, too, and leaves only a costumer's stereotype. Robert Graham's miniature nudes, realistic in their anatomy and skin shades, inhabit glass enclosures that are perhaps intended to suggest terrariums in which a new race of tiny human creatures, protected from pollution, is being bred. Of the sculptures in the show, Hanson's "Businessman" comes closest to fooling the eye, no doubt through the assistance of authentic posture and clothing; De Andrea's "Sitting Black Boy" is, by being naked, unable to rise to this level of deception.

The most successful visual counterfeits, however, are achieved not with free-standing figures but with paintings of objects against a flat background, as in the simulation by Claudio Bravo of a rectangular package tied with cord. With this type of subject, traditional techniques of Harnett, Peto, Raphaelle Peale, and still earlier illusionists are brought into play: lights and shadows produced by intersecting cords and folds and wrinkles in paper make objects appear to stand forward in space. Stephen Posen's "Purple (Split)" is also a painting of a package, though a more complex one than Bravo's; it simulates a pile of cartons of various sizes and shapes covered by a purple sheet that falls in folds about them, and it seems to jut out from the wall. Boxes on a wall are a purely arbitrary motif, and Posen no doubt chose it in order to display his virtuosity in painting drapery and creating three-dimensional forms on a flat surface. Marilyn Levine's suitcase and boots in stoneware are translations of objects into a different substance without altering their appearance—essentially, this is conceptual art that brings to the eye nothing not present in nature but instructs the spectator that things may not be what they seem.

IN Janis's 1962 exhibition, the new Pop Art was mingled with half a dozen older modes of representational art. As is evident in the works I have been describing, "Sharp-Focus Realism" shades off similarly into familiar categories of image-making. While Hanson's "Businessman" is naturalism pepped up with new materials, Bravo's lifelike package could have been produced a century ago. Evelyn Taylor's "Untitled" is a Magic Realist canvas in which, as is characteristic of this style, figures and objects stand apart from one another as if they were suspended in an invisible aspic. Paul Staiger's "The Parking Lot at Griffith

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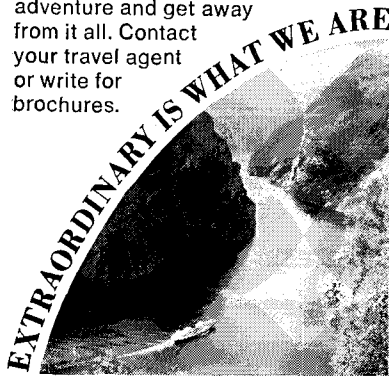
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Planetarium" and Noel Mahaffey's "St. Louis, Missouri" could have come out of an advertising agency's photographic and design departments without the bother of having been translated onto canvas. Philip Pearlstein's "Nude with Outstretched Arms, Green Sofa" is an academic painting that thumbs its nose at academic composition by cropping the model's head just above the eyes and retaining a stray thumb.

The nucleus of novelty in the exhibition is a group of paintings that share an aggressive glitter precipitated by camera closeups; it is the duplication of photographs upon canvas that constitutes the new realism. They include Richard Estes' "Diner," Ralph Goings' "Rose Bowl Parade," David Parry's "Motorcycle," Tom Blackwell's "'34 Ford Tudor Sedan," John Salt's "Blue Wreck and Truck," Malcolm Morley's "Amsterdam in Front of Rotterdam," Don Eddy's "Showroom Window I," Robert Cottingham's "Shoe Repair"—businesses, motors, entertainment. Each of the paintings is a composition of shining shapes, reflected lights, and clearly defined details skimmed by the camera lens from surfaces of polished aluminum, steel, and glass, painted fenders, electric signs, crowds, and closely packed buildings photographed from above. (Mahaffey's "St. Louis" fits the canon in this respect.) "Sharp-Focus Realism" represents a renewed relation not between art and reality, or nature, but between art and the artifacts of modern industry, including the mass media. The new paintings and sculptures converge with Pop in that both modes, while seeming to base art on life, actually convert it into variations on existing techniques of visual communication. Pop Art fed on the comic strip, grocery labels, news photos, commodities, packaging, billboards. The current "realism" explores such other veins of the media as the photographic travel and publicity poster, the service booklet and the product catalogue, the showroom, the storefront, the picture-weekly glossy—all presided over, one might say, by Hanson's dummy businessman.

Photo-into-art creations are alien to older forms of representation and ought to be exhibited and appreciated apart from them. A painting by Edward Hopper, for instance, embodies the sensibility of a single individual developed over years of looking and drawing, and the same, with all due attention to differences in quality, is true of such contemporaries as Pearlstein, Alice Neel, Lennart Anderson, Gabriel Laderman. In contrast, a sculpture by Hanson or a

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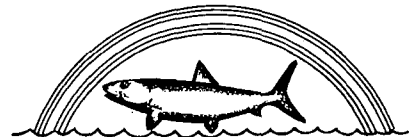
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canvas by Estes or Goings is welded to the objectivity of the camera, and to the extent that photographs of things have become more real to Americans than the things themselves they achieve superior credence precisely through their obvious artificiality. Estes, to my mind, is the most consistently satisfying of these artists in that he candidly treats painting as a photographic problem of reflecting objects as they appear, while composing in series of brightly colored verticals and horizontals. Pop Art introduced a mood of cool neutralism as an antidote to the emotional heat of Abstract Expressionism. This frame of mind has been inherited by photorealism, but without the counterawareness of Expressionist subjectivity; the new coolness came in from the cold. An outstanding quality of sharp-focus is the absence in it of any tension aroused by the art of the past.

Pictures that copy appearances have been an obsession of American art since the early draftsmen of the exploring expeditions. Current conceptions of art as "information" reinforce this obsession. In copying in paint its photocopies of nature, the present generation of realists seems to feel freer of the demands of art than any of its predecessors. By all evidence, a new stage has been reached in merging painting and sculpture into the mass media. Though William Harnett is a model of the current illusionism, its tutelary spirit is Andy Warhol.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

Bruce, whose father Roy Van Ness, is athletic director at Trenton State College, will enter the University of Montreal soon to begin work on his master's degree in City Planning. Lawrence Rockefeller is Kissinger, and Maria Callas, theatre's Shakespeare expert drove him to attempted suicide. Is that recreation of the Winter Palace looked at askance in Catholic its launching this summer

—Trenton (N.J.) Times.

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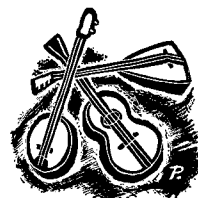
MUSICAL EVENTS

Naughty Athalia

ATHALIA (whose name, by the way, seems to be pronounced *Athalie-ah*) was a daughter of Jezebel, as well as the widow of King Joram of Judah and queen of that nation. Her son Ahaziah having died, she decided to destroy all the princes of Joram's line who had been born to his other wives. But in myths about slaughters of the innocents there is always one who escapes, and in this case it was one Joash (actually, Athalia's grandson), who was hidden by Athalia's half sister, Jehosheba, and brought to manhood. At the proper time, Jehosheba brought Joash to light, and he became King of Judah; as for Athalia, she was put to death. This ancient story, which must have happened during the ninth century B.C., is recounted in the Book of Kings II, and it was made into the play "Athalie" by that extraordinarily boring but classically revered French playwright Racine. From this play an Englishman named Samuel Humphreys concocted a libretto that was used by George Frederick Handel for one of his early English oratorios, appropriately named "Athalia." This oratorio was a turning point in Handel's career, for it established the oratorio form in England. Despite its importance, however, "Athalia" has not often been performed, and its revival by the Handel Society of New York, under the baton of Stephen Simon, in Carnegie Hall last Monday night was billed as its first professional performance here.

As was proper in the gentlemanly England of Handel's time, most of the gore of the original Biblical tale is left out, and Athalia is merely deposed from the throne. And for some reason—probably a matter of transliteration from the Hebrew, or of a faithful use of Racine's spelling—Jehosheba becomes Josabeth and Joash becomes Joas. The oratorio was done by the Society's excellent professional chorus, along with its orchestra and a group of adequate-to-excellent soloists, including Elinor Ross as Athalia; Patricia Wise as Josabeth; Nancy Stokes as Joas (a role originally sung by a boy soprano); Maureen Forrester as Joad, high priest of the temple; Ara Berberian as Abner, captain of the Jewish forces; and John Stewart as Mathan, a priest of Baal. Baal comes into the picture because the Jews were vacillating be-

tween him and Jehovah, and Athalia, true to her evil nature, was a Baal worshipper. There were some fine instrumental soloists, too: Harry Wimmer, cellist; Julius Levine, contrabass; and Martin Isepp, harpsichordist, along with a violinist who was not identified in the program but whose name I believe to be Gerald Tarack.



I had always thought of Handel as the most tedious major composer in history except for Vivaldi, but I was wrong. (My impression came from being dragged when I was a child to performances of the "Messiah" and hating every moment of it.) "Athalia" proved the other night to be notably fresh in its inspiration, fascinating in its details of orchestration, and, despite the lack of violence, quite dramatic. Handel was a master of writing for the voice, and the solo parts are very effective, each character being musically delineated with remarkable skill, while the choruses, as in all Handel, are impressive. Throughout the work, Mr. Simon held his large forces under strict control, showing himself again to be one of our leading conductors of this type of music. Miss Ross sang powerfully as Athalia, but her enunciation was completely incomprehensible. Miss Wise exhibited a passable trill and sang quite well. Miss Stokes, dressed in slacks, had a certain authority about her singing style. Miss Forrester, who has lost a great deal of weight since I last heard her, also appeared in slacks and sang beautifully, her loss of weight having interfered not a bit with the sumptuousness of her vocal equipment. Mr. Stewart was certainly acceptable in his role, and Mr. Berberian was, like Miss Forrester, one of the stars of the evening, his deep bass finding no difficulty in Handel's florid writing. The work of the chorus was complex and very nearly flawless. Altogether, it was an evening to be remembered.

LAST Thursday night, the New York Philharmonic's concert in Philharmonic Hall had a new conductor, a tousled-haired, boyish-looking, thirty-year-old Frenchman, Jacques Delacote. Mr. Delacote is a product of the Viennese conducting school run by Hans Swarowsky—probably the foremost trainer of young conductors today—and I expected a great deal. I was not disappointed, except for one small and

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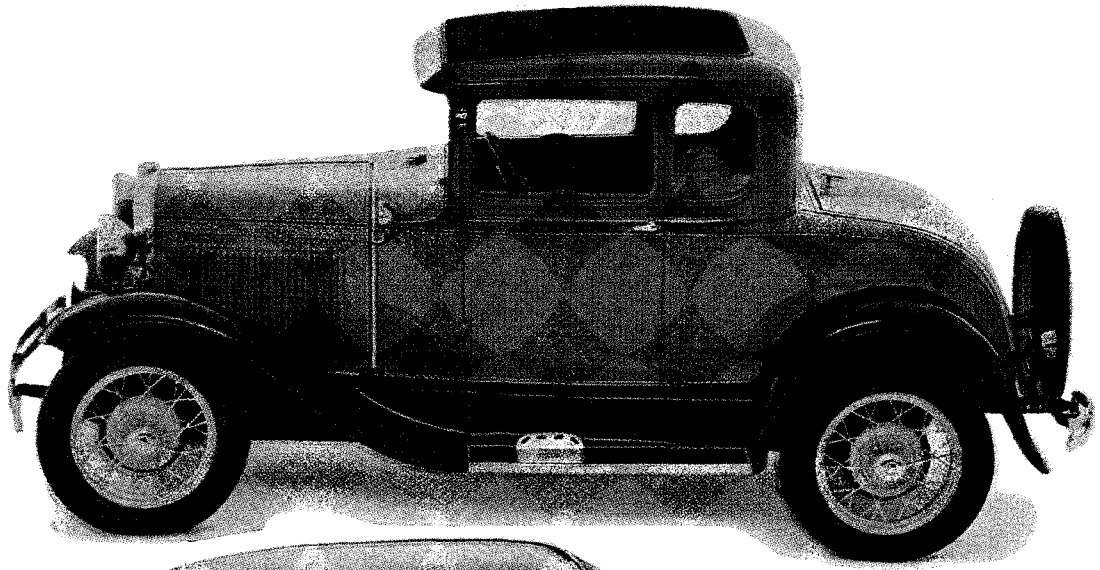
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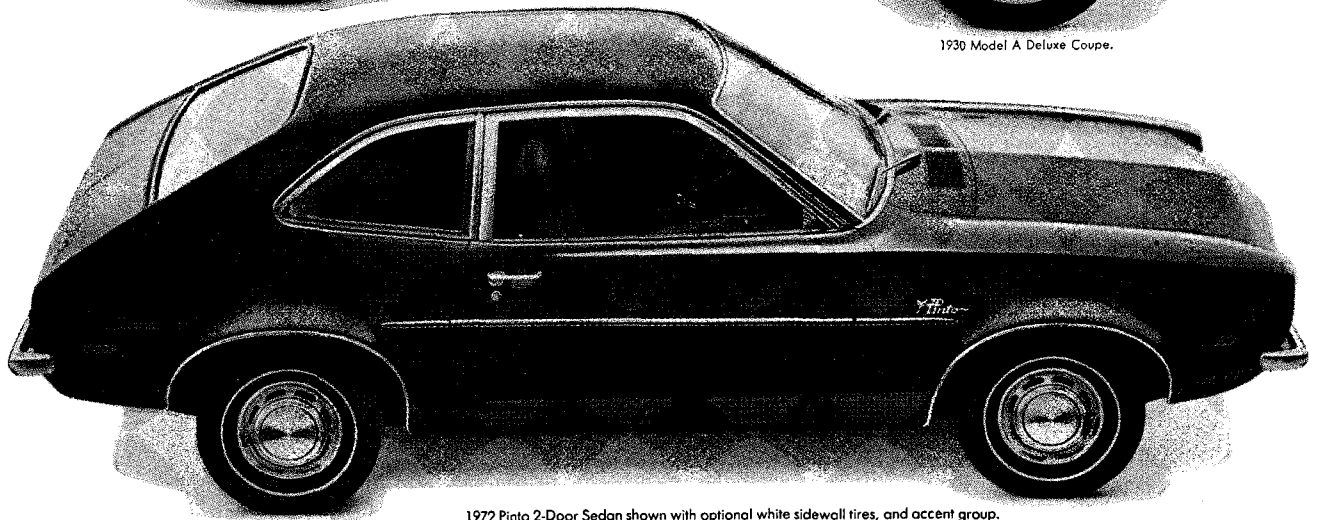
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accidental flaw. The program contained the overture to Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Mozart's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in E Flat Major, K. 482 (with Misha Dichter as soloist), and Bruckner's monumental Ninth Symphony. Mr. Delacote seemed to be a polished maestro during the first part of this program. He did the overture and the orchestral part of the concerto with sterling control of detail and a beat that was both expressive and precise. Then he attacked the Bruckner symphony with a leisurely approach, bringing out details that are seldom heard, missing none of the subtleties of the clarinet parts, and turning in what might have been one of the finest performances this work has had here in some time—certainly a much finer one than Stanislaw Skrowaczewski gave with the Philadelphia Orchestra a few weeks ago. But with young conductors there is always the threat of vanity and showmanship. Mr. Delacote conducted without a score, depending entirely on his memory, and his memory failed him in the middle of the last movement, with the result that things were out of control for a measure or two. Whether this incident encouraged carelessness in the orchestra, resulting in a horn's falling off the last note in the symphony—a long, drawn-out one—I do not know, but the resulting burble considerably marred the interpretation. On the other hand, Mr. Delacote is a conductor of first-class abilities. His artistic sense is dependable. His approaches to Mozart and to Bruckner (very different, of course) are just right: the Mozart was crisp and clean, the Bruckner transparent where instrumental voices were concerned, and deeply thought out as to tempo and heavier orchestral tone. He is already a master of his craft, and we shall probably hear more of him in the years to come. As for Mr. Dichter's solo part in the concerto, I had expected it to be more within his scope than the Brahms concerto I heard him do a couple of weeks ago, but it was not. I hate to say this, but I find Mr. Dichter a superficial pianist at present. He is very young, and fortunately there is time to improve.

TIBOR SERLY, a pupil of Bartók, has always seemed to me one of the most interesting musical theoreticians of our time. Like all theoreticians, he has a system, but his system is more complex and more expressive, to my mind, than that of the twelve-tone serialists. Last week, in a private performance, I heard Serly's "Rondo Fantasy in Stringometrics," played by



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Joseph Malfitano, violinist, and Reinhardt Elster, harpist. It is a brightly rhythmic piece, well conceived for the two instruments, and obviously the work of an experienced composer, who uses about every effect that either instrument is capable of producing. It is not a profound piece of music, but it can certainly take its place alongside most of what is being produced today and still stand out for its originality.

IN another private performance last week, I heard a program of music entirely by Patricia del Re, played by Robert Wallace, pianist. This included Dances for Piano, Opus 17; Original Variations for Piano, Sonata No. 3; and Keyboard Impressions on the Life of Vincent van Gogh. Miss del Re's piano music is effectively written for the instrument, and slightly innocent by fashionable standards—which is, I think, a good thing. She has obviously been influenced by Bach, Chopin, Stravinsky, and others, but then every good composer is influenced by somebody. I found an entire program by a single composer a bit monotonous and sometimes diffuse, but Miss del Re's talent is genuine, her contrapuntal technique is admirable, and her musical ideas are expressive.

THE bicentenary of Beethoven's birth is still bringing forth volumes about Beethoven. Among the most comprehensive of them is "The Beethoven Companion," edited by Thomas K. Scherman and Louis Biancolli (Doubleday). It is an encyclopedic treasury of Beethoveniana, selected from scores of authoritative writings, all cunningly dovetailed so that the reader has an impression of continuity. Only a few passages are in the words of the editors, and these passages occur in places where Beethoven scholars have failed to produce quotable material. The scholars quoted include everybody from Alexander Wheelock Thayer and Ludwig Schiedermair to Donald Francis Tovey, Eric Blom, and Philip Hamburger. All Beethoven's important compositions, and many less important ones, are described and analyzed, and Beethoven's environment and condition at the time of composition are described. It is a thick book and a valuable one.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

FIGURE SKATES and bicycle wanted for four year old. Sex doesn't matter.—Adv. in the Princeton (N.J.) Town Topics.

Who says?

BOOKS

How Can a Kid That Young Be That Bad?



AT conferences on dying public-school systems and on educational alternatives I have attended, there were hardly any children. Nor are children noticeably active in most of the recent books on the crises in our classrooms. Old "systems" are assailed and new "open classrooms" are celebrated, but the children themselves, the victims or the vindicators of the grown-up theorists and polemicists, are shadowy. (And the polemics are fierce indeed, particularly within the "free-school" movement, as a number of Robespierres prepare the guillotine for educational revolutionaries who have been found deficient in the purity of their commitment to the Total Democratization of Learning, whatever that may mean this month. These Robespierres are all, naturally, past school age.) Among some debaters, the most persuasive of recent educational theorems is the concept of deschooling society altogether: let everyone learn what he wants when he wants—not in schools but out in the world. This is a provocative idea, but it is totally unreal to millions of real children in all too real school buildings. Only a tiny percentage of them (mostly white and middle-class) are involved in "learning situations" outside the public schools. The rest are subject to compulsory attendance and the sometimes divergent expectations of their teachers and parents, as well as their own often submerged ones.

Four years ago, James Herndon, a teacher, wrote *"The Way It Spoized to Be"* (Simon & Schuster), about some of the children in the majority. Neither hopeful nor despairing, the book mainly revealed the children themselves—how they managed to survive in school and how some of them learned in ways few principals could conceive of and certainly could not approve. Herndon was not asked to return to his job in a black junior high school in Oakland (too much noise and *activity* in his classroom). He went on to teach in a suburban junior high in Daly City, outside San Francisco. The result is *"How to Survive in Your Native Land"* (again, Simon & Schuster). Herndon has discovered a lot since Oakland about how obdurately individual a child can be—once you see him separately, not as and in a class. Learning this, Herndon began to learn how

to teach. Most important for other teachers, for parents, and for children (Herndon is one of the few writers on education whom teen-agers read), he knows how to make real what he found out. He is easily the most graphic, the funniest (not just witty but funny), the most graceful, and the least romantic of all current reformist American writers on education.

Astringently avoiding sentimentality most of the time, Herndon can, when he chooses, be moving, as in a conversation with the father of an eighth-grade child, "a bright, busy, active boy" who seldom did what the school wanted him to do—a father who had always cooperated with the school, punishing the boy when he got into trouble there:

He recalled that in kindergarten the boy spent an entire half year just sitting in an office, never being allowed to go to class or out to recess, because he was so bad. Then he said harshly, *How can a kid that young be that bad?* and (sitting there in a windbreaker and Levi's, having taken off from work to come up to cooperate with the school) burst into tears. It was a great relief to both of us. After a bit we were able to talk about our own schooldays and how we didn't always dig them nor the school us, and that we guessed we were both making it O.K. as

adults no matter what the school might have thought of us, and then he said that he really thought the kid was a pretty good kid if a little wild and stubborn maybe, and how he even thought him a pretty smart kid and how good they got along together working or going out somewhere whenever he wasn't busy cooperating by not letting themselves go out or work together and by believing his boy to be stupid and bad.

He had believed that it was his duty as a parent to treat his own boy as if he didn't like him, because the Institution of the School knew what you were supposed to like and what you weren't, and didn't mind saying so.

But the Institution of the School ought to be doing something positive, something as basic and necessary as teaching children to read. And *"How to Survive in Your Native Land"* is in part the story of how Herndon did learn to teach reading. He started with the conviction that "it was absurd that a normal O.K. American kid of any class or kind of twelve years old shouldn't be able to read." If you are a teacher, "your assumption must be that being literate is a human facility, and everyone can do it, and that you teach *one person at a time* how to do it. . . . It works in the school terms—i.e., according to the standardized tests—if



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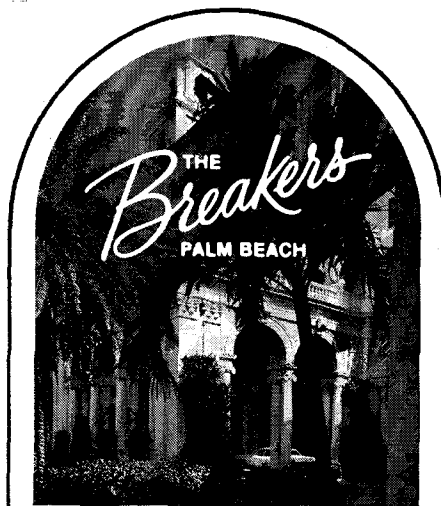
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anyone gives a damn. It works in my terms. It works not by method but by virtue of the measure of trust between you and the student, who is very likely someone who has learned in school to avoid trust and must learn through you to accept it, as you have to learn it through him. Naturally that is tough and may indeed take most of the year. Learning to read is not tough; accepting the possibility of learning may be so for both of you."

Herndon accepts—sometimes with exasperation, sometimes with admiration—all kinds of possibilities in the children who race, mope, fly impossible kites, bedevil lizards with the best of intentions, and who in so many other particulars are this book, along with the obdurately individual Mr. Herndon.

THERE are two other exceptional recent books about real children: Dr. Esther P. Rothman's unfortunately titled "The Angel Inside Went Sour" (McKay) and Steven Daniels' laboriously titled "How 2 Gerbils 20 Goldfish 200 Games 2,000 Books and I Taught Them How to Read" (Westminster). Neither is as beguilingly written as "How to Survive in Your Native Land," but the prose is lucid, the anecdotes are crisply to the point, and the writers are free of tidings of an apocalypse. Dr. Rothman, a principal, and Mr. Daniels, a teacher recently elevated to director of curriculum planning, are both of James Herndon's persuasion: "You must examine your authority for what it is, and abandon that part of it which is official, board-appointed, credentialed, and dead. Then you must accept the natural authority you have as an adult, belonging to a community of adults which includes the kid's parents and relatives, all of whom expect the kid to get a 'good education'—by which they mean he becomes literate and equal."

Esther Rothman is doughtily in charge of the Livingston School, in Greenwich Village, the only public school in the city for teen-age girls whom other schools have banished on the ground that they have insurmountable behavior problems. I doubt whether anyone, after reading this book, can believe that any child not damaged organically is irredeemably "unteachable" or "incorrigible"—provided, though, that there are enough Rothmans to go round: principals and teachers who hold that belligerent, foul-mouthed rejects of the "regular" school system are young people who "are committed to rebellion against the facts of their lives, and beyond that . . .

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fit no mold. . . . They will not be stifled. . . . They survive, and even laugh. What achievement!" Ever since her first days at the Livingston School, thirteen years ago, Dr. Rothman has made it clear that "I was not going to be the all-accepting model of false forgiveness and equally false love. I was going to make demands of girls that showed them I respected them." And she went on to say, "We look at each girl. . . . The behavior may be unacceptable to both the girl herself and to society, but the girl never is. We recognize that behavior is communication, that assaultive behavior is really an individual's cry for help, that a hurled obscenity is often the only way a girl has of expressing herself"—until, that is, she learns other ways. That process is what this book is essentially about. And "The Angel Inside Went Sour" is useful for what it reveals of how all children, not just "disturbed" teenage girls, learn. As Dr. Rothman details how the school gradually became a center for completely individualized, non-graded instruction, whose students were making real decisions about their own education, she is reaching beyond the Livingston School. Not that all the quite ingenious curricular changes she keeps making work for everyone, but her attitude toward learning, like Herndon's, is that each child is different, *can* learn, and needs both trust and high expectations from those who would be teachers.

I can think of a good many principals and teachers in "normal" institutions of learning who might benefit from spending time at the Livingston School. As might some of their thoroughly bored if non-disruptive students. "Iona," Dr. Rothman says, "visited the school during one summer session and informed us that she was going to be so bad in her own school that they would send her soon. They did." Iona is no fool.

STEVEN DANIELS, recently appointed director of curriculum planning for the Ann Arbor school system, would have done well at the Livingston School, I think, if he had begun his teaching career there. Instead, he worked for four years with seventh- and eighth-graders in a predominantly black school in Philadelphia. Like Esther Rothman and James Herndon, he begins with how much he had to learn before he knew how to teach. Integral to the narrative is a series of entirely feasible, clearly designed, inexpensive, easily adaptable suggestions on how to create, and keep creating, "a curriculum that

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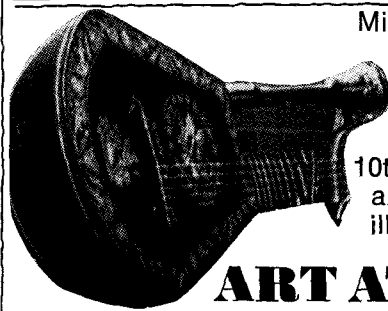
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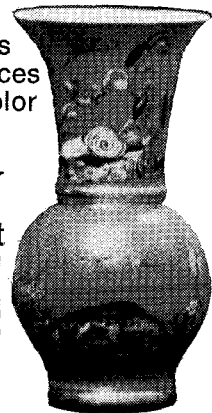
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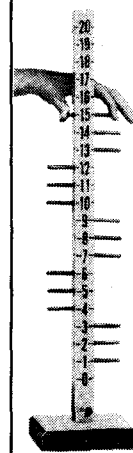
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is individualized, that encourages each child to work at his own level and pace, and that accounts for this child's need for physical action." And it is a curriculum that works academically, for Daniels' students, like Herndon's and Dr. Rothman's, did learn to read, among other achievements.

Many public schools are as harmful as their critics say they are, and Mr. Daniels offers the more than casual observation that "there are two types of buildings that can be identified from a three-second glance: hospitals and schools." He might have added prisons. There are those, among them some extraordinarily resourceful teachers, who in despair and disgust are abandoning these dreary buildings and the millions of children inside them in order to develop models of what learning ought to be. And there should be such models. But who is going to stay behind and teach the vast majority of the students? And with what possibilities of self-fulfillment, let alone the possibility of really helping them?

In these books, three who have stayed affirm that there is a choice. Even if you do not go outside the public-school system, you need not perish. There is honorable and occasionally joyous work to be done where most of the children are. It is also tough and frustrating. What counts—and it does count—is that a teacher remain real. He can, Herndon insists, if he recognizes that you have "time to live there in your classroom like a human being instead of playing some idiot role which everyone knows is an idiot role, time to see that teaching (if that is your job in America) is connected with your life and with you as a human being, citizen, person, that you don't have to become something different like a Martian or an idiot for eight hours a day. Time to deal with serious concerns of the kids and time to deal with put-on concerns... but you can only live that kind of life in there if you are willing to realize that the dicta of the school are crazy but that at the same time the kid's life is connected to the school in complicated ways and you'd better offer him the chance to take any part of it he wants or has to."

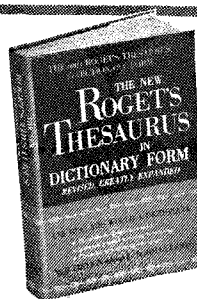
—NAT HENTOFF

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the newspaper offices, the rock halls, and the seediest cabs of London. The girl (who is not twenty but just going on eighteen) is a mature moral vandal with a piercing style of speech: "Darling, it was all an *uhct*. Surely you could see *thuht*?" The man is the recently knighted Sir Roy Vandervane, a highly successful symphony-orchestra conductor and violinist, fifty-four years old, rich, apathetically married, long-haired, wildly dressed, modishly critical of Western culture and American imperialism, deeply involved in "trans-medial innovation," eagerly articulate about what youth has to teach us, with a natural public-school accent well concealed behind all the fashionable obscenities and a classless slobber: "Sweep pickle and tim peaches and plung cake and lots of cups of char." Mr. Amis has never been funnier, or more serious.

WE CAN'T BREATHE, by Ronald Fair (Harper & Row). This novel, which takes place in Chicago thirty years ago, is Mr. Fair's portrait of the artist as a young black slumdweller. It follows the progress of a boy named Ernie from a mischievous childhood through an uncertain adolescence to a hopeful maturity. There are pleasant episodes of stealing candy, exploring girls, and all the rest, but the main themes of the book are the humiliations and the violence suffered by black men. Four of Ernie's friends meet terrible deaths, and he, too, might have become a junkie or a drunkard if it were not for a gentle black teacher who, by telling him of such heroes as Toussaint L'Ouverture, helps him to become a writer. Ernie's father, a janitor, tells him, "Write it down. . . . Write down how much a black man has to pay for bein a black man in this country." This novel is a worthy attempt to give just such an accounting, and to sweeten it with nostalgia and wistfulness.

GENERAL

MY LIFE, by Sir Oswald Mosley (Arlington House). These memoirs are more than a mere apologia, though they are that. Mosley's recollections of English politics and political personalities in the nineteen-twenties show a considerable literary gift, and show, too, how one decade of drift and refusal to innovate could produce the economic (and other) disasters of the next decade. Mosley himself saw that new policies were



Riotous Assembly

a novel by Tom Sharpe

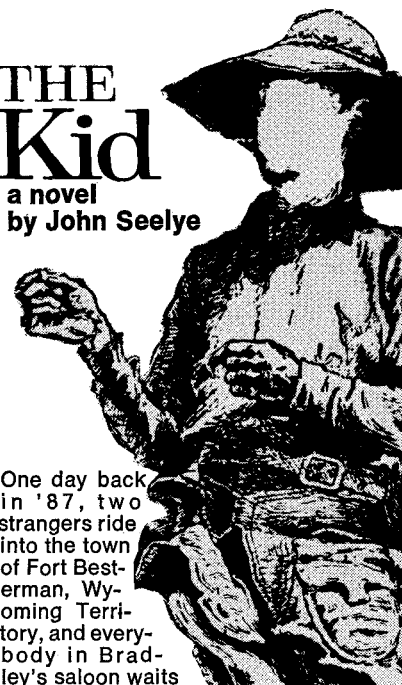
Apartheid can be fun. At least it can in this acid and hilarious novel set in South Africa by an incredibly deft writer named Tom Sharpe. "The grand finale . . . is a masterpiece of black farce."

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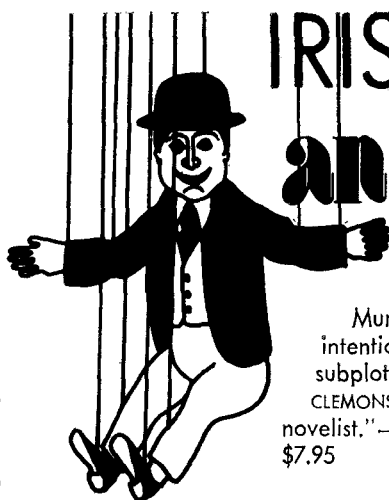
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required after the First World War, and, hoping to see them implemented, he left the Conservatives and joined the Labour Party. His shift, however, accomplished nothing, and his portraits of his colleagues in Ramsay MacDonald's Labour Government are utterly lifelike and wholly unflattering. Mosley sees them as a lot of tired, unqualified old men; they may have seen him as a rash and equally unqualified young one. Today, of course, Mosley has the better of those arguments, since his once unthinkable proposals have become political staples—Keynesian methods of coping with deflation, and something like the modern mixed economy or welfare state. Mosley believes that the New Party he founded in 1931, after he left Labour, failed at the polls because Great Britain's economic crisis did not go from slump to crash, so that his many sympathizers decided to stick to the old parties. Since the New Party could not become a party in the electoral sense, Mosley decided to make it a "movement," and from there, alas, came the all too easy descent into Fascism. Mosley gives a plausible enough account of his British Union of Fascists, of the evolution of its policies and tactics, such as the wearing of black shirts and paramilitary uniforms, and this account enables the reader to discover the particular deficiency that, despite all Mosley's very real abilities, disqualified him from participation in British political life—namely, that he has always been exceptionally good at explaining his own points but totally unable to grasp anybody else's. Twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

NOTE: Random House has published "We Must Run While They Walk," William Edgett Smith's biography of Julius Nyerere, the President of Tanzania. A large part of the book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

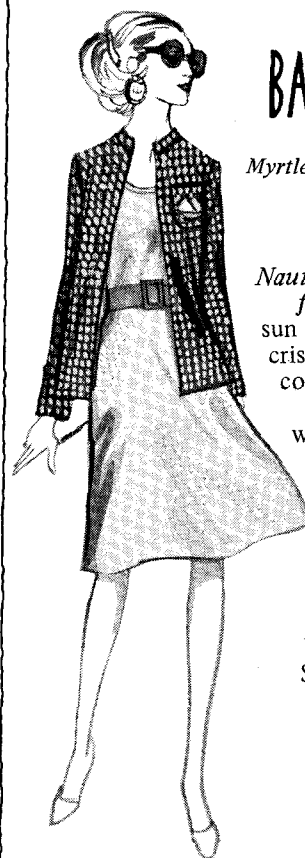
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